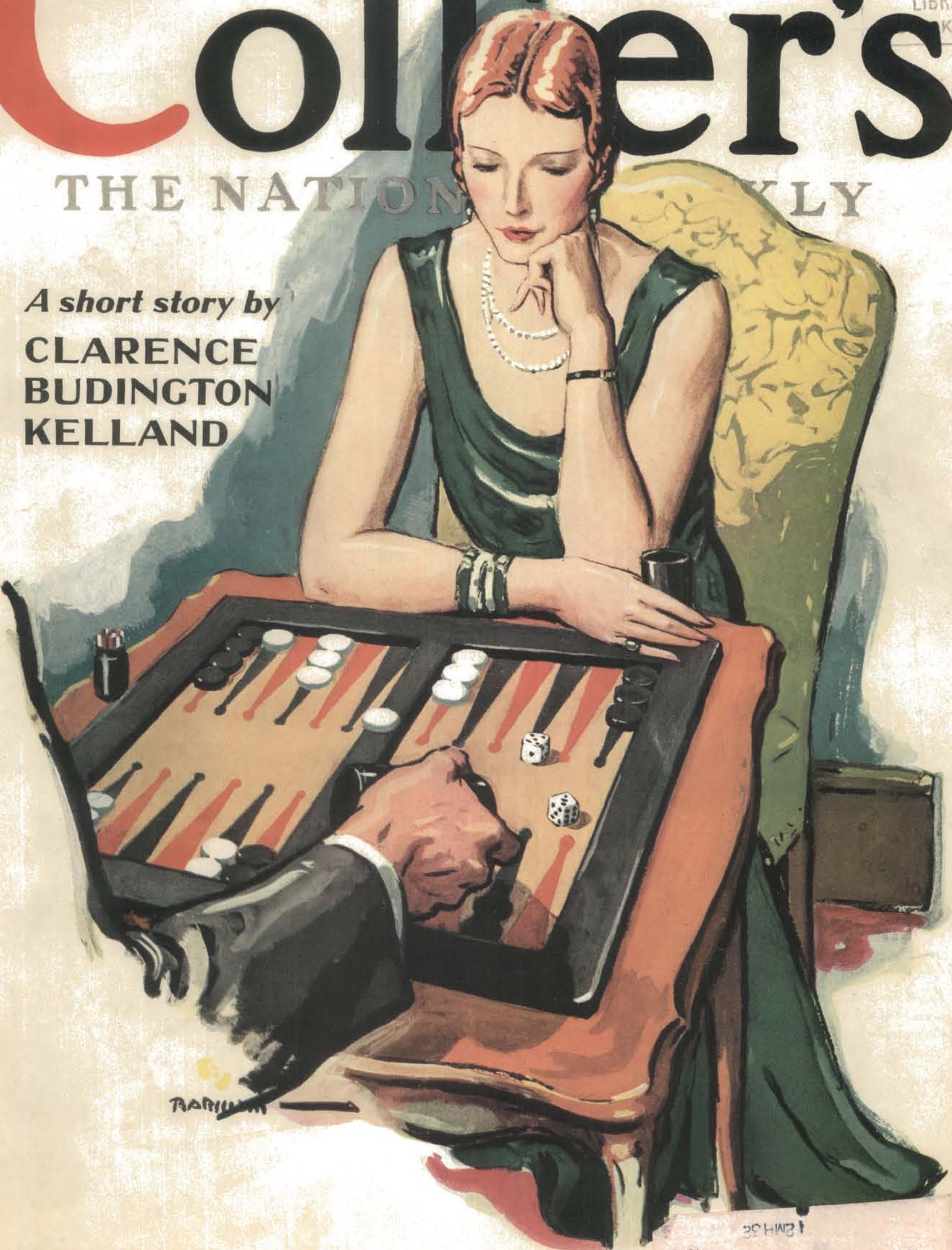
5¢ a copy
April 11, 1931

IOLA FREE PUBLIC
LIBRARY
KANSAS

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

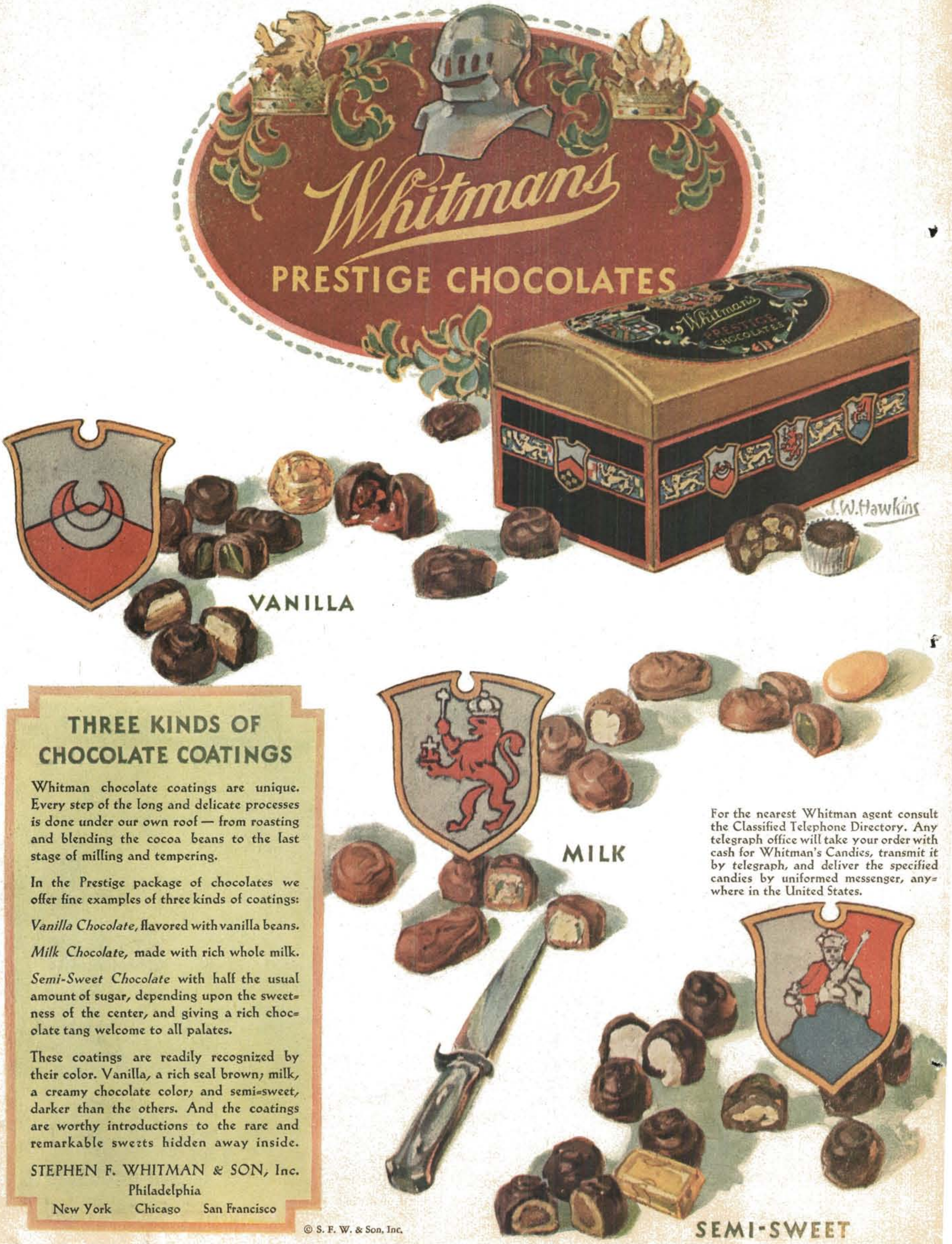


A short story by

CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

More than 2,250,000 C

E E HAYNES
MADISON
KANS



THREE KINDS OF CHOCOLATE COATINGS

Whitman chocolate coatings are unique. Every step of the long and delicate processes is done under our own roof — from roasting and blending the cocoa beans to the last stage of milling and tempering.

In the Prestige package of chocolates we offer fine examples of three kinds of coatings:

Vanilla Chocolate, flavored with vanilla beans.

Milk Chocolate, made with rich whole milk.

Semi-Sweet Chocolate with half the usual amount of sugar, depending upon the sweetness of the center, and giving a rich chocolate tang welcome to all palates.

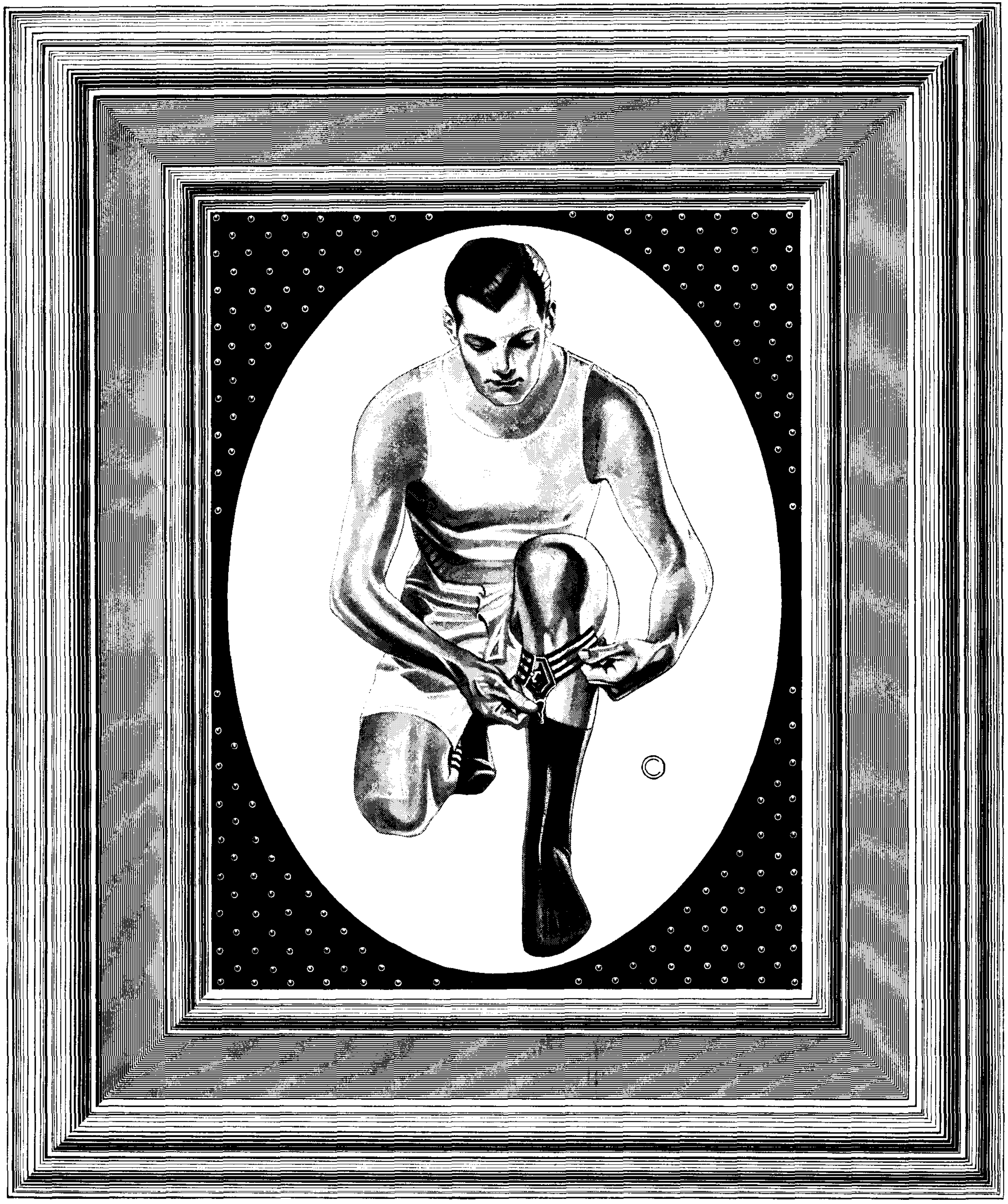
These coatings are readily recognized by their color. Vanilla, a rich seal brown; milk, a creamy chocolate color; and semi-sweet, darker than the others. And the coatings are worthy introductions to the rare and remarkable sweets hidden away inside.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc.
Philadelphia
New York Chicago San Francisco

For the nearest Whitman agent consult the Classified Telephone Directory. Any telegraph office will take your order with cash for Whitman's Candies, transmit it by telegraph, and deliver the specified candies by uniformed messenger, anywhere in the United States.

© S. F. W. & Son, Inc.

NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU



MASTERPIECES

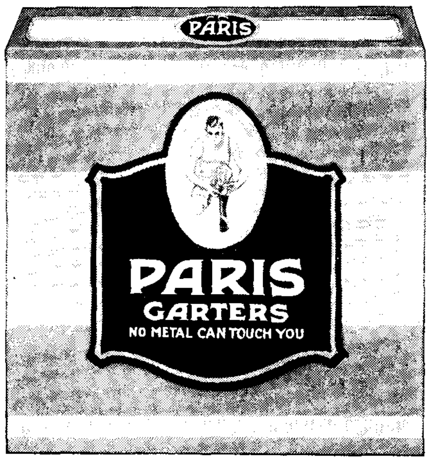
Business provides worthy contributions, too

THE world's great masterpieces . . . in art, music, literature and the sciences . . . prove that *quality* endures. Likewise — the great names in industry are famous names because achievement of high aims is the reward of relentless enterprise that faithfully strives for excellence. ¶ A quality product gives the most enduring satisfaction. Not only to the user . . . but to the distributor and maker as well. It is no idle incident that more men wear Paris Garters, Suspenders and Belts than any other kind. Or, that more dealers feature Paris. It's indisputable evidence that *quality* always will be regarded by the majority as the soundest investment. Beside their quality, note the superior craftsmanship and smarter styling found in Paris, and you'll see what masterpieces garters, belts and suspenders can be.

A. STEIN & COMPANY . . . CHICAGO . . . NEW YORK . . . LOS ANGELES . . . TORONTO

For your own protection . . . refuse imitations. Be sure that you receive Paris Garters when you ask for them. See that the Paris "kneeling figure" trade-mark is on the box — as illustrated here. When buying Suspenders or Belts—be sure the name Paris is on the identification label. Substitutes, at any price, cost YOU too much.

Paris Garters 25c to $2
Paris Suspenders 50c to $2.50
Paris Belts 50c to $5


PARIS
PARIS
GARTERS
NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

PARIS
GARTERS
SUSPENDERS
BELTS

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

HOWARD PETERS was an authority on justice. He was, in fact, director of the Gosler Foundation for Social Justice and he knew all about his subject—in the abstract. All went well with him until he tried to practice what he preached. He chose the overheated dining-car of an overcrowded train for this experiment and his decision went against—of all people—Mrs. Gosler, who supported the foundation.

Mr. Peters' official career ended at that point, but not the effects of his action. The recipient of justice, known variously as Smith, Schmulz, Pedler and Vandivier but usually called Clarissa and possessed of undeniable charm, presented new and unprecedented problems. Peters, who if once he started anything always finished it, dealt with them adequately. Elmer Davis tells you how in "Mr. Peters Makes His Train."

—

IN THIS country, when history chooses to repeat herself she does so with a vengeance. Before railroads stretched their ribbons of steel into every corner of the land we made our journeys from city to city in coaches. Now, for one reason and another, millions of us find ourselves in coaches again; bigger, speedier, surer coaches—but coaches. John T. Flynn tells you about the amazing growth of this new means of transportation in "Ridin' on Rubber."

NEW YORK, CHICAGO, HOUSTON, SEATTLE

WE HEAR a good deal nowadays about the toughness, impudence and power of the racketeer. But environment has a good deal to do with that. Take a gunman (like Red Thompson) and put him in a foreign setting (such as Agua Caliente) and he loses some of his stature and a good deal of his power. These are considerations which Red overlooked when he decided to take the beautiful Juanita away from Juan. What happened to this man with "A Way with the Women" is told, vividly and dramatically, by Don Marquis.

—

"WE RUN this apartment building as a coöperative. We have talked about fixing that elevator for twelve years. But the people who live on the lower floors always vote against it. Those on the top floors, where I live, can't get a majority, and so it stays broken."

That, as you may have guessed, is a Russian Communist speaking. Lindsay Hoben, who had the unique experience of traveling 14,000 miles through the center of the U. S. S. R. without government supervision or interference, tells you his experiences in "Through Russia Without a Guide."

—

TALBERT JOSSELYN, Wm. MacHarg and Hugh MacNair Kahler contribute stories. Walter Davenport gives a veteran's view of the Soldier's Loan in "Where Do We Go From Here?" Dr. Ruth Wadsworth issues a warning against too much modernity in the treatment of infants—"Babies are Conservative." Uncle Henry, Grantland Rice, Freling Foster, Milton C. Work and the Gentleman at the Keyhole once more perform. And Sax Rohmer and Alan LeMay bring you mystery and swift action.

THIS WEEK

April 11, 1931

Cover—Jay Hyde Barnum

Page 7—Clarence Budington Kelland

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS: It's as simple as that.

Page 10—William G. Shepherd

WHAT'S THE RACKET? How the shooting began.

Page 12—Odgers T. Gurnee

MOONLIGHT ON THE WATER: A princess falls in love.

Page 14—Will R. Bird

BEYOND THE WIRE: Absent without leave.

Page 16—Marie Beynon Ray

POSITION IN LIFE: How to maintain it.

Page 17—E. Phillips Oppenheim

IN THE STRONGROOM: Peter Hames makes a mistake.

Page 19—Alexander Woollcott

A SHIP COMES IN: The story of a great actress.

Page 20—Sax Rohmer

YU'AN HEE SEE LAUGHS, Part VII: And Dawson Haig uses his head.

Page 22—Alan LeMay

GUNSIGHT TRAIL, Part VI: A dangerous way of love.

Page 24—Grantland Rice

GOLF COARSE: The duffer's dilemma.

Page 25—Walter Davenport

HOW DRY WE ARE: The Weather Bureau protests.

Page 26—The Short Short Story

A MERE DETAIL: By Frederick Skerry

Page 40—Milton C. Work

HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT? Well?

Page 69—The Gentleman at the Keyhole

SHOUSE RULES: Jouett takes a chance.

Page 71—Freling Foster

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD! Things to talk about.

Page 74—Editorial

CONGRESS BUYS INSURANCE

Any Week

"WHAT does Tammany Hall do with judges and magistrates who are removed for unethical practices or who resign under charges?" asks Dr. John Proctor of Atlanta. "Make them police captains?"

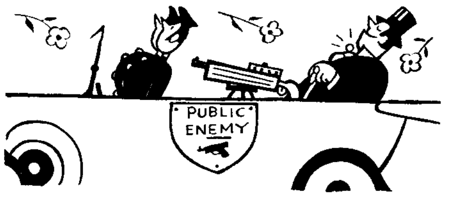
—

AS WE expected, Colonel Robert Isham Randolph's article on Al Capone and his Beer Boys drove scores of readers to ink.

A few confess themselves sorely puzzled. Mr. G. M. Walker of Worthington, Minnesota, for example. With a beautiful simplicity which wins our applause, Mr. Walker wants to know why, if all that the Colonel says of Al is true, Mr. Capone isn't arrested.

And Mrs. Sara P. Morgenstern of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, thinks there is something wrong with a system which acknowledges Al to be "public enemy No. 1" but which is unable to do more about it than to sentence him to six months for contempt of court.

"As I get it," writes she, "he has had nothing but contempt of court ever since he was old enough to know what a court was. If that is the best we can do with acknowledged public enemies our courts are pretty lucky to get nothing worse than contempt."



"THE frank intimacy of Collier's," writes Miss M. Florence Krawse of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, "is what wins us. You talk with us, not to us. I disagree with your editorials sometimes and I object to some of your articles; but it is in the same humor that I dissent from the opinion of my best and most intelligent friends now and then."

Being painfully human we simply had to publish that one.

—

WE WON'T attempt to decide this one, but you can have a go at it if you feel up to it.

It's from a woman signing herself B. M. B. of Terre Haute, Indiana. She is a sincere prohibitionist. Her husband is "dry and a churchman." Her husband was about to close a business deal involving much sorely needed money. The other party to the deal invited them to his home to dinner where he, almost fanatical in his opposition to the Eighteenth Amendment and all its advocates, served cocktails. Afraid to jeopardize chances of losing the contract, the writer of this letter and her husband drank with their host. They got the contract.

But what the lady wants to know is whether she did right in breaking the law in the interests of her husband's business or whether she should have "marched straight out of that house and notified the police."

—

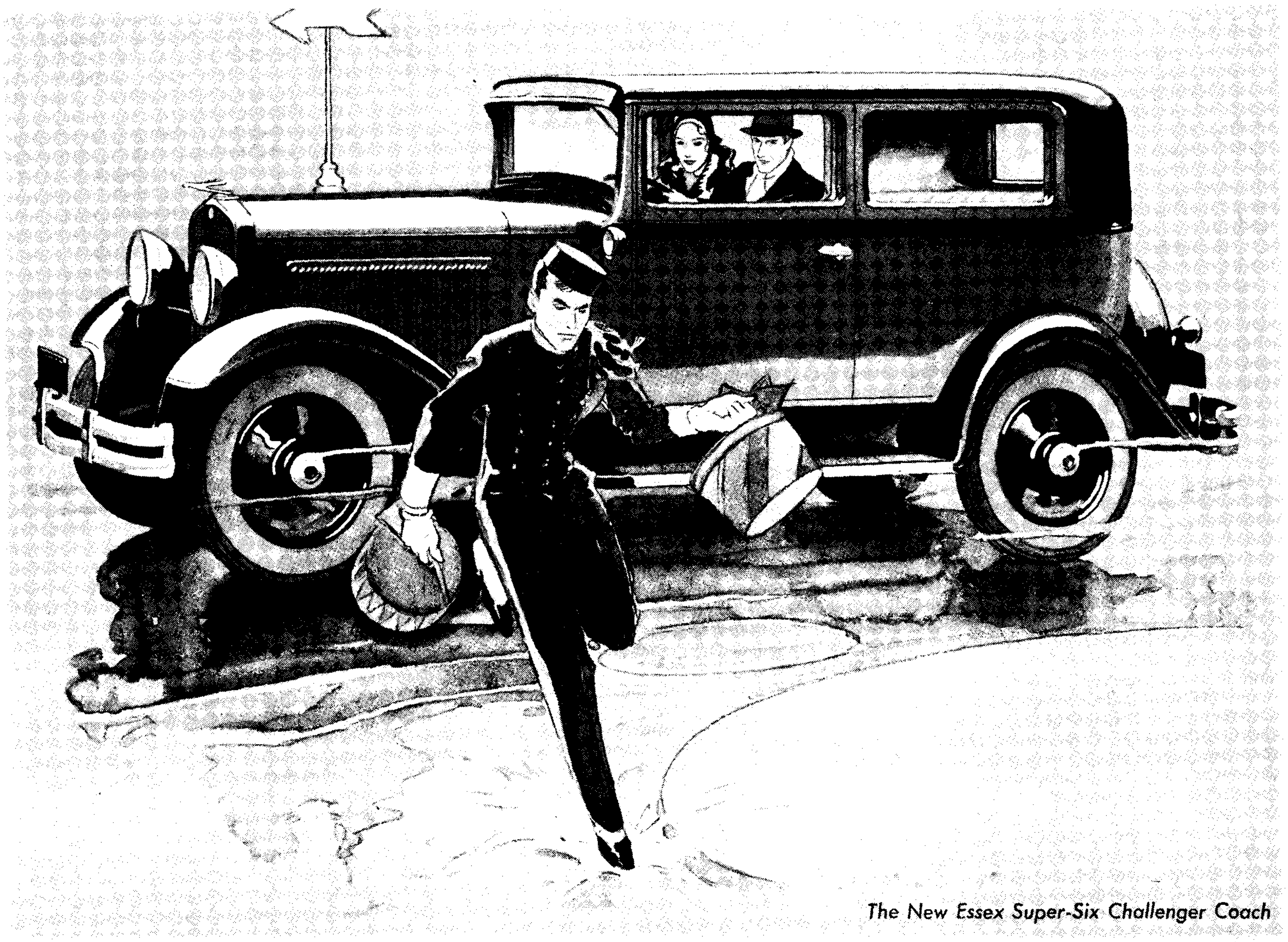
"IF ANYONE asks you what a politician is," writes Mrs. Lydia B. Pfister of Omaha, "you have my permission to pass on a bit of information I received at a Parent-Teachers meeting last week. One of the audience put that very question to the chairman, a gentleman who has been teaching high school for twenty years.

"'A politician,' he said, 'is a man who is the last person to learn anything new.'"

Vol 87, No. 15. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, Springfield, Ohio. Copyright, 1931, P. F. Collier & Son Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Thomas H. Beck, President; George J. Kennedy, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Albert E. Winger, Treasurer. Manuscripts submitted should be accompanied by return postage. The Publisher is not responsible for return of unsolicited manuscripts.

$2.00 a year in the United States and Canada; $4.00 a year in foreign countries.

ESSEX The Finest Performing Six Hudson ever built $595 f.o.b. Detroit



The New Essex Super-Six Challenger Coach

Weather-sealed bodies are important to Rare Riding Comfort

WARNING
STEEP HILL
ESSEX
MAKES IT ON HIGH

Essex now competes with the *lowest* in price — and yet it challenges the *finest* in quality! It introduces fine-car style and Super-Six smoothness to the lowest price field. Chassis, bodies and motors are strongly built to assure lasting satisfaction and enduring dependability.

It matches the economy of cars most noted for low operating cost. It challenges the performance of *any* six, regardless of price! It is distinctive and individual in appearance. And it gives you *Rare Riding and Driving Comfort* for the first time in any car priced so amazingly low.

All seats are wide and deep — with lots of room for comfort while riding. Head-room and leg-room are greater. Wider doors make it easy to get in and out of this Essex. Bodies, of airplane construction, are insulated against weather and noise. All controls are easy to reach and operate.

Go test its challenging performance and *Rare Riding Comfort* yourself! Compare Essex with any other low-priced car—with higher-priced cars, if you will. See how much *more* it gives you in performance, beauty, reliability and comfort. Then you will agree it is the Value Sensation in a year of sensational values!

$595
ESSEX
COACH OR BUSINESS COUPE

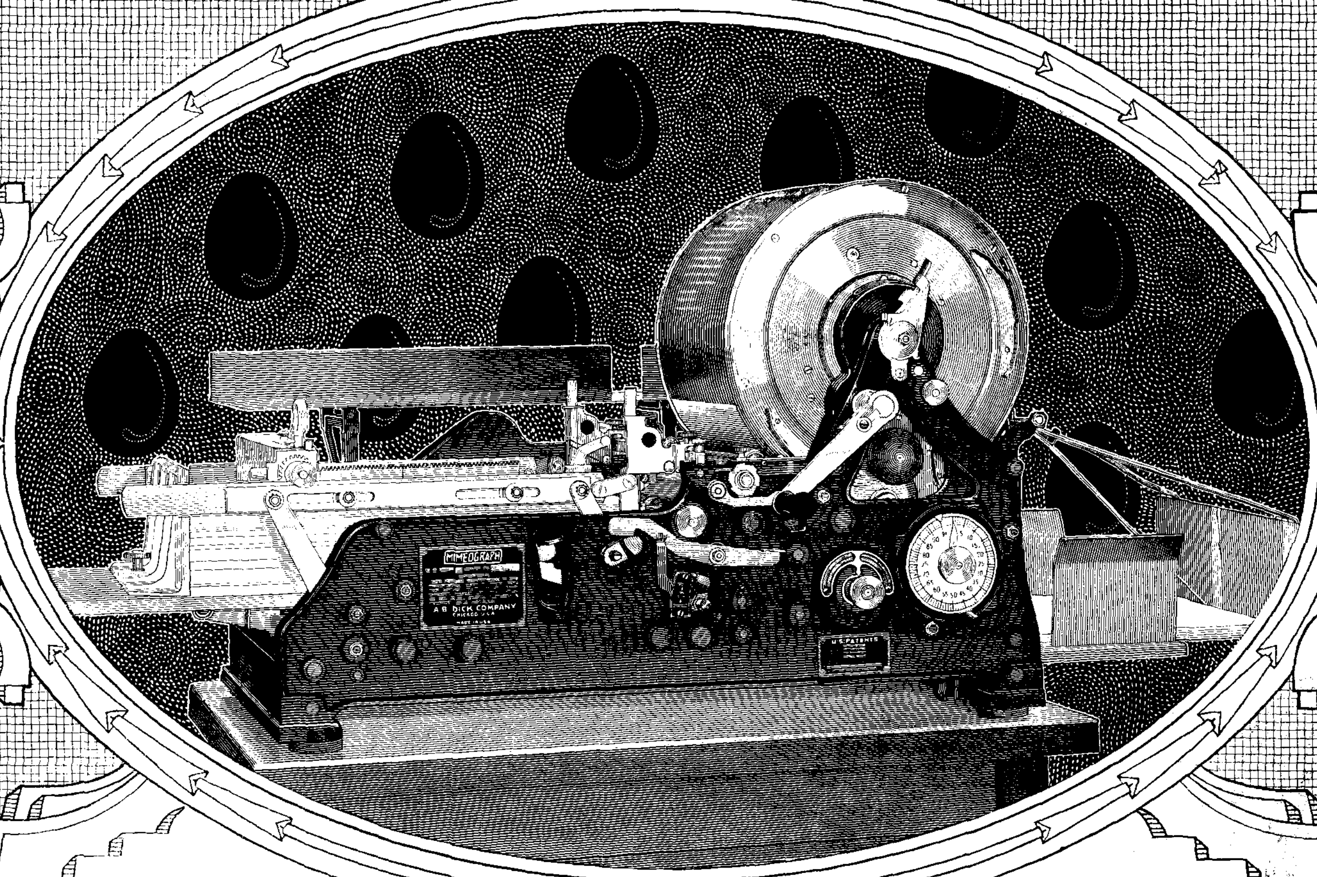
F. O. B. Detroit. Special equipment extra. Other body models as attractively priced.

10 ADVANTAGES OF OWNER-MANAGEMENT

1. Men who founded Company own control.
2. All cars made in one big plant.
3. Lower real estate investment required.
4. More cars built per sq. ft. of floor space.
5. Synchronized production saves storing cars.
6. Rapid turn-over. Inventories always low.
7. Absolutely independent of associated suppliers or outside financial interests.
8. No bonds or preferred stocks outstanding.
9. Big volume and competitive buying permit better quality materials at lower prices.
10. Instant decisions obtained when immediate action is wanted. That is Owner-Management.

Thus Owner-Management enables Hudson and Essex to give you better quality at lower prices.

70 Miles an hour • 60 Horsepower • Big and roomy • Rare Riding Comfort

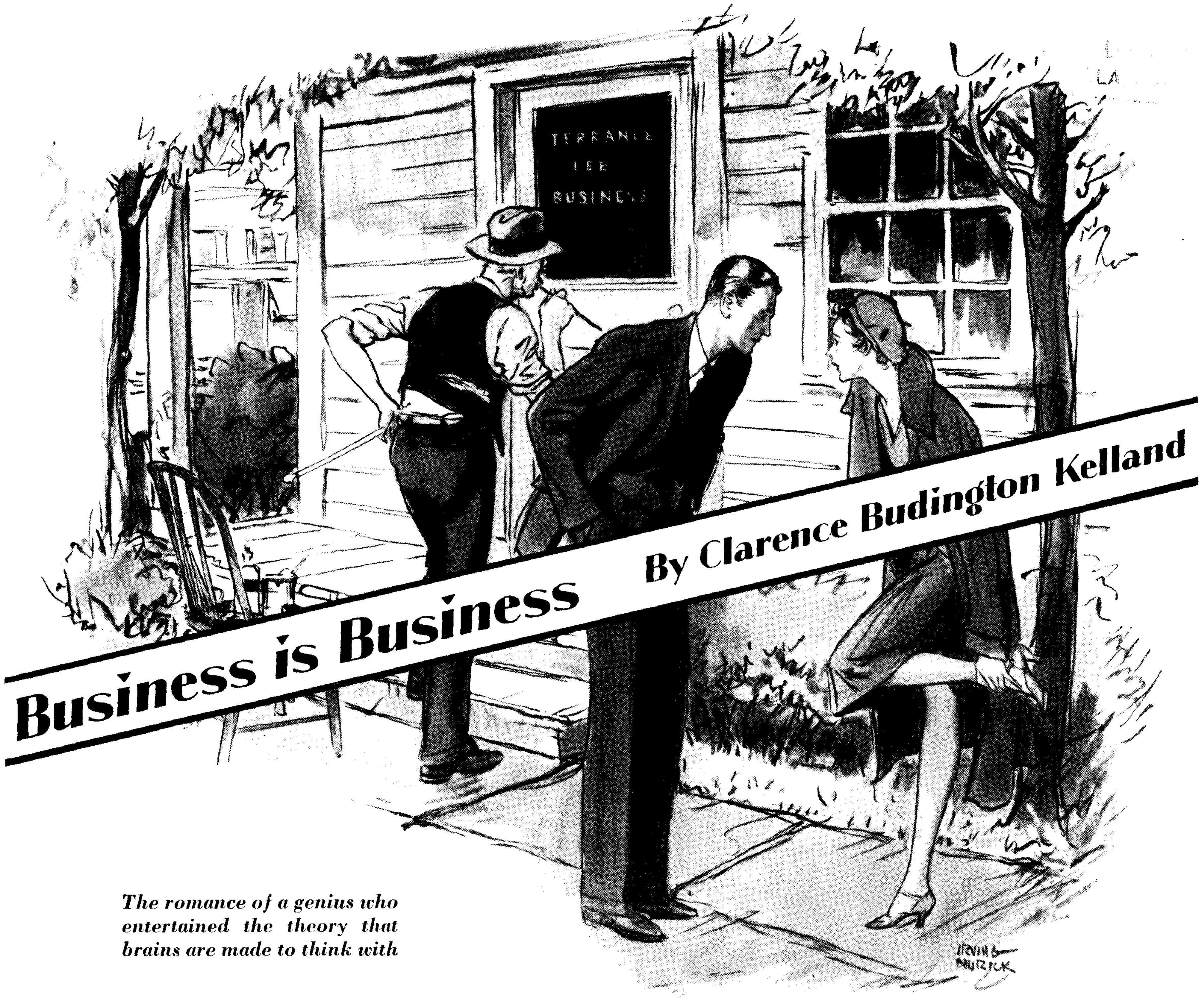


IDEAS THAT HATCH

America is full of idea-eggs that only the Mimeograph can convert into dollars and power for business and education. Letters, illustrated circulars, charts, questionnaires, etc., are easily duplicated in hourly thousands of copies. Immediately your idea is typed, written or drawn in line it is ready for high speed reproduction. And within the hour copies can be on the way to those you are anxious to reach. Here is the simplest, quickest, most economical method of quality duplication known. And it may be done within the privacy of your own office without need of an experienced operator. It is opening new opportunities and focusing sales effort for many an organization. Let us show you what it can help you accomplish in your work. Write A. B. Dick Company, Chicago, today or 'phone branch office in any principal city. See Mimeograph trademark heading in classified directory.

MIMEOGRAPH

EDISON-DICK
MIMEOGRAPH
CHICAGO



Business is Business

By Clarence Budington Kelland

The romance of a genius who entertained the theory that brains are made to think with

A YOUNG man stood before a tiny structure at the corner of Main and Lincoln Streets watching a sign painter perform his function upon the glass of a door. The structure once had been a real estate office and it consisted of two rooms, a front room and a back room. If you had thrown both apartments together a midget could not have swung a cat.

The young man was quite large but not oversize and he owned a nice, ruddy face that did not appear extraordinarily brilliant when in repose. It was rather an expressionless sort of a face, but it was punctuated with a couple of blue eyes which their proprietor kept half closed a great deal of the time, which gave an impression of somnolence. Also he had a gift of motionlessness, and a gesture was an event.

The sign painter finished his masterpiece and stepped aside to let his employer regard it. This the young man did in a very stolid manner, and then jerked his head once in the affirmative. The sign upon the door read as follows:

TERRANCE LEE
Business

He stepped back with head on one side to regard the work of art from a more desirable angle and came into collision with a young woman who was trying to pick her way around his outermost boundaries.

"Ouch!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, indeed!" said Mr. Lee.

"Yes, indeed, what?" demanded the young woman.

"Yes, indeed, ouch!" Mr. Lee rejoined. "Once I stepped on my own foot and I know how it feels. As a matter of fact I seem to step on a great many feet and the people always say ouch, so I am used to it."

"DO YOU ever apologize?" she asked with some sharpness.

"Oh, no. Fair-minded persons will draw their own conclusions from the facts. They will realize that I do not go about stepping on feet maliciously."

She looked up at him appraisingly. "I never saw you before," she said.

"Many people haven't," he answered.

"But I know everybody in Penfield," she said as if feeling the necessity to explain herself.

"I only arrived at six-twenty-seven last evening. You could scarcely have expected to meet me sooner."

"I haven't met you. I've only been trodden on by you. Is that your name?" She pointed to the sign upon the door.

"It is."

"What does it mean—Terrance Lee, Business?"

"Precisely," said Mr. Lee, "what it says."

"But what business?"

"Any business."

She shook her head and frowned. "Are you a lawyer?"

"No."

"A real estate man?"

"No."

"What are you, then?"

"A business man. My business is business. It's a sort of profession. A singer is a singer whether he sings soprano or bass or contralto or tenor. He doesn't have to specify. I can be a business man without being a banker or a merchant or a tinsmith, can I not?"

"I don't see how," she said acidly.

"I don't either," he confessed, "but the idea came to me, so I thought I would try it."

"But what are you going to *do?*"

"Business," replied Mr. Lee imperturbably. "If you have any business to be done, bring it to me. I'll do it and satisfaction guaranteed."

"If," she said, "you were a chiropodist I could give you a job now."

"As a matter of fact I seem to step on a great many feet and the people always say ouch, so I am used to it." "Do you ever apologize?" she asked with some sharpness

With which closing remark she turned on her dainty heel and continued down the street, and as he gazed at her back it seemed to convey the message that she never had seen, heard of or conversed with any strange young men that morning. Or if she had, that she had forgotten all about so negligible a matter.

Mr. Lee continued to peer after her and then he turned to nod to his office door. "We couldn't have picked a better town," he said gravely.

MISS JANE NORTH continued on her way until she came to the bank and then she mounted the stairs to a second floor containing miscellaneous offices. Before a door which announced that it was the Penfield Electric Light Company she paused and then entered without rapping.

"Is Papa Ethan in, Nellie?" she asked of a visible stenographer.

"In his office, Miss North."

"Alone?"

"Yes."

So Miss North invaded that precinct without announcement and saw an oldish man with a lined, gentle face sitting before an old-fashioned desk in the act of looking exceedingly discouraged and downhearted.

"Caught you at it again, Papa Ethan," she said. "Looking glum last night; looking glum this morning. You're due for demotion. I can't have a brevet papa looking like funerals."

As a matter of fact Miss North possessed a number of brevet papas and uncles in Penfield—old friends of her father and mother, residents of the town so old that the memory of man ran not to the contrary. And of these Ethan Jackman was one of the chief.

He smiled up at her pathetically. "I got to be glum today, General Nuisance," he said. "I just got to. Papa Ethan, to put it briefly, is in the soup."

"Tell," commanded Jane, and sat down on the desk top.

"I'm bust."

"Not really. And who have you been trusting now that you had no business to?"

"I really believe," he said in a grieved voice, "it was done on purpose."

"There are naughty men in the world," said Jane. "Which one bit you?"

"Well, it's sort of like this: you know *the Inland Power Company* has been trying to make me sell out to them for a couple of years."

"And you wouldn't."

"No."

"And so?"

"And so a man by the name of Junius Branch came along, and I liked him pretty well."

"So he tried to sell you something."

"That's the joke of it: he didn't. But he turned out to have something I wanted to buy some of. It was a grand electrical gadget for radios, and they all had to have it. That was fact. They did have to. There was a company formed to make them and I practically blackjacked this man Branch into letting me in."

"Grandma, what big teeth you got," quoted Jane.

"I'm afraid there was a wolf, all right. So what did I do but pledge my stock in the Penfield Electric Light Company for a loan of seventy-five thousand! And then the big radio company sued for infringement of patent and we got licked—and I can't pay that note and the Electric Light Company must be sold."

"BUT, can't you raise the money somewhere? You've heaps of friends, Papa Ethan. There's Daddy and everybody."

"It simply wouldn't do any good, Janie. I never could pay it off."

"And there's just nothing to do?"

"Not a thing."

Jane kicked the desk with her heels and frowned and bit her lip. "When nothing can be done," she said, "there can't be any harm in trying *anything*."

"Nor good."

"You put your coat right on and come with me," she ordered.

"Where, Janie?"

"Don't ask questions. March."

He marched. Side by side they traversed the street until they reached the little building which once had been a real estate office and which now housed Terrance Lee—Business. Mr. Lee, being inside, was invisible, but Jane led Mr. Jackman to the door and pounded with her knuckles. Mr. Lee said, "Come in," and Jane, standing on the threshold, doubtful if the room could hold three people comfortably, introduced Mr. Jackman.

"Mr. Jackman," she said, "is in a state where nothing can be done for him, so I brought him to you. Does your repertoire include being a forlorn hope?"

"It consists of that. Sit down, Mr. Jackman, and I'll listen."

"But who are you, young man? This headstrong girl led me here but I don't know why."

"I do business things," said Terry. "Anything that is business is in my line. I fix it. No horse too sick, no situation too desperate."

Mr. Jackman shrugged his shoulders. "At worst it can do no harm," he said and laid all before the stolid-faced young man who listened with patience and without interruption.

"And your note is due when?" Terry asked at the end.

"Two weeks from today."

"Lots of time. Two weeks is enough for anything. If you can't do it in two weeks you can't do it in two years. My terms are ten per cent in the event of success. Nothing in the event of failure."

"Ten per cent of what?"

"The business," said Terry.

"But what can you do?"

"I can take an hour to think it over, sir. Would you want me to go off half-cocked? I'll tackle your problem. Ten per cent and a general power of attorney until I win or lose. Take it or leave it."

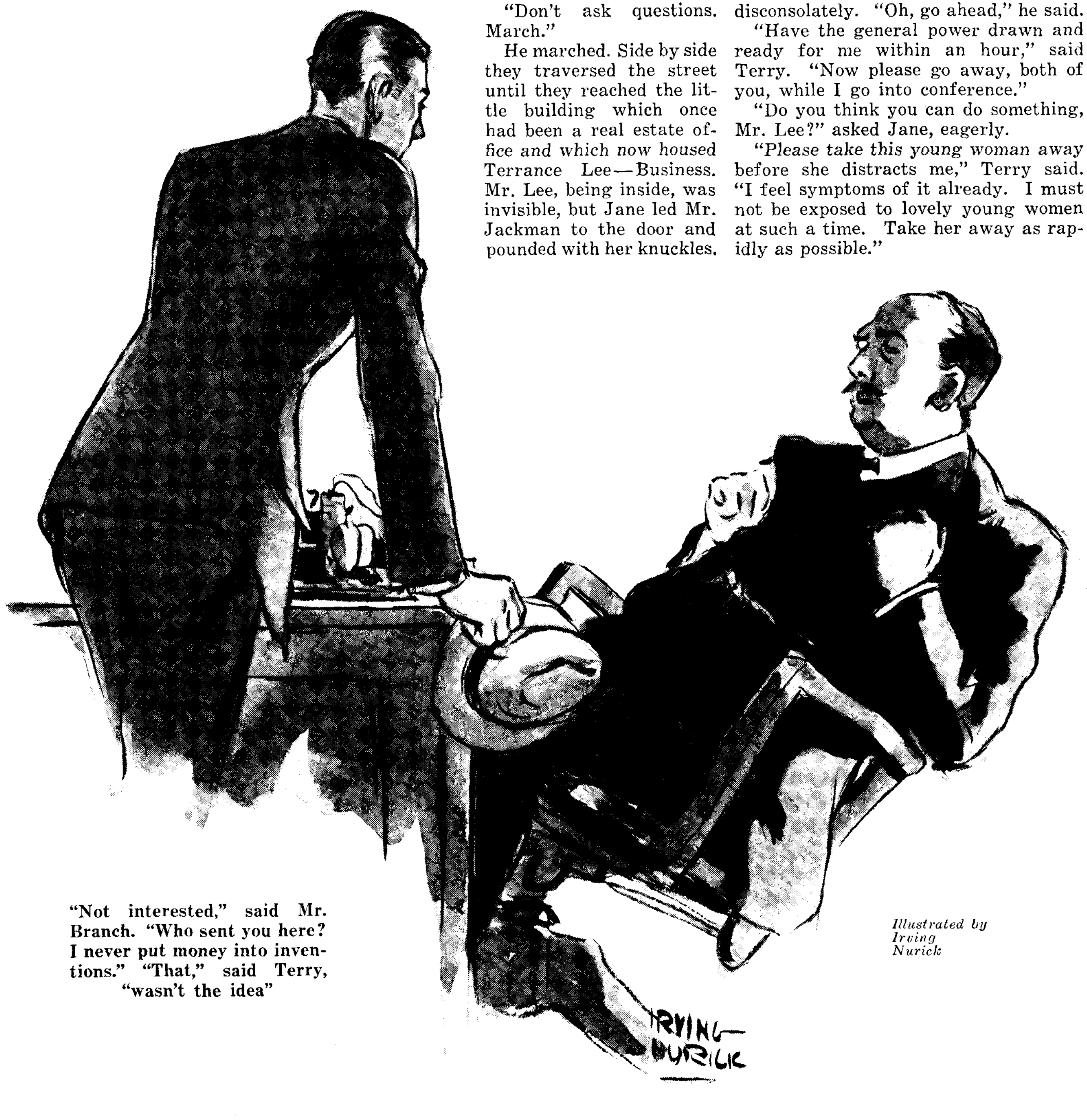
"Take it, Papa Ethan," exclaimed Jane. "I've a hunch."

Mr. Jackman shrugged his shoulders disconsolately. "Oh, go ahead," he said.

"Have the general power drawn and ready for me within an hour," said Terry. "Now please go away, both of you, while I go into conference."

"Do you think you can do something, Mr. Lee?" asked Jane, eagerly.

"Please take this young woman away before she distracts me," Terry said. "I feel symptoms of it already. I must not be exposed to lovely young women at such a time. Take her away as rapidly as possible."



"Not interested," said Mr. Branch. "Who sent you here? I never put money into inventions." "That," said Terry, "wasn't the idea"

Illustrated by Irving Nurick

Young Mr. Lee closed his door and sat down behind his desk and looked at a knot in the matched boarding that made up the walls of his office. He looked at it quite a while and then he went out upon the street to mingle with the citizenry and to increase the sum-total of his knowledge. He did not know exactly where to go for the information he sought but decided to try the bank.

PRESIDENT HOOKER received him presently and Terry, looking very stolid and unimaginative indeed, sat down very much as if he had no idea why he was there or what to say next.

"Well, young man?" asked Mr. Hooker.

"I want to ask questions," said Terry.

"What questions?"

"About a man named Branch—Junius Branch."

"And what about Junius Branch?"

"Where does he live?"

"In Peru," said Mr. Hooker. "The town, not the country."

"He got up a company recently, did he not?"

"He did."

"Did they build any buildings or anything?"

"Some."

"The company is not operating?"

"Decidedly not."

"Then it might be possible to buy these buildings? Where are they?"

"Here," said Mr. Hooker, "adjoining the electric light plant."

"Ah," said Terry.

"May I ask who you are?"

"Today," said Terry, "I am an inventor. Temporary vocation and subject to change. Name of Terrance Lee."

"Well, Mr. Terrance Lee," said Mr. Hooker, "you're a young man, and inventors are notoriously guileless, so I'll go a step farther than I should and tell you to keep your eye peeled if you play with Junius Branch."

"I'm obliged to you," said Terry and bowed himself out of the office.

Splendid good fortune almost permitted him to trample again on Jane North's feet, for she had just entered the bank to cash the check for her weekly allowance. However, she was nimble.

"Mr. Lee," she said, "one has to be an acrobatic dancer to keep out of your way."

"I was wondering," he said, "how to get word to Mr. Jackman without going to see him. I don't want to see him. I don't want him to see me. I don't want any third persons to see us seeing each other."

"It sounds," said Miss North, "like a riddle. And am I to be your messenger?"

"If," he said, "you will be so gracious. If you will tell Mr. Jackman to write or telegraph—better telegraph—to Mr. Branch in a rather desperate way, asking him if he will not buy Mr. Jackman's stock in that fake company at some figure—almost any figure—"

"He won't," interrupted Miss North.

"Who won't?"

"Mr. Branch."

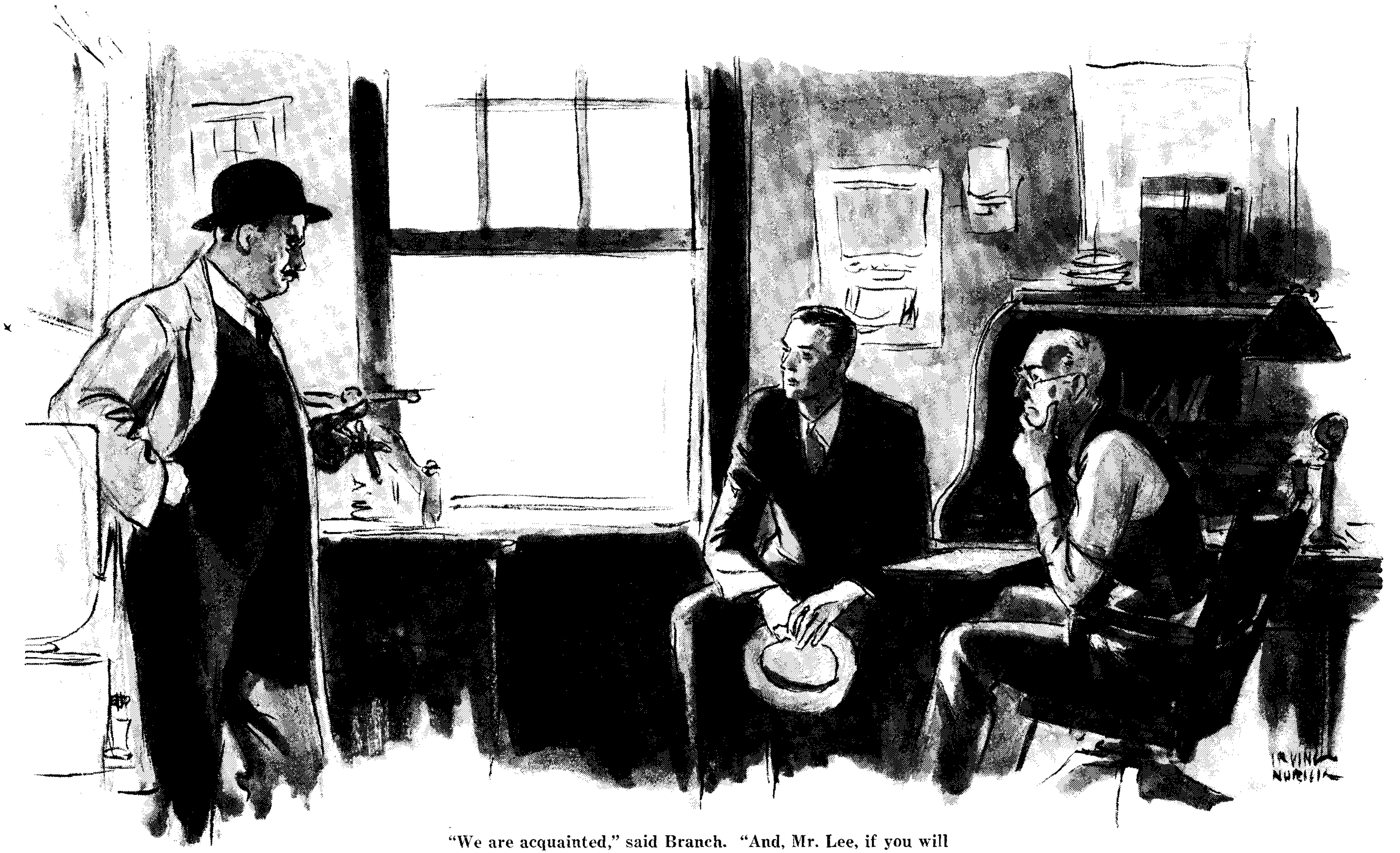
"Let us," said Mr. Lee, "hope devoutly that you are right."

SOMEWHAT abruptly Terry left that vicinity and ambled down the street until he came to an electrical shop where he accosted the proprietor gravely.

"Can you make a gadget," he asked, "that looks as if it might be a gadget but really isn't anything at all but a whoofus?"

"I'm slick on gadgets," said the electrician, "but the union won't allow a whoofus."

"Excellent," said Terry. "We understand each other. What I want is a contraption and there must be a vacuum tube on it and a number of humps and



"We are acquainted," said Branch. "And, Mr. Lee, if you will excuse me, I have a matter of private business to discuss"

ding-bats so that it looks very complicated and electrical. Can you do it?"

"You wish," said the electrician, "a junk heap that wears an air of verisimilitude?"

"Precisely," agreed Terrance. "How long will it take?"

"You can have it at six o'clock."

"Done," said Terry.

So it came about that two days later Terry was driven to Peru in a motor car and registered at the hotel, where, as soon as he had arranged his toilet articles on the bureau, he made inquiries for Mr. Junius Branch.

"Got an office over the drug store," said the clerk. "I saw him go down the street half an hour ago."

Terry, with a carefully wrapped package in his hand, crossed the street and climbed the stairs to Mr. Branch's place of business. Mr. Branch turned out to be a short gentleman with a great deal of circumference and little eyes that peeked out at one over roly-poly cheeks. He wheezed, but not alarmingly. Only enough to set off his embonpoint and give it effectiveness.

"How do you do?" said Terry.

"Morning," said Mr. Branch.

"I," said Terry, "arrive in the character of an inventor."

"Not interested," said Mr. Branch. "Who sent you here? I never put money into inventions."

"That," said Terry, "wasn't the idea. I wanted to buy something from you. For actual money. But first I'd be gratified if you would examine my invention. A matter of personal pride. If it does what I am about to tell you it may do there are millions in it, and I do not propose to share those millions. I am not the sort of inventor you have read about, Mr. Branch. In reality, I am a very astute business man."

Mr. Branch snorted and peered without interest at an assembly of tubes, wires, spare parts and scenic effects which had a highly efficient appearance.

"It is not beyond the bounds of possibility," said Terry, "that in a year one of these will be attached to every radio set in America. Static. Selectivity. Reproduction. Indispensable, if you follow me. Can be manufactured for less than five dollars and sold for ten at a net profit of a hundred per cent. And it is because of that I have come to you. A manufacturer must have a place to manufacture. Am I right?"

"Yes," said Mr. Branch shortly.

"You have a small factory in Penfield, erected, as I understand, to fabricate an electrical device. I have examined this factory and it will answer my requirements. It seems to be idle. Is it for sale?"

Mr. Branch became interested. "It might be arranged."

"There was a corporation, wasn't there? It was built by a corporation?"

"It was."

"Splendid. I need a corporation. But I don't wish the annoyance and expense of creating one. In fact I know very little about corporations, so if I could get one ready-made it would suit my purpose admirably. Would it be possible to buy the whole corporation?"

"IT MIGHT be," said Mr. Branch, thinking of the frantic telegram he received a couple of days ago from Ethan Jackman. There, in Penfield, stood buildings which would have to go at sheriff's sale, or might stand idle and decaying for years with no prospect of purchaser or income. Anything gotten out of those buildings would be so much clear gain—for already they had served their purpose well.

"Now," said Terry, "tell me about this corporation. And please be very clear, for my mind is more mechanical than corporate. How many shares and everything."

Mr. Branch regarded this guileless youth and licked his lips. "There are two thousand shares," he said, "representing a par value of two hundred thousand dollars."

"Of course," said Terry vaguely, "I wouldn't care to pay that much for it. And I would want all the shares. I don't want anybody else meddling with my invention. Someone told me this corporation was practically bankrupt."

"Not bankrupt," said Mr. Branch.

"Good. I shouldn't care for a bankrupt corporation. Now, sir, what will you take for it per share?"

"Fifty dollars," said Mr. Branch tentatively.

"A great deal too much," said Terrance. "I have examined the buildings and what machinery is installed. Being an inventor I understand such things. The cost was approximately fifty thousand dollars, but the present value is that of junk. On my part, sir, I offer you a dollar a share."

"Good morning," said Mr. Branch.

"Good morning," said Terry, and very deliberately he wrapped up his invention and started for the door, but Mr. Branch did not permit him to reach it.

"I might," he said, "reduce my first figure somewhat."

"I don't think I care to do business with you, sir," said Terry. "You seem, if I may say so, to be a bit grasping. I am not grasping. In fact I am rather on the generous side."

"With an offer of a dollar a share," sneered Mr. Branch.

"Suppose you make a rejoinder."

"Twenty-five dollars a share," said Mr. Branch.

Terry's hand turned the knob. "It has been nice to meet you," he said, "because I dote on optimists, and you are awfully optimistic."

"I might make it twenty," said Mr. Branch.

"Now," said Terry, "that you are sliding, suppose you keep right on until you hit bottom. You know and I know that whatever you get is velvet. I'll go to three dollars."

"Fifteen," said Mr. Branch.

"I'm talking cash on delivery," said Terry. "Actual cash. Get on your toboggan again and take a good long slide."

"Well, then, twenty thousand dollars for everything, lock, stock and barrel."

"Ten thousand," said Terry. "Five dollars a share."

Mr. Branch paused and frowned and considered. "Young man, here's my last word. I'll split the difference with you. Seven and a half."

"Done," said Terry. "Now we'll get in lawyers."

"What for?"

"I ALWAYS have lawyers," said Terry. "Granting that I am a smart business man; nevertheless, lawyers are handy. You can't make delivery today, can you! And take the cash?"

"Er—not for a couple of days."

"In which case," Terry said, "we need an agreement with whereas and notwithstanding and party of the first part in it. Those legal terms are very gratifying. You sign and I sign and there is a notary and two witnesses. I am very particular about such things."

"Quite right, young man," said Mr. Branch, who was not less eager than Terry to set the hook in his fish so there could be no wriggling off. "Just sit still a moment and I'll call in a lawyer. One right on this floor."

In five minutes Mr. Branch returned with a legal gentleman and a stenographer whom Terry greeted with tremendous gravity.

"We want an air-tight agreement," he said.

"That," said the lawyer, "is the kind I draw up."

(*Continued on page 62*)

What's the Racket?

"Racket" is one of our most used and abused words. How is a racket born? What keeps it alive? How can it be killed? Just what is a racket anyway? These and similar questions are answered here in simple terms

By William G. Shepherd

Cartoon by D. R. Fitzpatrick

WHOOPEE! The racket is moving west. You'd better come across." This line was taken from a would-be blackmailer's letter, sent a few months ago to a banker in a small town in Colorado.

The banker didn't "come across." One reason was that the town was so small that practically all the citizens, going armed, could turn in to aid and protect him. Rackets don't go well, as yet, in small towns. The author of this rudely written letter was obviously an ignorant person but in one sense he was right. The racket is moving not only west but in almost every other direction, wherever there is a big city.

At least the talk about rackets is spreading. As a matter of fact rackets are old. What's new about them, for one thing, is the name, a word which fits easily into newspaper headlines and has a snappy sound. It is onomatopœic. Just as the word "buzz" suggests a bee or the word "hiss" suggests a snake, so does the word "racket" suggest the crackle of revolver and sub-machine gun fire. It was a word that was bound to succeed.

Another new thing about rackets is that they are growing in number, in power and in boldness.

Now, if we're going to talk about rackets—and the prospects are that we shall be doing so for the next ten or a dozen years—let's know what the crooks who really put the word into common, everyday use mean by it.

Here's an illustration. It comes from the Persia of 3,000 years ago, not from any present-day American town:

An Old Persian Custom

A band of robbers planted themselves alongside a caravan trail outside a Persian town and started to operate on travelers and traders. But this bright idea lost its luster shortly, because travelers and traders stopped going to that town. It was as simple for them as tuning out a radio program is for us. The business of out-and-out robbery fell off.

The next thing these Persian hooligans did was to move into the town. They went without weapons or open threats. Instead, they carried with them certain offers to the merchants of the town.

"Look here!" they said to the merchants. "A bunch of robbers, out there on the Persian and Mesopotamian highway, has been holding up and robbing the caravans. That's why no goods have been coming into town for you to sell. Now if each merchant here will pay us so much gold per month, we will guard the caravans and see that travelers and traders reach your city in safety."

Instead of being decent citizens first and greedy men second, and calling in the police and raising a righteous civic row, the merchants talked things over with their visitors.

"How can we afford to pay you all this gold, regularly?" they asked.

"Why, when your bazaars open again, after trade is made safe, all you have to do is charge your customers a little more money."

So the deal was made. There's every chance in the world that the merchants tried to make believe to themselves and to each other that they didn't know they were dealing with first-class murderers, robbers and thieves, whose business of robbing and stealing had failed. They probably "bunked" themselves—as many merchants in many of our cities of today are doing—into believing or trying to believe that the robbers, out there on the caravan trail, and the "protectors" whom they had hired were two different sets of men, knowing well enough all the time that they were not.

Was it fear that moved those Persian merchants? Or was it greed?

Answer that question and you've half solved the ever-growing problems of rackets in our country today.

Racketeers are always shielded by the silence of citizens or the crookedness of the government. And ninety-nine times out of a hundred the silence of citizens grows out of the fact that they know it is not only useless but perhaps dangerous, either to their pocketbooks or their persons, to call upon the police and the government for aid.

Through the Third Degree

Now, in our effort to find out what racketeering, as distinguished from old-fashioned robbery, really is, let's go to the office of a certain grim prosecuting attorney where one day recently this writer actually heard a twentieth-century racketeer put through a verbal third degree.

A well-dressed, well-spoken young man told the prosecutor, in answer to questions, that he was president of a certain "association." It sounded like a labor union, though it wasn't.

"Do you know So-and-So?" asked the attorney, mentioning a certain small manufacturer.

"Yes," said the racketeer, snapping his teeth together.

"And do you know So-and-So?"—another firm in the same business.

"Yes, I do."

A dozen names were put to the racketeer. At first his face was red, with obvious anger. Then it began to turn white. The fellow was literally chattering at the finish.

He realized from the attorney's questions that at least a dozen of his victims, from whom he had been collecting money regularly, had broken away from his racket and had named him to the police.

"Did you ask these men to join your association?" asked the prosecutor.

"Yes, I did."

"And did one man named So-and-So refuse to join?"

"Well, he said he didn't want to go in, I think."

"Do you know that wherever his trucks went shellac was poured into the gasoline tanks, spark plugs were broken, wires cut and other damages done, while making deliveries?"

"Well, I heard so," stammered the racketeer.

"Whom did you hear it from?"

"Well, the man who owned the trucks called me up and accused me of having the damage done."

"What did you tell him?" fired back the attorney.

"I told him he was a liar."

"You said something else to him."

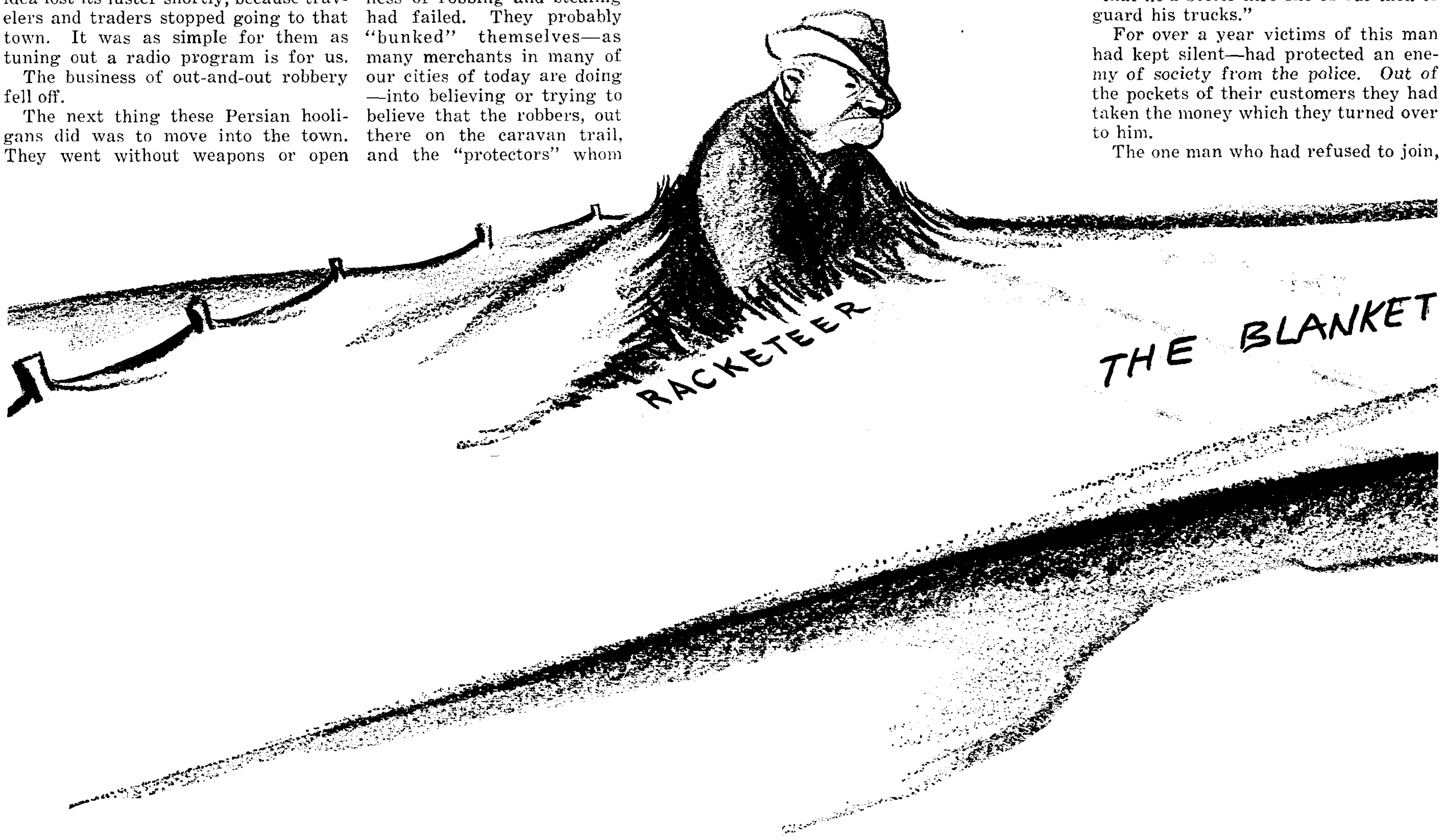
"I didn't."

"You're lying. What else did you tell him?" The prosecutor rose and went over toward him.

"I—I—I told him," came the answer, "that he'd better hire one of our men to guard his trucks."

For over a year victims of this man had kept silent—had protected an enemy of society from the police. Out of the pockets of their customers they had taken the money which they turned over to him.

The one man who had refused to join,



by making a stand against the racket, had helped the others to be brave enough to tell the prosecuting attorney their story. They finally had ceased being parties to a crime.

Racketeers are protected criminals. That's what the crook means and that's exactly what you and I ought to mean when we talk of racketeers and their business. Look a racket in the face and you see either corrupted business or corrupted government. And in its ever-widening circles the racket begins in your town when criminals there have a greater pull with the government than the everyday citizen can boast.

A big racket has officials, high in politics and government, to protect it. A small racket needs only small officials. For example, speaking of small rackets, one group of three policemen, who cover the three eight-hour watches on any police beat, may among themselves make a racket possible. Here's how:

A very rural Scandinavian farmer, between trains, traveling to a new community, placed his wife and four small children within the safe shelter of a great union depot in one of our mid-western towns and went out to get his hair cut.

An hour went by, and he did not return; two hours went by. The wife finally told the station policeman of her alarm. The railroad policeman told the city policeman on the beat. Together they went out to seek the lost parent.

Before they had returned a man who looked utterly strange to her approached the farmer's wife in the waiting-room.

"Hello, Mamma. Why are you crying?" said the person.

"Ole! Ole!" she cried. "What's the matter with you? What have they done to you?"

"A barber swindled me, eighteen dollars and twenty cents for this!"

The traveler's blond hair had not only been cut but it had been shampooed, singed and then dyed a pitch black.

His broad, spreading whiskers had not only been trimmed to a Vandyke point, but they also had been dyed. His cheeks had been shaved and the barber had gone so far as to trim the greenhorn's eyebrows. No wonder his wife had not recognized him.

"He just kept saying, 'Wait a minute! Wait a minute! I'm not through,' " Ole explained to his wife and to the railroad policeman. A telephone message to police headquarters brought a detective. He took Ole over to the barber shop. The barber tried to explain, item for item, how he had done $18.20 worth of work on the Swedish farmer's head and face.

"Give him back eighteen dollars," ordered the detective. Ole took his money and resumed his journey. But the chief of police discovered that the city policeman on the railroad station beat had been permitting several barbers to cheat and overcharge travelers. Whenever an outraged traveler complained the barber would call in a policeman to help him collect his bill.

There isn't a police reporter in the country who hasn't heard in his town of traveler rackets of that sort, in which only a few persons, including policemen, are engaged. Even village constables dare to risk their stars on such ventures. And not long ago, in that great metropolis of New York, keepers of world-famed hotels complained that licensed porters, with the aid of the police, steered travelers away from the large hotels by saying, "They're all full" and directing them to "gyp" taxis which took them to second- or third-class places.

Rackets Made "Respectable"

The larger rackets must have the protection of officials higher up. And what's more, they must be not only organized, rich, but they must keep growing to keep alive.

These big racket organizations invariably bear names which sound dignified and proper. A "Laundrymen's Trade Association," a "Society of Musicians," a "Window Cleaners' Union, Number So-and-so," an "Industrial Amalgamation," a "Dyers and Cleaners' Association," a "Such-and-such Detective Bureau," or "Investigating Agency," a "Hat Pressers' Protective Association;" these are samples of racketeers' trade names.

The rackets have offices and books and clerks; presidents, vice presidents, treasurers, secretaries and all the obvious structure of business concerns. They also have lawyers. One of the most amazing facts, in any study of rackets, is that they can always find a lawyer. This lawyer has studied in a law school and, as a youth, has associated with other American youths in fighting for his education. He will be an associate of most of the lawyers in the community. He will have a decent-appearing home, with sons and daughters, whose clothes, bought at least in part with racketeer money, seem to sit as honestly on their healthy young shoulders as those of any other children. He will be a member of the bar association. But the difference between him and other lawyers is that he is invariably a lawyer who is in politics.

I once asked Harry Eugene Kelly, leading Bar Association member in Chicago, why that organization, which includes as members some of the most notorious of the attorneys for the racketeers, did not dismiss such out-and-out aids of Chicago's enemies of public welfare.

"It's very difficult to do it," he answered. "It costs a great deal of money to try them with proper witnesses before the association and often they are strong politically. They all have strong connections in other lines than in racketeering."

Racketeers always give themselves the best of lawyers. A present member of Congress represented Al Capone not long ago before a certain court.

Now this, as I have given it above, is the usual frame-up of the big business racket as it is today rapidly spreading over the United States.

"Protection of business"—that's the purpose which the business racket, like the Persian robbers of old, constantly proclaims. And the racket begins in your town the very moment that the first business man, feeling that the police either will not or cannot protect him, pays money to some extra-legal "association" or "organization" to do so. There is one exception to this rule, however. It is when some business man, whose business is shady or who wishes to destroy a competitor, hires thugs, bomb-throwers or even gunmen as his aids. For example, in New York City one group of laundrymen received the aid of hooligans who destroyed the contents of laundry parcels carried in the delivery wagons of other competitors.

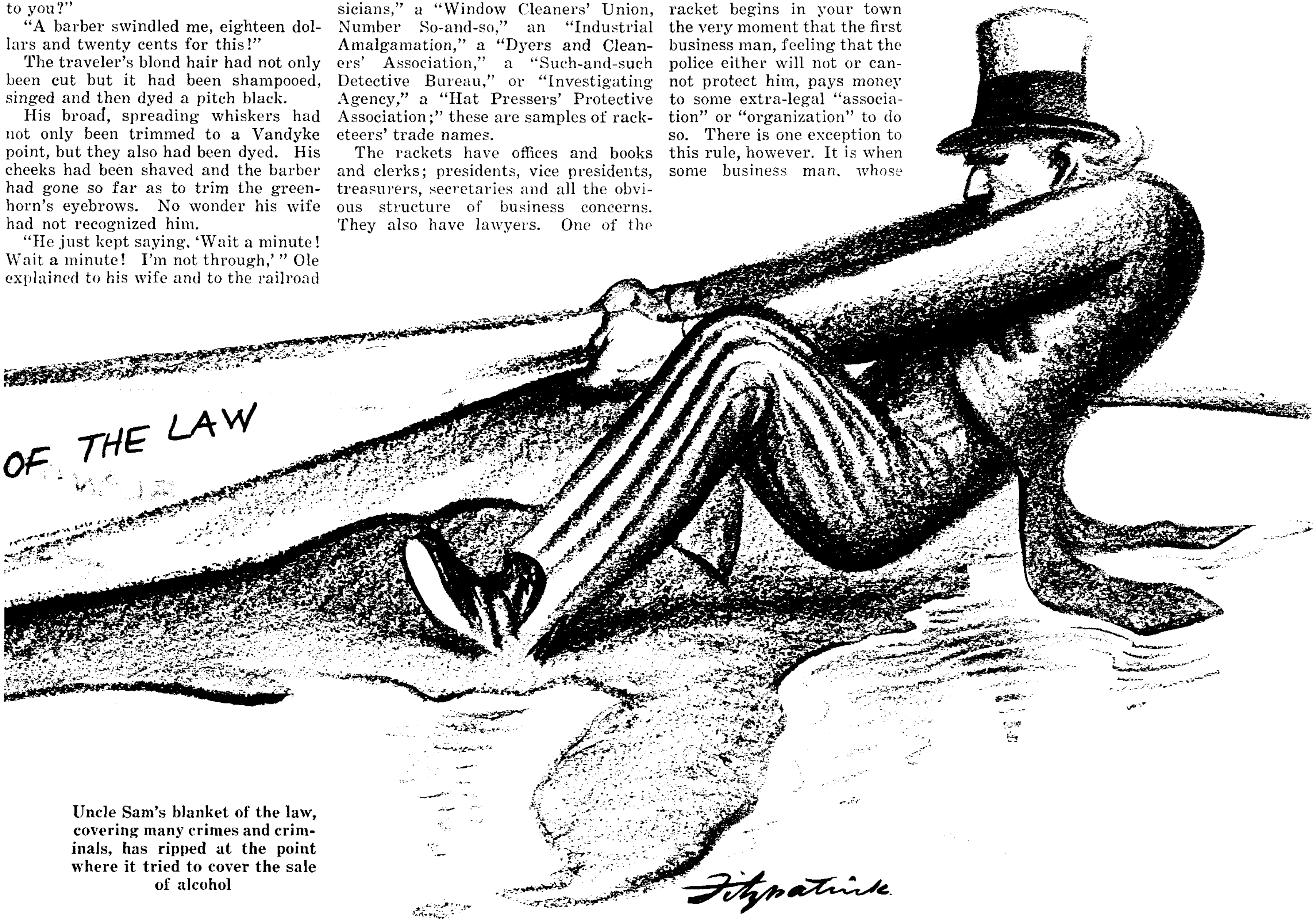
Thugs and Czars

These competitors, banding themselves together, were suddenly protected by an equally violent band of hooligans who attacked the laundry wagons of the parties of the first part. The whole thing resulted in the two sets of laundrymen finally getting together, hiring themselves a czar and thus ending the reign of violence. They paid their "Will Hays," or their "Judge Landis," instead of paying the hoodlums. Laundry organizations fighting each other in the city of Chicago used similar hired-thug methods. It isn't always the hooligans who go to business men with offers, by any means; business men have been known, on occasion, to go to the hooligans.

Here's a list of trades, businesses, industries or professions in which the racket has been worked in the city of Chicago. It was prepared by the Illinois Association for Criminal Justice:

Window cleaning, machinery moving, cleaning and dyeing, laundrymen, candy jobbers, dental laboratories, ash and rubbish hauling, grocery and delicatessen deliveries, garages, physicians, drug stores, milk dealers, florists, bootblacks, restaurants, shoe repairers, tire-repair

(Continued on page 59)



Uncle Sam's blanket of the law, covering many crimes and criminals, has ripped at the point where it tried to cover the sale of alcohol

Moonlight on the Water

THE ripe moon of harvest shone silvery through the lush August green of the sycamores where the White River bubbles down the limestone rills to meet the Wabash.

Its light filtered vaguely into a clearing off the road from Vincennes, picking at the outlines of a deep-bedded spring wagon. From either side ran canvas lean-tos and, set apart, a tepee of scarred hide. A hobbled horse, violet in that light, dozed, head down, near the dropped shafts and the embers of a scattered fire winked in the occasional swirl of night breezes.

From beneath one of the lean-tos a figure rolled suddenly and stood erect—an old man with long, black hair, straight save for a hint of ringlets where it swept his shoulders.

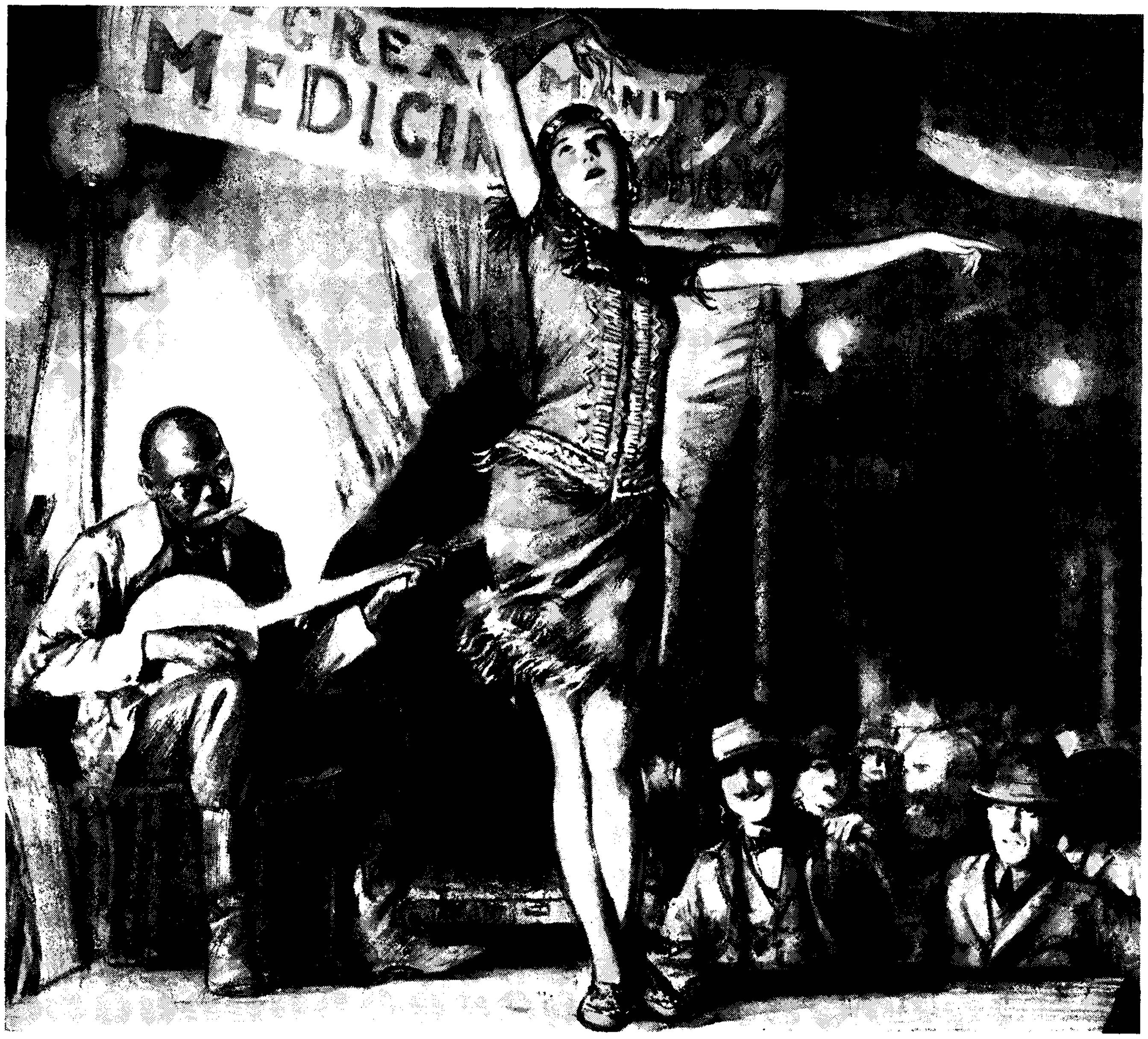
"Lizzie," he called. "You, Lizzie!"

Twenty yards away at the river bank a girl thrust away from the silhouette of a man standing at her side.

"Yes," she called, "I'm coming."

Swiftly she threw her arms across the man's shoulders and kissed him. "Cairo, Wednesday," she said. Then—"Good night," and turned, running up the shaly bank.

His whisper followed her: "Good night, Lizbeth."



Once more Dad Parker made his pitch and once more she danced as the dusk

THE old man met her at the edge of the clearing. "Where you bin?" he demanded.

She motioned vaguely toward the sheen of water behind her. "Looking at the river," she answered, "and thinking."

He seized her chin and held it, peering into her eyes, black as his own.

"Thinking about that scalawag with the yeller curls." It was a statement, not a question.

"I told ya in Danville, I told ya in Terre Haute and I told ya in Vincennes," he went on, "I'd rather cut your heart out than see you married to a thief and a killer. Forget him."

"It's a lie," she said breathlessly; "he's not a thief, he's not a killer."

The fingers at her chin pressed harder and the arm trembled.

"Your daddy knows, Lizzie. He's a devil and a thief and if he ever sets foot in Egypt, he'll hang."

He left her suddenly and turned to his lean-to.

"Get to your bed," he said gruffly, "we're going on at sunup."

Dawn found them on the road to Cairo, the roan horse plodding in the shafts. The spring wagon was burdened with rolled canvas, pots and pans and stores and food—and innumerable bottles with gaudy labels, stacked in neat rows—Dr. Pottawattomie Parker's Illustrated Lecture on Human Ills and Great Manitou Medicine Show was heading into Little Egypt.

In the swaying driver's seat sat Big Mose, black as the coal from Little Egypt's strip mines. Beside him rode Dad Parker. And in the deep bed, pasting Great Manitou Stomach Bitters labels on long bottles filled with red-brown liquid, was the girl.

The sun was high overhead before they halted. Two roads coming in from north and west met the main pike and at their convergence stood the inevitable store. Dad Parker swung to the ground and crossed the sagging porch.

"Tobacca, cheese an' bread," he repeated to himself. At the door he stopped short and stared at a yellowed oblong of paper nailed against the clapboards. His eyes clouded as he saw it and he wet his lips. "Poor kid," he said to himself. Then he turned toward the spring wagon. "Lizzie," he called. "Come here."

He had his back turned to the paper when, quick to answer his call, she reached his side.

"I ain't doing this to hurt you," he said slowly. "But you've gotta know the truth." He stepped aside slowly and motioned to the wall and the yellowed placard.

HER eyes, following the movement of his arm, fell first upon the one word "Murder" and then stopped, shocked and tear-filled, at the picture of a boy with laughing lips and hair that curled thickly above his fine, lean face.

She shook her head and groped forward, steadying herself with an outstretched arm against the weathered boards of the crossroads store, and read it through:

$1,000 Reward
Dead or Alive
Wanted for
Highway Robbery
and Murder

Below that, two pictures, side by side, and below them the names—"Baxter Neal" and "Isom Neal."

There were rows of smaller print across the bottom and she forced herself to read on:

"Baxter Neal, card shark and crooked gambler, is under indictment for waylaying and shooting to death Annister MacDougal of Memphis, Tenn., on the night of September 6, 1903, on the Cairo levee.

"Isom Neal, his half-brother and confederate, is charged with being an accessory before the fact. If either or both of these men are apprehended hold them and notify Sheriff of Alexander County, Illinois."

The girl sobbed deeply once and then clenched her teeth against the sound. "A killer and a thief"—her father's words raced to her tongue's end—and stopped.

She raised her eyes to the picture of Baxter Neal, "card shark and crooked gambler." There was no family resemblance. Baxter Neal was older, his hair lank and thick above his brow and ears, and his eyes were small and sinister. His mouth, hidden under the droop of long mustaches, still showed thin-lipped and cruel.

She looked back then to the other picture—Isom Neal, "accessory before the fact," and stared into the smiling eyes.

"I don't believe it," she said. "I don't believe it."

Dad Parker knew his Cairo. The spring wagon drove directly to the courthouse square and halted before the flagged walk that led to a doorway marked with a signboard, "Sheriff's Office."

He stumped in and spoke briefly as an old acquaintance to the man with the three-inch silver star on his vest. "Same corner as last year," he suggested.

The other thrust a rolled something into the pocket above the star.

"Which would that be?" he asked.

"Northwest," said the medicine man.

The sheriff nodded and Dad Parker turned to go.

On the flat wall beside the door was another of the yellowed placards with the pictures of Baxter and Isom Neal.

"Never did get them boys?" he asked.

The law cut a piece of twist and grunted.

"Not yet."

"Funny, but I was talking last night about them," Dad went on. "Do you reckon, he—the young one's guilty?"

The star hitched up in the wake of a shrugged shoulder.

"That's what the grand jury says."

"And the other one?" Dad pursued.

The sheriff discarded his old chew and fitted the new one carefully into the hollow of his back jaws.

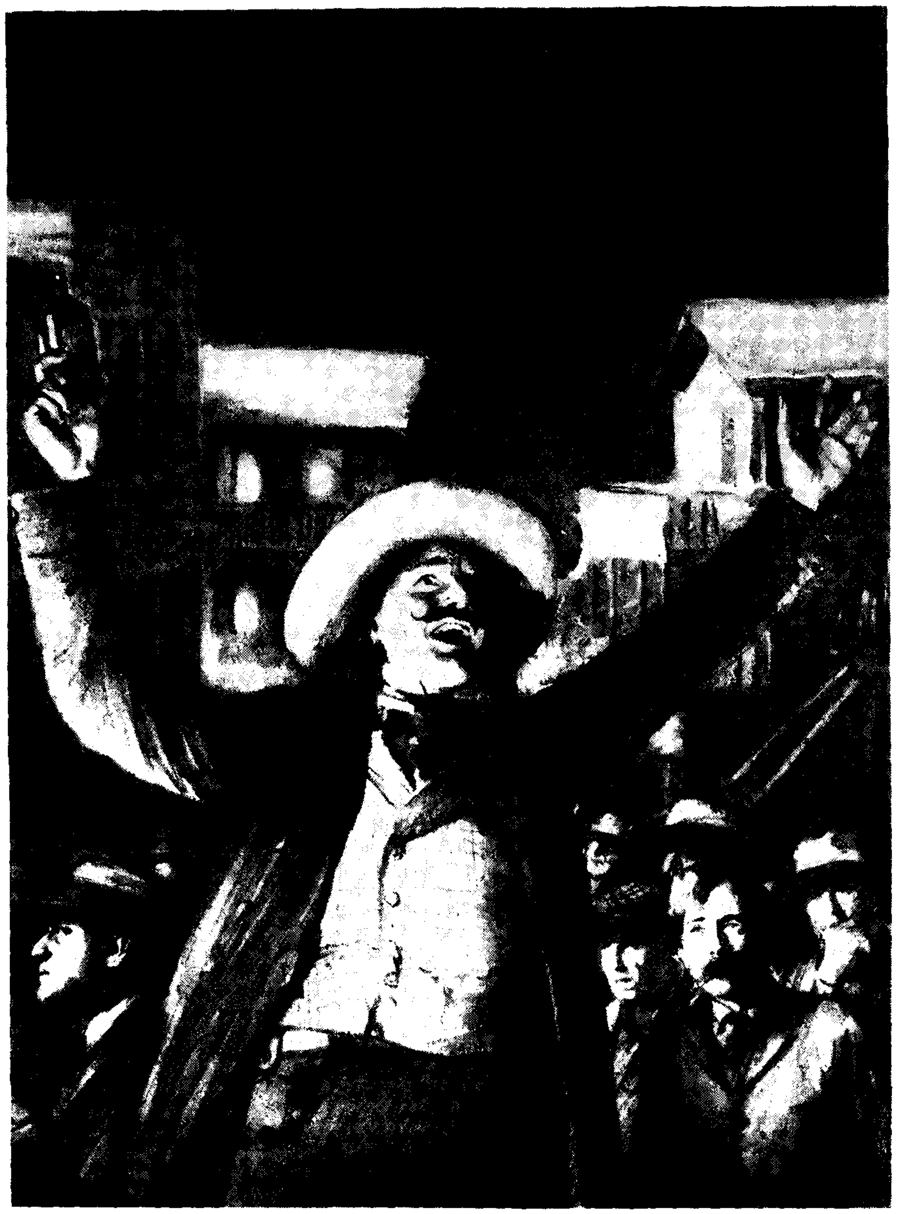
"Baxter Neal's a polecat," he said shortly.

THE spring wagon inched its way through the milling clamor of men and women, horses, mules and creaking vehicles until it reached a mooring place in the swirling currents of the northwest corner of the square.

Big Mose tied off the reins and busied himself immediately and methodically. Soon the Great Manitou Medicine Show was ready for its grand entrance and Dr. Pottawattomie Parker was in the

She was certainly not the sort of girl who'd lose her heart to a rascal. But she was in love with Isom Neal, and the authorities wanted Isom—dead or alive!

By Odgers T. Gurnee



Illustrated by Frederic Anderson

thickened. And still he had not come

wings prepared to make his pitch.

Big Mose began to strum on a blackened banjo. Out of sight in the deep bed, the girl fitted her lips to the uncompromising façade of a Jews'-harp.

Dad Parker surveyed the crowd and smiled. Then he waved an arm. The overture was on. After a time, Dad Parker moved his arm again, a sweeping, a magnificent gesture, and the music stopped. Then he addressed the crowd. He told them of all the ills that ailed the human flesh and how to cure them. He lifted a brown bottle high overhead in each hand and smiled upon them.

"One dollar, friends, one dollar, in silver, bills or small change."

IT WAS Big Mose's cue. The black man picked up his banjo, at the same time adjusting a steel hoop about his neck which held a mouth organ rigid just before his broadly grinning lips.

"—And during the distribution of this great boon we will revive a famous custom of the Pottawattomies—the Dance to the Moon, performed by a direct descendant of that noble red man, Chief Wa-Wa-See—none other than Princess Moonlight on the Water."

Mose blew a full-throated chord and strummed upon the taut skin of the banjo head. Dad Parker stepped down into the wagon bed and the girl rose from her hiding place, bounding lightly to the platform.

She was dressed in fawn leather that hung straight and tight from shoulder to knee. Her legs were bare and she wore moccasins, decorated with painted quills and beads.

"Step up, step up, and see the Princess Moonlight on the Water dance and get your bottle of life and love and joy. One dollar, friends, one dollar, silver, bills or small change—"

Three times in that long, hot afternoon Big Mose sang and thrummed his banjo, three times old Dad Parker made his pitch and three times the girl bounded to the platform to dance, sinuous and blood-stirring. But her face was a cold mask and her eyes flicked over the crowd. Up, down, back and forth. She was looking for one face, one pair of laughing eyes, hoping to see them, fearing she would.

"If he sets foot in Egypt he'll hang." Her father's words rang through the stuttered rhythm of the music.

But the sun went red against the green hills of the horizon and he hadn't come. She sighed deeply, her heart twisted one way against another.

Once more Dad Parker made his pitch and once more she danced as the dusk thickened. And still he had not come. Then Dad Parker struck his show. "Tonight when the rest of the folks are here," he whispered, "we'll give 'em the snake oil. Let's eat."

They came back at eight with the square another crazy quilt of color and sound. At first, as they approached it, just a confused roar—voices, the creak of wagons—shreds of music, the shuffle of feet. Then they came nearer the northwest corner and the sound became acute.

It brought Dad Parker up short. Unmistakably the clear shrill of a trumpet was audible above the lesser sounds about them.

"Somebody's got to our stand," he said grimly.

They hurried ahead. In the spot where their wagon had stood all afternoon was another—a light high-wheeled buckboard. In the rear end was a high pulpit and in the bed a small melodeon and another bench. In the pulpit was a small, dark man, his face lighted by gas flares that reared above him on either side. He was preaching—exhorting, thumping his hands upon the thick book before him. A woman, squat, dumpy, untidy, played the melodeon softly in a wheezy obbligato and the bench held the swelling folds of a big man with a head like a square of granite, half-dozing above the long, yellow tube of his trumpet.

Big Mose reined in and Dad Parker swore. "Street preacher," he said. He looked back and about him, over the square. Every corner held its own flare of light, its own pitch.

He sighed. "They ain't any sense in bucking up against re-ligion, even his kind," he said. "And I'm powerful tired." He fell silent, looking at the three who had come in the name of the Lord. The preacher's voice rose nasal and sharp above the drone of the crowd. The woman had ceased to play and sat slumped over the melodeon, her back to the crowd. The trumpeter was jiggling his keys and adjusting the valves.

Dad Parker's eyes strayed on beyond them into the shadows of the dirt road leading north and a shock ran through him, chilling him; he had seen the sheen of flickering gas lights on a black horse's throat-latch, and above it a head with yellow curls.

Dad Parker swung quickly to the girl, hoping she hadn't seen. But she had. Her eyes were bright, her lips taut. He touched Big Mose's shoulder.

"We'll go on," he said quickly, "east and back to Indiana." The wheels moved as they began to inch again through the crowd.

The preacher broke into song, the trumpet shrilled, the melodeon wheezed. The sound of the hymn rose higher. "Sing, brothers, sing," shouted the man in the pulpit box. Quavering voices answered him, scattered, mumbled.

He beat time with his hands, urging them on. Then a voice from the crowd, clear, taunting:

"Whyn't yore woman sing, then?"

THE preaching man kept up the beat with his hands and his face went sad in the lemon light.

"Brother," he said, "she can't sing, she's deef and dumb."

The music picked up and went on. A whisper of sympathy hummed through the crowd and Dr. Pottawattomie Parker's Great Manitou Medicine Show broke the last line of thronged men and women and jogged out upon the gray road toward the Wabash. The black horse was gone.

They pitched camp at midnight near the river again. "We'll cut across the pocket tomorrow," Dad Parker said briefly, "and make toward Mt. Vernon."

The girl went to bed, but not to sleep. Crouching in the darkness of the tepee she listened for the slough of hoofs in the sandy loam of the road and the creak of bridle leather and the champ of teeth on bit.

Wheels groaned past and trace chains clanged and night hours went by slowly. Twice she heard the beat of trotting horses. But the tread came up out of the distance and off and away without pause.

AT FOUR o'clock she fell asleep only to awaken almost at once with a clutch of fear at her throat. Horses were coming now, many of them, and at full gallop. The thudding sound swelled like the roll of a drum. Then she could hear the harsh, explosive breath of the horses, and a man's voice cry out a command.

The rhythm broke. Other voices rose in sharp, clipped sentences. The hoofbeats ran together, milled and settled as when galloping men rein in. Then the tread of boots in the clearing and her father's voice. She got to her feet and stepped from the tepee.

The filtered light radiated from the points of a three-inch silver star on a swinging vest. She shut her eyes quickly as though the rays hurt.

"He's been caught," she thought; then a prescience of peril ahead flashed over her. "No," she contradicted, "they're trailing him." She opened her eyes and held them cool and level on the advancing figure of the sheriff, the tall man at his side, and the ring of dismounted men standing behind them at horses' heads.

"I've got to face them down," she told herself.

But the sheriff ignored her, turning to Dad Parker.

"Where's your nigger?" he demanded.

The old man made a vague motion toward the deeper shadows behind him, and Big Mose stepped into the circle of moonlight.

The sheriff eyed him coldly. Then his searching gaze shifted to Dad Parker and finally, to the girl.

He turned to the tall man at his side.

"Well?" he said without inflection.

"That's them," the man said shortly.

LIZBETH PARKER stiffened, watching the tall man. She thought she'd seen him before but the time and place eluded her. Possibly in the massed crowd that had faced her as she danced that afternoon. She couldn't be sure.

"That's them—what?" her voice said.

The big man shrugged and the sheriff, still ignoring her, let his eyes run briefly across the flatness of her gaze and turned back to Dad Parker.

"You're under arrest," he then said. "The three of you."

"What for?" it was Lizbeth's voice again.

"The Queen mine's been held up," the sheriff said; "the night payroll's gone."

The big man spoke fiercely:

"You ——, you know." He swung around toward the star.

"It's them, I tell yah. Three of them. Two on foot and a woman drivin'." He chafed at his wrists, glowering at her. "And the nigger tied me up."

Lizbeth shut her eyes again. This wasn't what she had expected. The Queen mine robbed! Her mind reached back to the black horse—and the yellow hair and the sign above the door at the river road crossing.

Her father's voice cut through the mist.

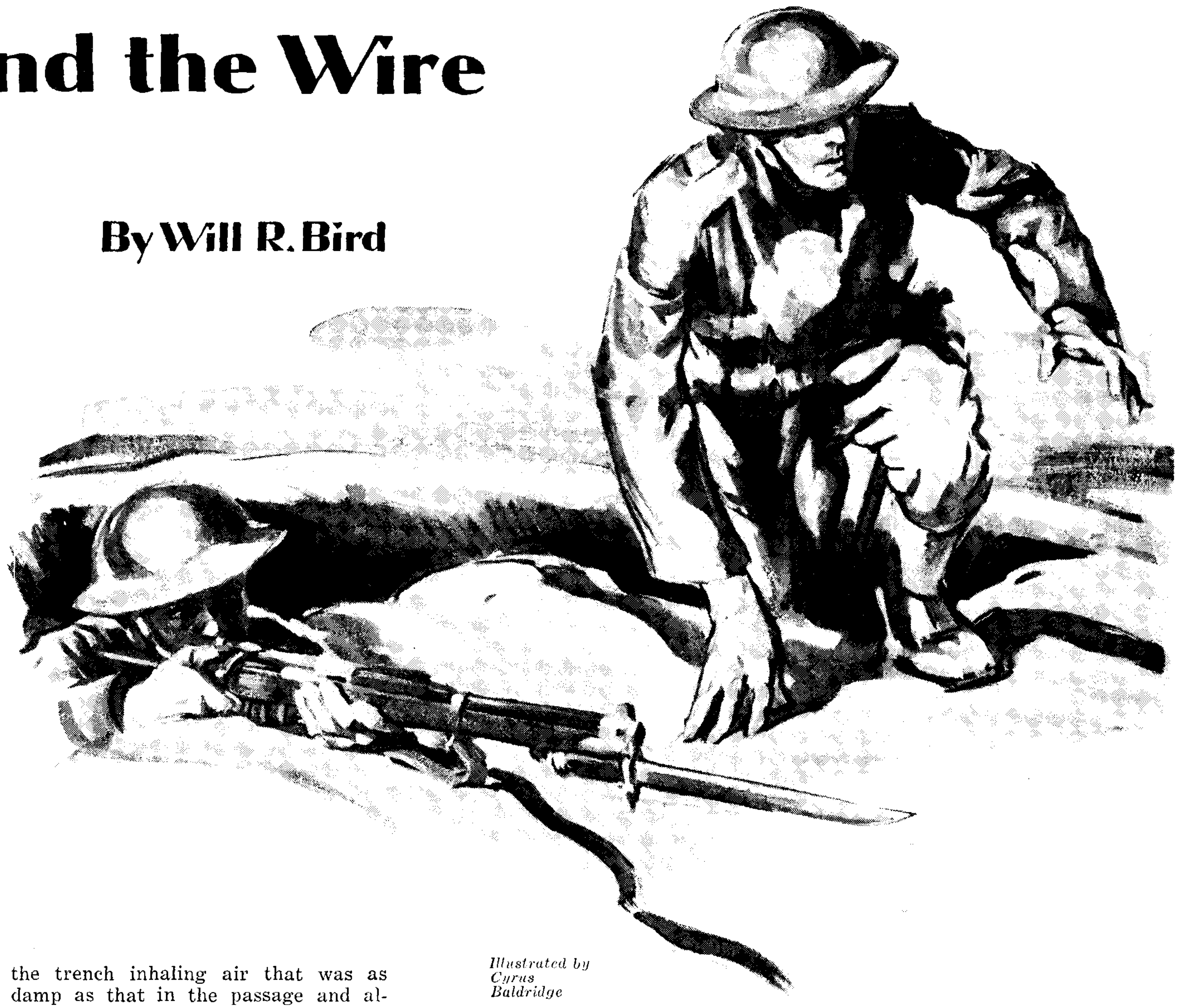
"You are accusing us of robbing the mine?"

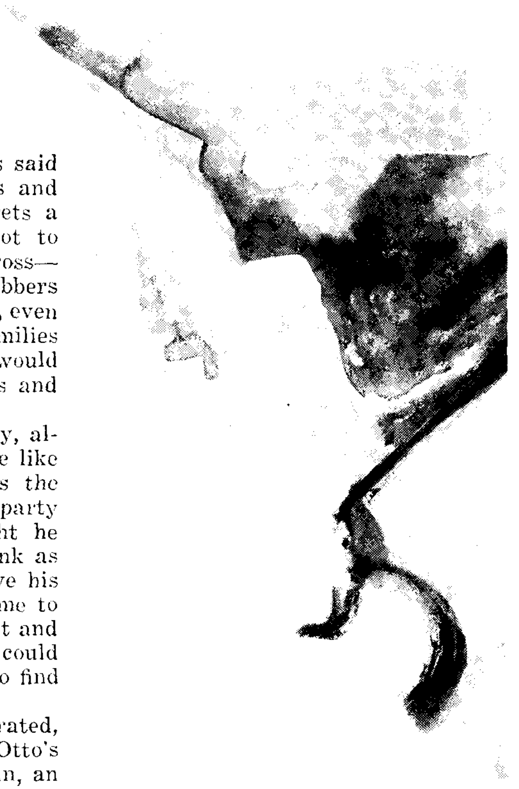
She saw the sheriff shrug again toward the tall man.

(Continued on page 31)

Beyond the Wire

By Will R. Bird





Illustrated by
Cyrus
Baldridge

PRIVATE OTTO KETTNER slowly opened his eyes. He stirred in his bunk, shivered slightly, and spat; there seemed to be a bitter taste in his mouth. Along the dank passage which was lined with other bunks the mutter of voices sounded like a prolonged growling. Near him someone coughed, a dismal, hacking sound. He pushed back the foul, stiff blankets under which he had huddled and put his feet to the floor. Ugh! The atmosphere was devilish; no wonder he had felt sick, nauseated.

He stooped so as not to strike his head on the supporting girders above him and went to the light of a small Hindenburg lamp to look at his watch. Nine o'clock. It was morning, day; he would go outside. The narrow passage was gloomy with a cold, damp fog from wet clothes and tobacco smoke. Here and there men snored dismally; their neighbors were conversing, grousing, condemning the weather, the English, the war, everything, and, most of all, the new officer in charge of the platoon.

Otto hated the officer but he did not curse him in such vitriolic fashion. What good was that? He pushed by the blanket that had been hung at the end of the passage to stop the draft, and went up a short stairway. It ended in the trench and a sentry was standing there, a hungry-looking fellow with a long, cold, blue nose.

"Are the rations in?" The sentry asked the question before he could know who was coming, but Otto had expected it.

He replied gloomily: "Not yet, but they will be the same. There will be coffee that tastes like bad tea, and rotten bread and carrot jam. If we are lucky there might be a bit of stringy meat or a slimy black pudding."

"Perhaps there will be a parcel for me when the mail comes," said the sentry. "At home they were to kill the pig, for it was not thriving, and they will send me some fresh sausage."

Otto pushed by the fellow. Why did he always talk of food? He went along the trench inhaling air that was as damp as that in the passage and almost as cold. He wished he had a cigarette; their issue had dwindled to two a day.

HE WENT up a communication trench, stooping as he had in the passage. There were overhead coverings in many places, steel rails and timbers. He reached the front line and sentries beside the firestep turned eagerly to see who was coming. As they recognized him they faced about and resumed a hunched apathy. Otto stopped beside them. "Anything new?" he asked.

"No," grunted the nearest man, then a sneer hovered on his thin lips. "Have you heard that it is the Kaiser's birthday?" he asked mockingly. "That hollow-backed hound from Berlin has said that there will be an Iron Cross and special leave for the man who gets a prisoner today. It was hard not to laugh in his stupid face. Iron Cross—what good is one? All those robbers back at the base are wearing them, even the cobblers. Leave—and our families are more hungry than we are! I would like to take his neck in my hands and grip it, so."

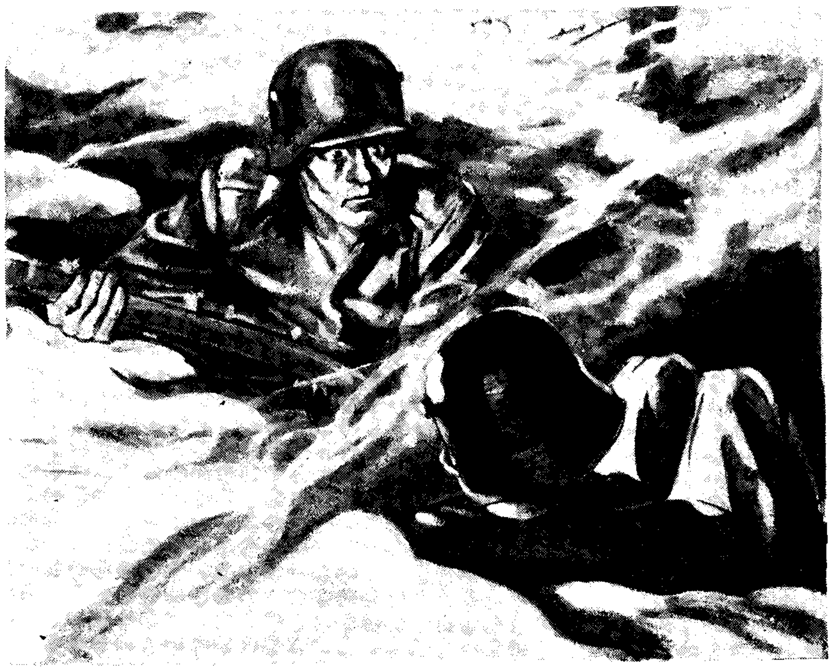
Otto went on. He walked slowly, almost dragged his feet. They were like lead now. Each morning it was the same. No matter what working party he had been on during the night he would get up quickly from his bunk as soon as he was awake, would leave his comrades and the passage and come to this front trench. Always he did it and always—in some vague way he could not have explained—he expected to find something different.

It was cold, a cold that penetrated, that made one's teeth rattle. Otto's head ached. It throbbed with pain, an agony that dulled his eyes. The night before there had been a bombardment. The shelling had gone on for hours, a pounding, beating clamor that reached their underground shelter. His head had begun to ache vilely then, and it had seemed as if it were being steadily knocked against some padded object.

He stopped at a place where he usually halted. It was a part that had been blown in by a big shell. The trench had been cleared again, but not as deep as before, and one could see over the parapet. Nearly everyone bent his head lower as he hurried by, but for several mornings Otto had straightened erect, overcoming the stoop that the covered ways were forcing on him.

The wire barricade in front had also been damaged by the shell explosion, but it had not been repaired. As Otto stared around his depression increased; the morning seemed particularly unlucky. A ground mist was obscuring everything. It was a slow-moving, clinging vapor that would gradually envelop the trenches and make existence more miserable than before.

There was a slight noise, a rustling in old weeds. Otto raised higher and peered. A rat faced him. It was a



Otto looked at Gresser. He knew that the man was dead

What every soldier wants to know—how they live on the other side of No Man's Land

filthy thing, with its ugly head outstretched, its beady eyes gleaming ghoulishly, its pink snout quivering. Its gray, mangy sides moved in and out with the pulse of its breath, and its tail dragged like a snake. Pst! He spat at it; he hated rats.

BOOM! A big gun fired from some position far behind. The shell seemed to come slowly in the heavy air. It groaned high overhead and rumbled over the lines, to explode with a sullen, stifled crash; Otto knew that it had fallen back of a row of buildings. Bang—bang! Two field guns fired. Their shells whistled past with terrifying violence, seemed barely to skim the trenches. They detonated with slamming, metallic abruptness.

Otto shivered and shook himself. Would the guns keep on until they had aroused the enemy? It would be hell to be shelled all the day as well as at night. The mist closed in, shut out everything beyond the wire. Steps sounded, but Otto stood waiting until a figure materialized. It was Demmig, the platoon sergeant, and he spoke quickly as he came along:

"Kettner, I am glad to find you. You can help Umeland carry a stretcher."

"A stretcher! Who is wounded?" Otto asked the question mechanically as he followed the sergeant.

"That white-faced Kimmar, the student fellow. He shot himself. You will take him to the Red Cross post."

"Shot himself!" Otto parroted the words. "Why did he?"

"Why did he! That is a simple question, Kettner. How do I know? It is probable that he has done too much thinking. Those student fellows are always racking their brains, and it is not good to think in this place."

Otto made no reply. He had been friendly with Kimmar, had watched him play chess with a signal corporal. Once he had talked with him about religion, and the youth's ideas had startled him. Kimmar had said that if there were a heaven he wished to reach it without living to be old, as there was nothing on earth he wanted, and if there were no heaven what was the use of living?

Kimmar was lying in a blood-soaked blanket. He had shot himself in the side and had bled too much. Otto avoided his eyes, turned his back and picked up the foot end of the stretcher. Umeland did not speak, but was very careful as they passed around a traverse or over a slippery spot.

They reached the dressing station, an underground shelter roofed with steel rails. The trench outside was littered with bandoliers, blood-stained coats, shreds of shirts, filthy bandages, bread wallets and gas masks. The reek of disinfectants was predominant. Otto signaled that they put the stretcher down. Umeland looked at him, and they both bent over Kimmar.

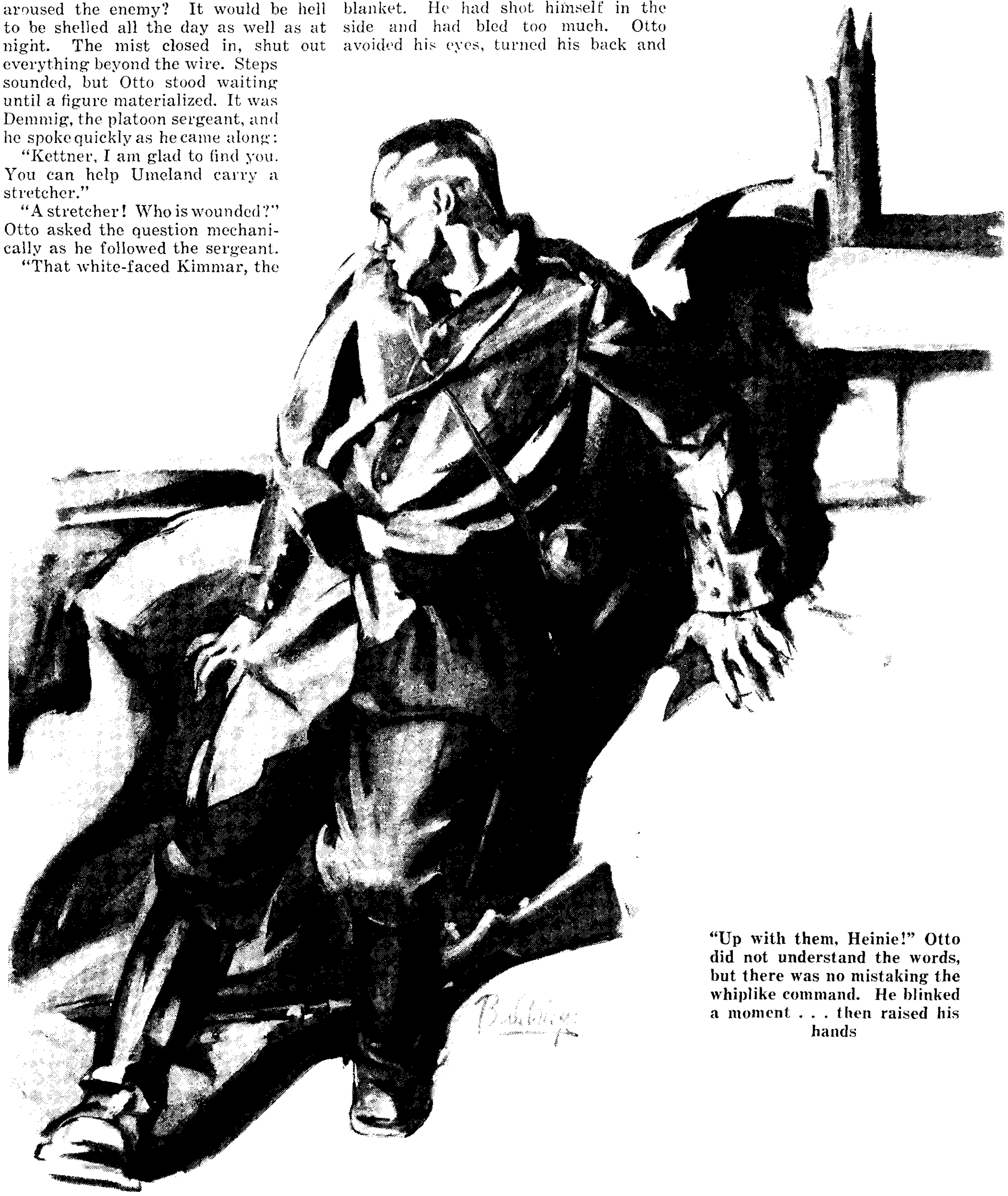
"Good-by," whispered Otto, and he pressed the student's dirty hands.

"Thanks, old fellow." The words were faint, but gratitude shone in Kimmar's eyes.

Umeland took his hand and spoke kindly to him, then joined Otto. "This war is hell now," he said savagely as they left the place, and there were tears on his cheek.

Otto was surprised. He had thought the man a more hardened character. He said nothing, however, but hurried back the way they had come.

He went on to the broken-down part and stopped there again and stared aimlessly into the fog. Craving for a cigarette struck him so that he felt his pockets to make sure he had none. He had not eaten but he felt that he could not swallow more food of the kind they had been getting. The soup was a watery, sour mixture, lacking meat of any kind, and the bread was soggy; the black pudding was as gritty as if it were made of sand.



"Up with them, Heinie!" Otto did not understand the words, but there was no mistaking the whiplike command. He blinked a moment . . . then raised his hands

HE NOTICED that the guns had quieted and that a clammy, waiting stillness had settled over the sector. The men in the passage would be playing nap, as they had done the day before, and the other days. Some, the older Landwehr men, who were sentimental, would be writing letters, pages of cheerless drivel that was untrue, promises of what would be done when peace came. There would be no mention of the fact that they were without spirits of any kind, or tinned meat, even Seltzer water.

Otto shivered. It was exceedingly unpleasant standing there beside the dripping trench wall, but what else was there to do? He kicked his toes against the trench wall. His boots were soggy, misshapen things and his feet were so cold they had lost feeling. As soon as the rations came he would smoke his two cigarettes and, if he could, the stale cigar that usually accompanied them. He hated cards and he had no letters to write. His mother had died while he was fighting at Ypres and his only living relative was an uncle who had managed to hold a safe job at a training camp. Otto despised him.

He shivered again and coughed. Then he heard footsteps.

He stiffened to attention. It was their platoon commander, the officer from Berlin, Sergeant Demmig, and a long-faced private, Karl Gresser.

"This is the place," rasped the officer. He pointed at the broken wire beyond the bashed-in parapet. "The enemy could get in here without being seen, at least there was no sentry in the trench when I came along." His thin nose and tight lips seemed especially supercilious and scornful as he looked at Otto. "Were you supposed to be on duty?" he asked.

"No, Herr Lieutenant," he answered. "I have just come." He nearly added, "I am not on duty," but that would not do. This sneering Berlin popinjay would be severe if he knew that Otto was one of the support garrison, and supposed to stay in his quarters.

"So, and who was it you relieved?" The rasping voice was cruel, suspicious.

OTTO tried to think quickly. He had let himself into a bad hole, but there was no help for it. His brain was sluggish, and he was forced to take a desperate chance. "I came to take the place of Kimmar, Herr Lieutenant," he said respectfully.

"So." The officer looked at Demmig. "Is this fellow lying?" he asked harshly.

"No, Herr Lieutenant," said the sergeant promptly. "Private Kettner is a very good soldier. He has been two years at the front and has the Iron Cross, second class, for bravery at Ypres."

"And where is the ribbon?" The officer stared coldly at Otto's tunic.

"It is in my pocket," said Otto. "I keep it there while we are in the trenches so that it will not get soiled."

"Wear it after this," snapped the officer. "It is nothing to be ashamed of, and you may get another when it is too badly soiled." Then he waved the light cane he carried. "Put these two men out there at once, Sergeant," he ordered. "Let them stay in a crater and act as a listening post until this fog has lifted. Listen, you." He glanced disdainfully at Otto's drab, ill-fitting field

(Continued on page 70)

Position in Life

It takes more than a smart costume to make a smart woman. In fact, we get right down to that snooty old saying that position in life is everything. But it's good to know you can choose your own position

By Marie Beynon Ray

A DOZEN people in a drawing-room in Paris—people very much in the know—were trying to describe the smartest woman in the world. They had no trouble in picking her—with one voice they all pounced upon the same woman; but after that no two opinions coincided and things looked pretty unsettled. They walked about, they frowned, they gesticulated, they rattled teacups, they sprinkled ashes, they shouted, in the end they got quite angry. They insulted each other. They take these things seriously in Paris.

No one, of course, in that sophisticated company mentioned clothes as being the explanation of this woman's supremacy. (They admitted she would look smart in a potato sack.) But they spoke of her inhuman slimness, her perfect taste, her grooming, her walk, her individuality, her sense of the ensemble, her—

"Nonsense!" shouted a man known to all Paris as the Prince of Elegance, suddenly drowning out all other voices. "It's none of those things. It's her consciousness of her elbows."

Someone laughed. I think it was I. The Prince of Elegance glared.

"That's not a joke, madame," he said, "it's a statement of fact. Consciousness of her elbows and all that that implies explains *completely* the supremacy of Daisy Fellowes. It's the intense modernity of her behavior that sets her above everyone else. Gestures with the wrist leading, a mincing walk, swaying hips, passed out with the simper. No woman who quirks the little finger could be considered chic today. No woman who lets the bust lead could possibly make the grade. An altogether different sort of *action* has come in with modern dress. The smart woman of today has a *gaucherie*—yes, a kind of awkwardness, an air of being all thumbs, all elbows, all knees.

"Look at Daisy Fellowes. Look at her taut toes, her high-arched insteps, her sagging stance, her elbows dug into her hips. Watch her gesture with fingers massed and thumbs thrust out. Watch her tap a cigarette—downward, with a stiff index finger. She is constantly making fists—as she grasps a glass, when she places her hands on her hips, when she rests her chin on her hand; hers are not trailing, tendril-like digits. It is, in a word, the way she stands, walks, sits, moves, gestures that constitutes her chic. No one else does that quite so well as she. She shows off her bones to perfection. She is, in fact, like all smart women today, a bit of a caricature. Yet she is what we of the twentieth century have decided to consider the acme of loveliness. A mere beauty has no chance against her. She is our Helen of Troy—our Cleopatra."

And with that the Prince of Elegance walked out.

When next I saw the incomparable Mrs. Reginald Fellowes (whose father was French, the Duc de Caz, and whose mother was American—of the Singer family) I questioned her about this, and she agreed with the Prince of Elegance in his definition of chic.

She feels that women have adopted the manners that go with their clothes, many of which they've borrowed from men—a freer, less self-conscious way of moving and certain masculine tricks and gestures. Quite unconsciously, when she herself puts on sports clothes or trousers (for riding, fishing, shooting, or even for tea at home), she imitates the movements of a man. Every woman is actress enough for that.

Chic isn't so much a matter of clothes as the way one wears them, according to Mrs. Fellowes. It's not so much one's face as one's figure, and not so much one's figure as the way one handles it. *Once you learn the little trick of smart postures*, you need never again worry about being chic. And this a woman can do first, by suiting the action to the clothes, and second, by imitating the gestures of really smart people.

Changing Manners with Clothes

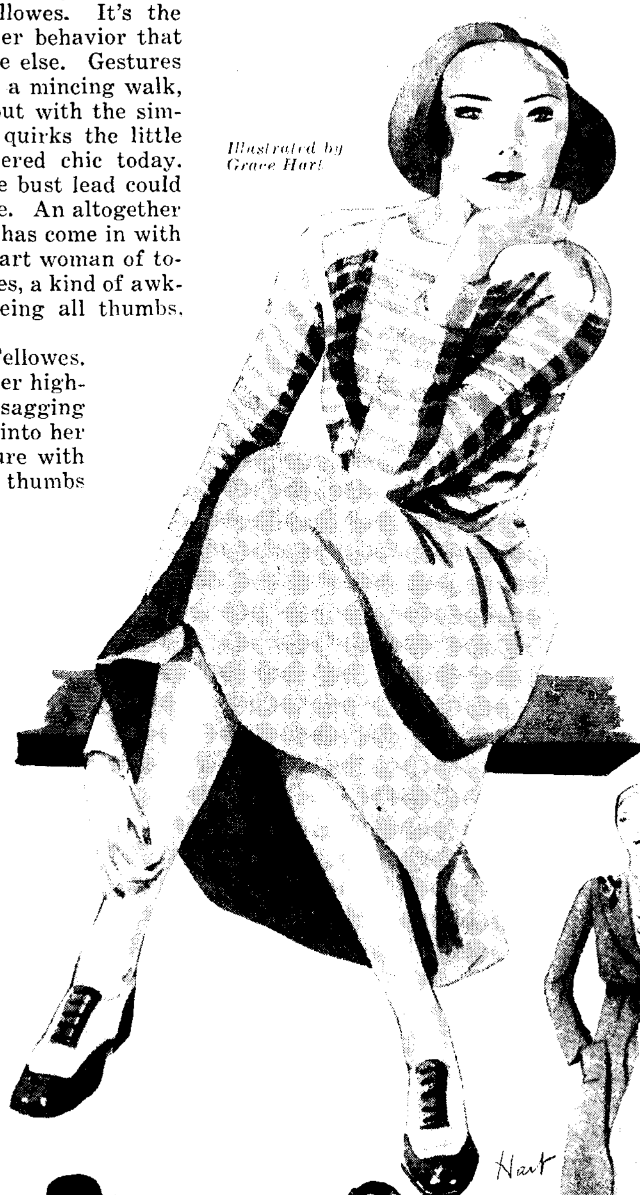
One should feel and act quite differently in sports clothes from what one does in an evening gown. Yet most women make absolutely no distinction. Their clothes may change but their gestures remain always the same. Yet it would seem obvious, wouldn't it, that one should stand and walk differently in riding breeches than in a romantic evening gown? That is why so many women look hopelessly dowdy in riding togs. Mentally they are in a tea gown. But in these togs one *must* become a bit masculine. Certain gestures and attitudes *belong* with those boots, that coat, that hat. One must walk with a longer stride, stand with the legs apart, thrust a hand *in the pocket, use bolder gestures.*

The same holds good, to a lesser degree, of all sports clothes; a little swagger is becoming. And the very positions that give chic to a riding habit make an evening gown look hoydenish.

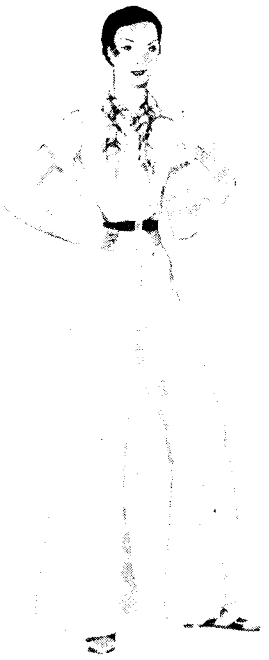
There's nothing uncoördinated about the smart woman of the world. She's assured, crisp, brittle if you like, but in spite of her bones and her angles she *is* graceful—in a new way. With these masculine attitudes are intermingled innumerable alluring

(*Continued on page 68*)

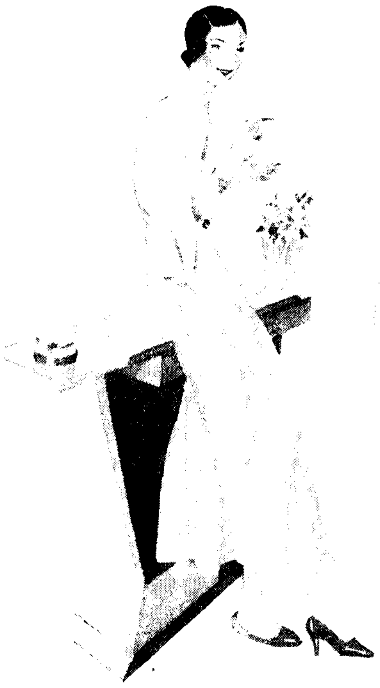
Illustrated by Grace Hart

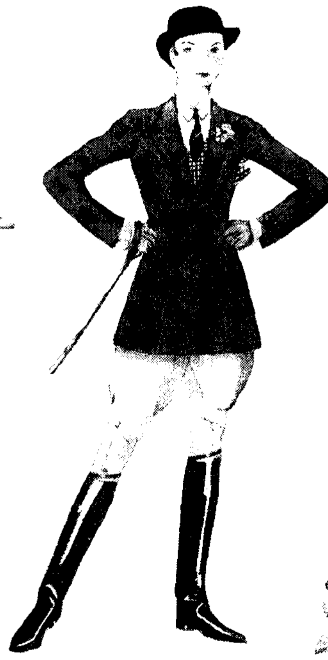


A position of natural, unstudied comfort sanctioned by the smart sports wear

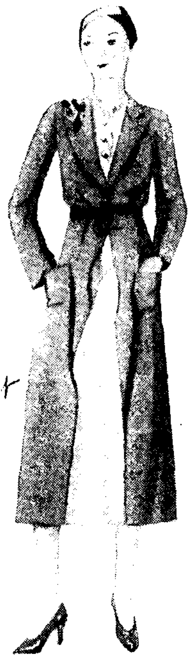


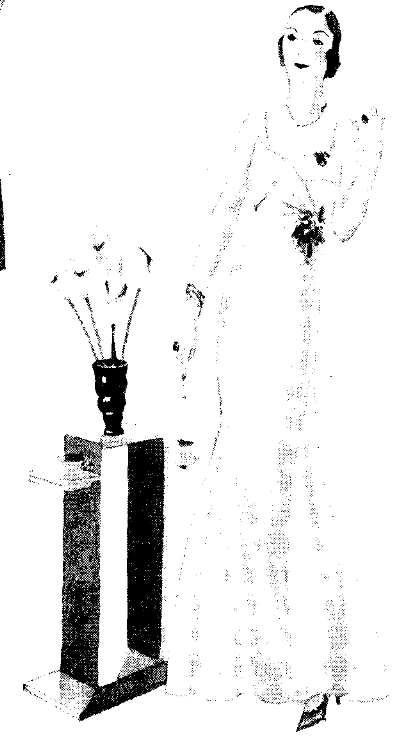
Mannish beach pajamas inspire an attitude of gay insouciance at the other end of the scale from the relaxed ease with which the tea gown is worn



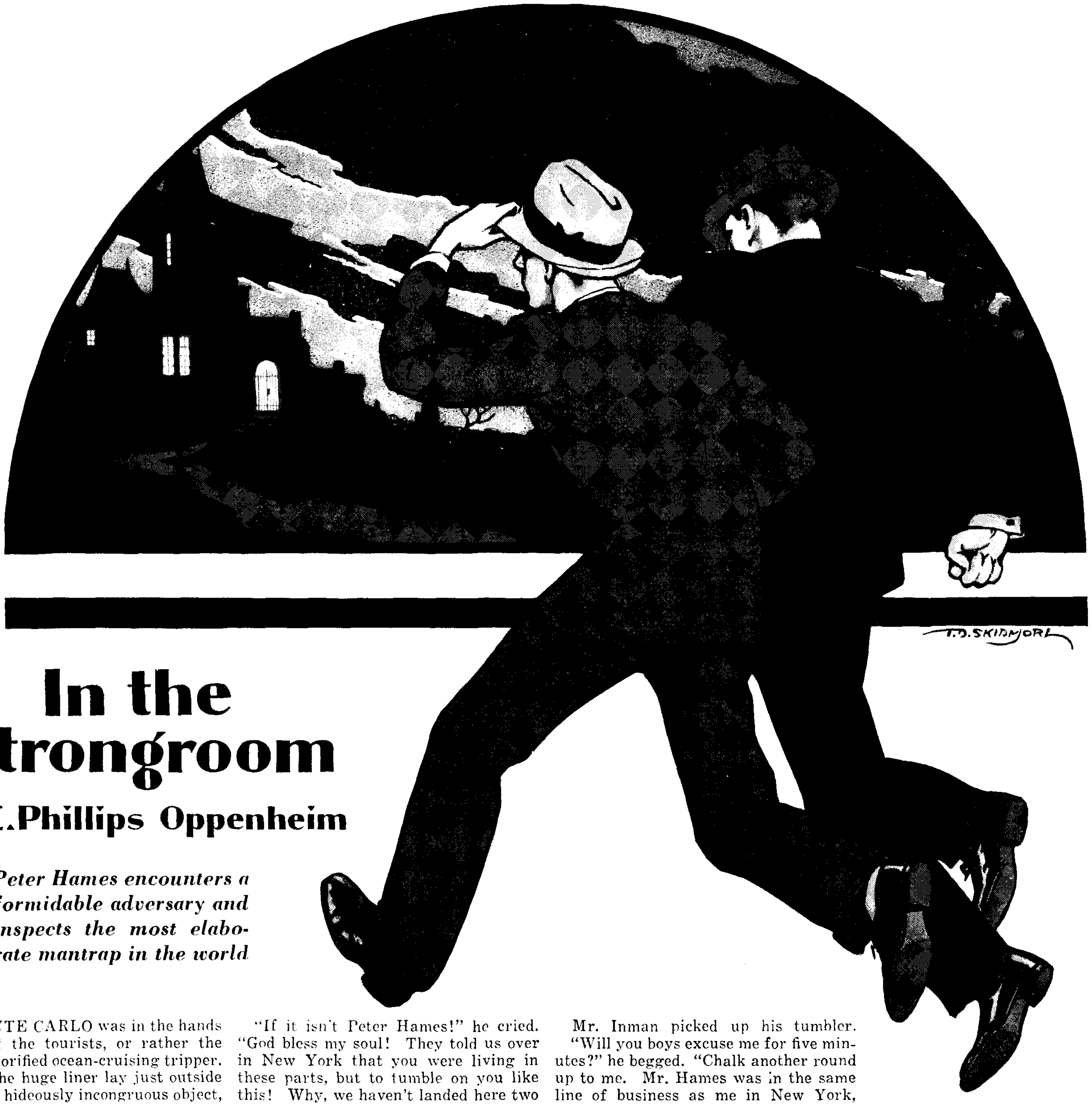


The debonair tomboyishness of posture so smart for riding togs would be fatal to the effect of the evening gown





Arm postures can enhance the rugged sportiness of the playtime costume or become graceful adjuncts of more formal wear



They went up the avenue at a fast double, running on a strip of green grass in order to approach as silently as possible

In the Strongroom

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Peter Hames encounters a formidable adversary and inspects the most elaborate mantrap in the world

MONTE CARLO was in the hands of the tourists, or rather the glorified ocean-cruising tripper. The huge liner lay just outside the port, a hideously incongruous object, making the Casino, the Café de Paris and the hotel look more than ever like pasteboard toys from a child's play box when up against the material realities of life. On the crowded quay men and women were struggling into numbered automobiles or embarking upon adventures of their own in small *voitures*. Up the steep steps, a short cut into the center of the place, climbed Mr. William P. Coglan, Mr. Ernest Inman and Mr. Paul H. Doggit.

"Say, boys, ain't this great?" Mr. Inman exclaimed, taking off his strangely shaped gray felt hat and wiping the perspiration from his forehead. "We're here right ahead of the others. Some spot, eh?"

"Fine!" Mr. Doggit agreed, as soon as he could get his breath.

"It's the goods!" Mr. Coglan echoed enthusiastically. "What about a quick one?"

They crossed the road towards the Hotel de Paris bar. Peter Hames, who had just issued from the hotel, came face to face with them. He recognized Mr. Ernest Inman with a little exclamation of surprise, and Mr. Inman recognized him with an exclamation in which many sentiments were mingled.

"Why, In—"

Mr. Inman let himself go.

"If it isn't Peter Hames!" he cried. "God bless my soul! They told us over in New York that you were living in these parts, but to tumble on you like this! Why, we haven't landed here two minutes. I call this fine."

Mr. Doggit and his companion, confidently awaiting an introduction, loitered expectantly in the background. Mr. Inman continued his ecstasies in a slightly lowered tone.

"Inman, the name—insurance broker, Garden Street, New York."

"I SEE," Peter Hames murmured. "Incognito, eh?"

"You must meet my friends," Mr. Inman insisted, with renewed heartiness of tone.

Introductions were effected. Peter Hames good-humoredly followed the three to the bar.

"How's the insurance business?" he asked.

"Going fine," Mr. Inman declared. "To tell you the truth, I'm over on this side to try and land something big."

"Why, I thought you'd come on this excursion steamer," Peter Hames remarked.

"So I did—quickest way of getting here. She don't waste much time until after she leaves here. Say, Hames, you might be just the man I'm looking for, to give me a few pointers."

"Glad to be of any service to you," was the cordial assurance. "What is it you want to know?"

Mr. Inman picked up his tumbler.

"Will you boys excuse me for five minutes?" he begged. "Chalk another round up to me. Mr. Hames was in the same line of business as me in New York, and maybe he can tell me something I'm wanting pretty badly to know."

They waved him away with words of hearty acquiescence. Inman proceeded to a small table and seated himself opposite his old friend. He was a man somewhat inclined towards corpulence, but well set up. His cheeks were sunburnt with the voyage, and his eyes a peculiar shade of steely blue. At a first glance he was very much like Mr. Doggit, Mr. Coglan, and a few hundred other inhabitants of New York and the district, who had landed from the steamer. At close quarters, however, he had a mouth which told its own story.

"Mr. Hames," he began, "I was sorry to have to bluff a bit. You'll forgive me, I know. I came over on that boat because I thought I'd find one man I'm looking for on it. I believe he is there all right, but I haven't tumbled to it yet. I was terribly afraid you were going to get the 'Inspector' out. Nobody's wise to my walk in life, and I don't want them to be."

"You chose a pretty good alias," Peter Hames observed, smiling. "I got as far as the *In.*"

"My name's Inberton still in New York, but Inman on this cruise," the latter went on. "I'm still at police headquarters, but I've been promoted since you left. There's one question I should like to ask you: Do you know an elderly gentleman resident in these parts by the name of Sir Stephen Driscoff?"

"I know whom you mean," Peter Hames admitted. "Very few people know him personally."

"DO YOU happen to know if he's here now?"

"I saw him yesterday, driving out of his villa."

There was a flash of satisfaction in the Inspector's eyes.

"Far from here?"

"A couple of miles. Unless you have very influential introductions, though, I warn you that he's almost impossible to see. He is, or pretends to be, in a very delicate state of health, has a doctor practically living in the house, and menservants who lose their jobs on the spot if they admit anything in the shape of visitors."

The Inspector seemed unperturbed.

"I guess I'll find my way in," he remarked. "Now I must be getting back to those boys. They want me to finish the tour with them, but this is as far as I'm going. I've had my baggage shifted off quietly."

Peter Hames made his adieus to the other two men and went on his way. The Inspector, who had walked with him to the door, watched him thoughtfully until he had disappeared. This meeting with his old acquaintance in Monte Carlo presented something of a problem to him.

SIR STEPHEN DRISCOFF, ex-diplomat, multimillionaire and man of mystery, was taking his usual morning promenade in the orangery attached to his magnificent villa on the slopes of Roquebrune. The windows were flung wide open to the soft Mediterranean breeze, and the air of the place was heavy with exotic perfume. Great palms reached to the summit of the domed roof. There were ferns of rare varieties banked up against the wall, and floating lilies, with their curious aroma, in the pool into which the waters of a fountain fell with soft, rhythmical cadence.

Sir Stephen had been a large man and even now, though gaunt and wan, he was a commanding figure, leaning upon his ebony stick as he passed backwards and forwards. His gray but still heavy eyebrows met in a frown as he recognized the approaching figure. He was a man of routine, and the time had not yet come for him to receive his secretary. A rather stout little dark man, however, came hurrying up to him.

"Sir Stephen," he began.

"You cannot have finished the letters yet," his master interrupted him.

"I have not, Sir Stephen," the man admitted. "I was disturbed by callers. As you know, Sir Stephen, it is very seldom I suggest such a thing, but I think that you should receive them for five minutes."

"Nonsense!" his employer exclaimed. "What are you talking about, Martin?"

"ONE of the two is Mr. Peter Hames," the secretary proceeded. "He is quite well known here—an American—wealthy—who paints a little for a pastime. The other is a detective from police headquarters in New York."

"What the devil does an American detective from New York, or Mr. Peter Hames for that matter, want with me?" Sir Stephen demanded.

"That is what I think you had better give them the opportunity of explaining."

Sir Stephen struck the tessellated pavement with the end of his stick.

"What the devil," he complained, "is the use of my keeping you and a dozen menservants in the house purposely to protect me from visitors, when you come and suggest that I should receive a young man whom I scarcely know from Adam, and a New York detective?"

"Today is Thursday," the secretary observed calmly. "There have been between ninety and a hundred callers already this week, not one of whom has done more than sign his name in the book. I have not suggested that you should see one of them."

"Bring them here," Sir Stephen enjoined curtly.

The secretary disappeared and returned a few minutes later, ushering in Peter Hames and his American acquaintance from the boat. The Inspector, away from his associates, had a very professional appearance. Even the swing of his broad shoulders suggested officialdom. Sir Stephen, seated in his chair, watched their approach with a frown.

"These are the two gentlemen of whom I was speaking, Sir Stephen," Martin announced. "Mr. Hames you have met several times. As you go out so seldom, you have probably forgotten him. The gentleman whom he has brought with him is Inspector Inberton of New York, who wishes to see you upon business."

Sir Stephen nodded not unpleasantly to Peter Hames and looked keenly from under his bushy eyebrows at his companion. At a gesture from him, Martin brought chairs.

"Living in the neighborhood as he does," Sir Stephen said, "Mr. Peter Hames probably knows enough of my habits to be aware that I do not receive visitors. Perhaps you will let me know the nature of your business, Inspector, as briefly as possible."

"You can have it in a very few words, Sir Stephen," was the almost brusque reply. "This is no visit of courtesy, I can assure you. I come in pursuit of my duty. A fortnight ago a man left New York for Monaco with the sole purpose of robbing you."

"And how the devil do you know that?" Sir Stephen demanded.

"Isn't that rather a foolish question, when you consider my profession, and my position, for which Mr. Hames can vouch, in the New York police force?" the Inspector rejoined gruffly. "It is our business to keep tabs on our criminals, and to know what they're up to. As a rule, we're not particularly concerned with their activities in foreign countries, but you were once well known in New York, and the Chief thought that you should be protected."

"Who is this fellow then, and what does he want to rob me of?" Sir Stephen asked, with grudging interest.

The Inspector's manner showed signs of irritation. Sir Stephen was evidently a new type to him.

"He isn't expecting to pull a million francs out of your safe, or anything of that sort," he replied sarcastically. "You have a document which he is after—a document which, we understand at headquarters, a firm in the city has made several attempts to obtain from you in the ordinary course of business."

"What is this man talking about, Martin?" Sir Stephen inquired testily.

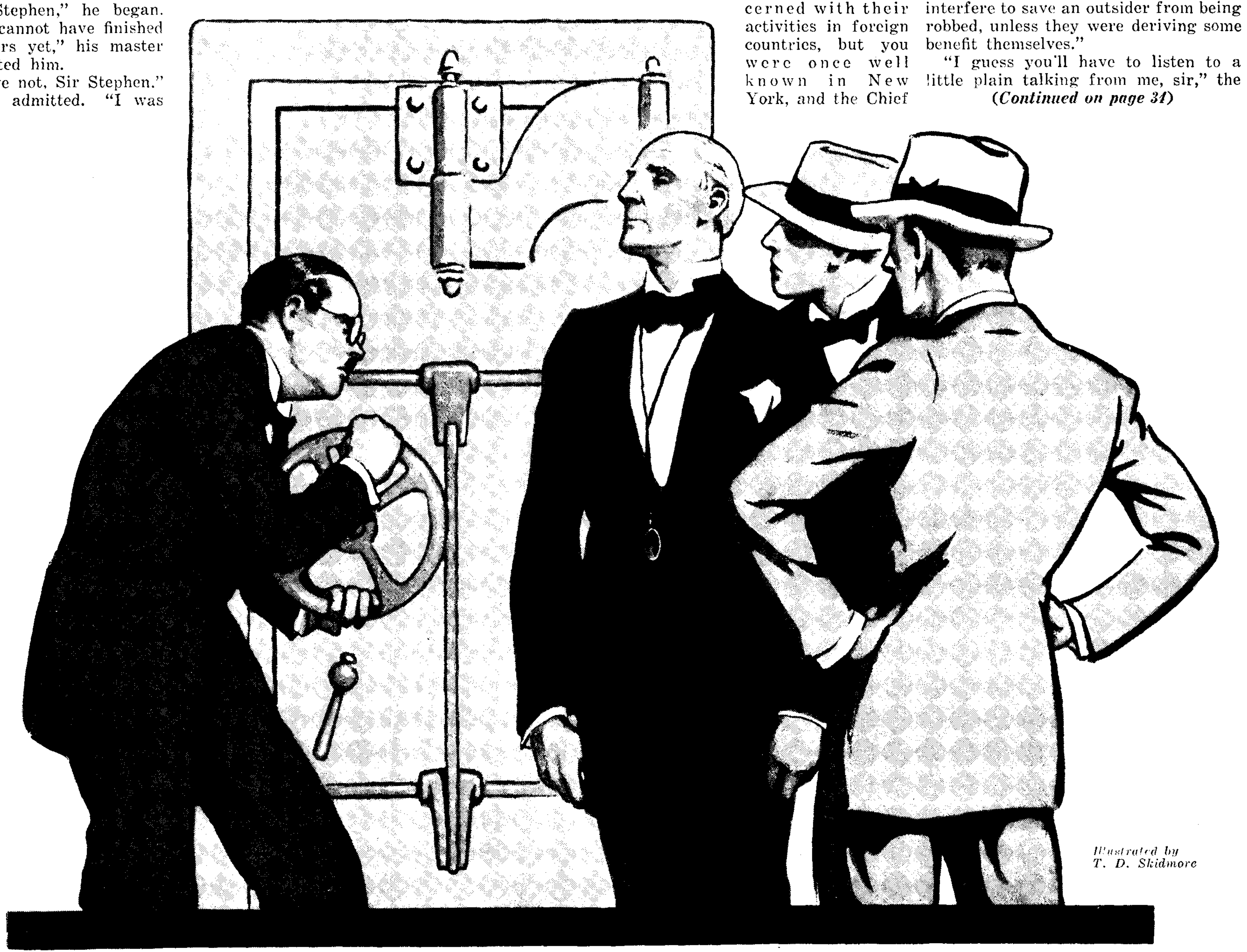
"SAY, I'd like you to understand this, my friend," the Inspector broke in. "I'm not here for the good of my health, nor am I wasting a lot of money to amuse myself. In the course of our investigations, we discovered that a notorious criminal, who is also the most accomplished burglar in existence, had accepted a large sum from a syndicate to come over here and rob you. No one has anything to gain by stopping it. So far as my personal feelings are concerned, I should even prefer to let the matter slide. If you would kindly bear that in mind, this conversation might go a little more smoothly."

Sir Stephen adjusted an enormous monocle, which he seldom used, and stared at the speaker. When he let it fall, he drew a little sigh.

"You certainly remind me of the years I spent in New York," he admitted. "The only trouble is, if I may say so, I never knew an American private individual, or an American institution, to interfere to save an outsider from being robbed, unless they were deriving some benefit themselves."

"I guess you'll have to listen to a little plain talking from me, sir," the

(Continued on page 34)



"Stand quite clear of the door until I have touched the switch," Martin begged

A Ship comes in

A play behind a play—the dramatic story of Eugénie Leontovich, principal actress in Grand Hotel

By Alexander Woollcott

THE seasons come and go, the old favorites shuffle into the wings to be seen no more, the statisticians prove sternly that—what with the talkies and the radio already here and television on its way—the poor old theater is on its last legs. All play-going gaffers the world around will tell you that neither the winters nor the actors are as severe as they used to be. It is generally agreed—the deploring on this subject has been steadily in progress for something more than two thousand years—that the drama is in a state of decline. Even the theater, itself, emits an occasional hollow groan of foreboding. But on all its great occasions the moribund institution seems obtusely unaware that the life has gone out of it. And for those who love it there are, on each first night, portents of its eternal renewal.

The air is full of such portents in that brief, breathless, even magical moment when the signal is given to snuff out the lights in the house, the festive murmur of an arriving audience subsides into a hum which fills the dusk of the auditorium with expectancy, the rays from hidden lamps are focused on the stage and the curtain rises.

I think even the most casual passer-by must catch the suspense of that pregnant moment, must know that countless hopes are rising in that anxious twilight like incense from an altar, like prayers from a heart. To the people of the theater, the drama of those hopes and fears adds an invisible fourth dimension to the mere make-believe play on the stage. To them the stage on any first night is a lighted crossroads at which there converge paths of destiny that may have led to it from the four corners of the world.

Once in a Lifetime—

They know, these people of the theater, that standing in the wings at that very moment, perhaps, is one who is crossing himself furtively because this chance has come to him only after heart-breaking years of hopes deferred. In another second he will hear his cue and go on with trembling knees to meet his great occasion. If he meets it magnificently, then his name enters forthwith into the legend of Broadway, the watchers in the gallery learn afresh that the longest lane does have a turning, and hope is rekindled in the myriad hall bedrooms where the oblivious city lodges those who are biding their time.

In each of the past two seasons the outstanding success brought in a ship which had ridden such seas that only the most fantastic of optimists could ever have expected it to reach port. Last year, with the production of the still-triumphant Green Pastures, we saw a drama come true for an old man who had wanted all his life to go on the stage. He was born in Ontario of runaway slaves who had made their way across the kindly frontier by the mercies of the underground railway. Even as a boy, he was stage-struck. But his people had no dramatic literature, no theater of their own. For a long time it seemed that his passionate ambition would have to be satisfied with the imitations of Booth and Barrett whereby he used to entertain the passengers in his days as a Pullman porter.

Later, he taught elocution (may Heaven forgive him!), gave recitations, presided over amateur dramatics. Then, years after his old dream had died within him, chance sent him on a two-weeks' visit to New York just at the time when the despairing author of The Green Pastures was looking for someone to play the Lord God Jehovah. How fortunate that chance was all those know who have seen the benignity and the delicate tact he brings to a rôle for which all the years of his tribulation now seem only to have been preparing him.

How slim that chance was all those know who have watched the fruitless efforts of the management to find a second Jehovah for a second company. If Chicago must wait interminably for The Green Pastures it is because the miracle has not yet been repeated. No second chance has brought the likes of Richard Harrison to knock at the stage door. But why should any hopeful, watching from the gallery, give up his hope when he remembers that Harrison's ship did not come in until his sixty-sixth year?

A Box-Office Stampede

Then consider in this current season the tumultuous success of the crowded and eventful play called Grand Hotel, a melodrama imported from Berlin. In a season when so many managers have been explaining that people just don't seem to go to the theater at all any more, a stampede took place at the box office the morning after Grand Hotel opened, and there was still a dogged queue there at last accounts. Before long, Grand Hotel itself will join the ephemera of other seasons in the limbo of forgotten plays. But those who see it will not soon forget the exquisite performance which a Russian actress brings to the rôle of a fading ballerina. After the première in New York, there was a lavish distribution of glory to all concerned, but the largest share was allotted to her.

Each year the freedom of New York seems to be bestowed like a decoration upon some newcomer. In that sense, this season the city belongs to Eugénie Leontovich. Yet only nine years ago she was a terrified, penniless refugee from Moscow, her people slain, her career in ruins, her prospect desolate beyond words to tell.

People who have passed through such a valley of despair as the little feet of Leontovich were destined to tread in the third decade of this century have haunted faces all their lives. Sometimes a chance word will stir intolerable memories and throng the space behind her chair with ghosts. When I hear such a blundering word spoken, I find myself aching with sympathy, not for her, at all, but for the forlorn fugitive she used to be. I find myself wishing that some obliging Hindu mystic could arrange for me to run back through the garden of time just long enough to have a word with that white-faced wraith of a woman who, disguised as a peasant girl, worked her perilous, heartsick way through the Bolshevik lines to some refuge in Persia. If I found her standing forlorn by some dusty roadside, I would like to pat her

(*Continued on page 56*)

Yu'an Hee See

The Story Thus Far:

DIRECTED by a master mind—the sinister Yu'an Hee See—a band of international criminals is engaged in some gigantic and mysterious enterprise. Shadowing them is Scotland Yard's most brilliant detective: Dawson Haig.

Following the murder of one of his aides, Haig gets an inkling of what is afoot. The steamship Wallaroo (*en route to Australia via* Marseilles and Port Said) carries a large shipment of gold. The conspirators (five of whom are on board) are plotting to capture the vessel, rob it and—possibly—murder the passengers and crew. And the girl Haig loves—Eileen Kearney—is a passenger!

Disguised, and using the name of "Mr. Smith," Haig goes aboard the ship at Marseilles as a passenger. With Eileen he watches five suspects: Doctor Oestler, a charming Austrian; a "Miss Ednam," who claims to be a vaudeville artist; Hartog, a German; Len Chow, a Chinaman, and one other mysterious Oriental. . . .

Yu'an Hee See is in Egypt. There, with "Orange Blossom," a beautiful but sinister woman, constantly by his side, he keeps in close touch with his spies by wireless. He knows exactly what is occurring on the Wallaroo; and he is well aware of the identity of "Mr. Smith." "The Hangman is aboard?" he says to Aswâmi Pasha, one of his clever aides. "He is," is the reply. "Then," says the Oriental, "instruct Dr. Oestler." . . . That night the creature referred to as "The Hangman" attacks Haig. *A terrific battle in the dark* ensues and Haig somehow succeeds in hurling the killer overboard.

At Port Said Dr. Oestler lures Eileen to a shop in *the native quarter*. Haig follows, enters the shop. "Your friends," says the proprietor—one Mohammed—"have just left by a rear door." Haig walks *through the shop. It is a veritable treasure* chamber. "Here," he thinks, "is the gang's clearing-house. Now I have them!" And then—

The floor gives way beneath his feet, and as he feels himself falling he knows what awaits him: The Bath of Feathers, a quick and terrible death to all who fall into it! . . .

Dr. Heatherley, the ship's surgeon, is interested in Eileen. When she does not return from her shopping expedition, he searches for her. *Not finding her*, he is alarmed. Suspicious of Doctor Oestler, he addresses him. "Doctor," he says calmly, "would you mind stepping over to the American consulate with me?" And, as he awaits the answer, he wonders how much the Austrian knows, how he can best be handled.

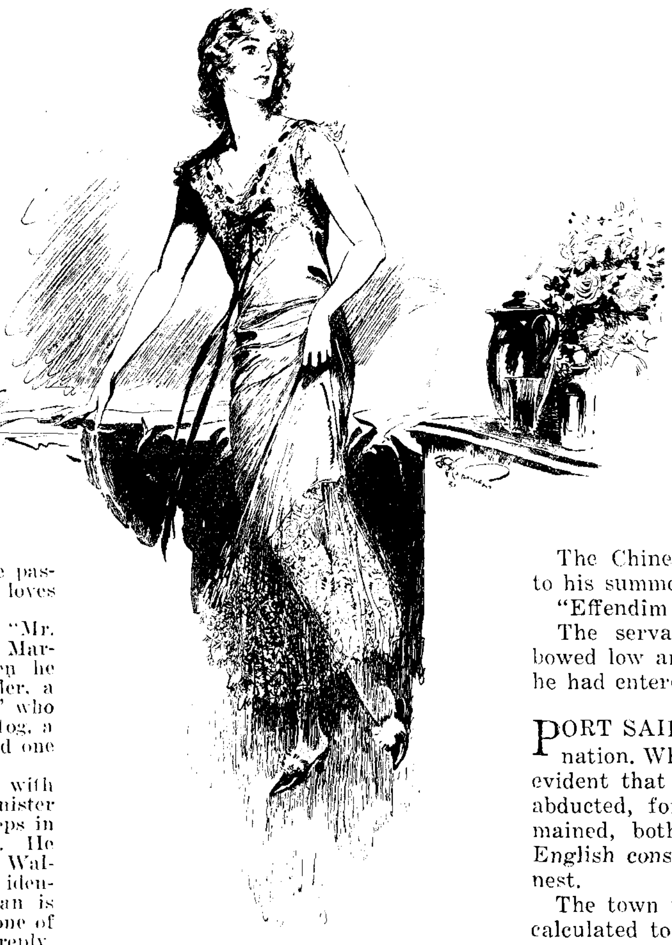
VII

IN a small but remarkably appointed room, the woodwork of which—i. e., two doors, the frame of a long, low window, the bookcases and a projecting cupboard—was of very fine blue lacquer whilst the remaining wall space was painted a dull gold, Yu'an Hee See sat at a large writing table which occupied a considerable part of the floor.

This table was of Arab inlaid work; as a matter of fact it had been made in Damascus to the order of a distinguished customer as a present to King Fuâd of Egypt. Some little political difference had occurred, and the table had remained in the maker's hands. It now adorned the study of perhaps the most evil man in the civilized world.

A plain blue carpet covered the floor of the room, which was illuminated by a hanging lamp having a parchment shade delicately painted with curious, writhing figures. Another dome-shaped lamp, studded with mother-of-pearl and semiprecious stones, stood upon the table, striking an incongruous note.

Finely bound works were lined upon blue lacquered shelves, their differing characteristics indicating that the library of Yu'an Hee See embraced writings in many languages.



As the truth of her surroundings crashed in upon her mind, she threw off the coverings and sprang to the floor

The surface of the table was nearly as neat as that of a managing director at a board meeting. And, noting that the place was electrically lighted, one *might have wondered, and wondered* vainly, in what city this room was situated.

Yu'an Hee See, draped in one of those blue robes which were his customary indoor costume, consulted a typewritten list lying upon the blotting pad and then pressed a bell. Almost before his tapering finger was raised from the button, one of the blue lacquer doors opened. It slid aside.

A CHINESE servant entered, stepping forward *silently in his padded* shoes. He dropped on one knee, extending a silver tray upon which a paper lay.

Yu'an Hee See, without apparently glancing aside, extended one plump hand. Tapering fingers took the document from the tray and placed it on the table. The servant bowed until his yellow face nearly touched the blue carpet, stood up, and went out, closing the door quietly behind him.

Yu'an Hee See glanced at the writing; then, taking up a case of crocodile leather, *he extracted glasses and adjusted* them daintily. Again, he bent over the writing.

No sound disturbed him. A cage swinging upon a tall lacquer pole was covered with a piece of golden gauzy material, beneath which two love birds were sleeping. Yu'an Hee See read:

"No news of the Hangman. May take it for granted he is drowned.

"Len Chow has succeeded. The lady is on her way.

"Joseph, the new Armenian, did good work here.

"Mohammed reports Dawson Haig, chief inspector C. I. D., is dead.

"Joseph, recommended by Mohammed, joins up here in place of Fernand.

"R. M. S. Wallaroo in the Canal. British and American consuls, Port Said, very active.

"Position on Wallaroo strained in regard to doctor and madame, but legally secure.

"Len Chow due at Keneh tomorrow five o'clock. Franz Hartog reports from Cairo.

"Polodos arrived Stamboul tonight."

Yu'an Hee See raised his head, removed his glasses and laid them upon the table. His oblique eyes became quite closed, and he remained motionless for several minutes, hissing softly. Then again he pressed the bell.

The Chinese servant came instantly to his summons.

"Effendim Aswâmi Pasha."

The servant listened to the order, bowed low and withdrew as silently as he had entered.

PORT SAID was seething with indignation. When towards dusk it became evident that Eileen Kearney had been abducted, for no other conclusion remained, both the American and the English consulates set to work in earnest.

The town was combed with a nicety calculated to discover a rat in a cornfield. But no trace could be found of the missing girl. Dr. Oestler's account of what had happened was simple enough. Miss Kearney had suggested walking along to the shop of the scent merchant and he had accompanied her.

No member of the party at that time inside Simon Arzt was in a position to dispute the story! None of them had noticed the fortune teller—and the doctor's statement was confirmed both by the Greek scent merchant and by the Egyptian tobacconist. Mr. Len Chow, it was learned from the Eastern Exchange, had caught the train to Cairo, only having had lunch in the hotel. Of Franz Hartog no trace could be found.

The news, of course, was known on board, and a state of consternation prevailed. Port Said was living up to its ancient reputation. Every woman passenger who was ashore hurried back to the ship, as though the place had been in a state of siege.

Captain Peterson paced his cabin, his tanned, lined face haggard with anxiety. At almost regular intervals he ran his fingers through his thick white hair. The company's agent sat at the desk, Shale, the British consul, standing beside him, and the American consul stood by the door.

"IT'S all very well, Mr. Forman," said Shale, addressing his American *confrère*. "But what can I do?"

"What can you do, sir?" the other retorted. "A young American citizen—daughter of my friend Kearney in Colombo—is kidnapped in broad daylight when she is actually in the company of a suspected person! What can you *do!*"

"Suspected, yes," cried the other desperately. "But that's not *proof!*"

"What puzzles me," the captain interjected, trying to pour oil on troubled waters, "is the absence of the inspector. If we had the authority of Scotland Yard behind us, we might be able to act. Besides, what evidence there is he holds."

"It's little enough," said the British consul—"unless he has added to it since this morning."

Mr. Forman's face was very stern, and:

"In short, sir," he said, "you don't intend to take any steps about this gang of crooks you've got on board; although you *know*—whatever the evidence may be, and I say, damn the evidence!—that they are certainly responsible?"

"I wouldn't go so far," Captain Peterson declared. "I *believe* they know. But the inspector himself assured me that there was nothing to justify an arrest."

"Another point: the attempt to murder Inspector Haig off here last night is good enough to show the type of desperadoes we're dealing with."

"That's true enough," the captain admitted. "But nobody on board ever saw the missing Chinaman speak to a soul except to the stewards."

"There's nothing," Shale explained wearily, "nothing whatever, to connect him with the rest of the gang. Surely you can see that, Forman? I mean, the attempted murder can't be used as evidence to hold these people."

Forman tugged savagely at his mustache; and:

"That man Oestler is lying," he declared outright. "You all think the same as I do. How can I ever face Mike Kearney with a tale like this!"

Dr. Oestler had only just left the cabin, where he had been submitted to a close cross-examination on the exact circumstances of his visit to those two shops with Eileen. However, he had merely repeated his earlier statement; and as the shopkeepers had been questioned at length and had confirmed it in every particular there was nothing whatever to go upon. His papers were in order, or appeared to be. He had even produced correspondence which seemed to leave no doubt upon the point. And since he was certainly bound for Australia, common sense suggested that this part of his story, at least, was true.

THE woman Ednam produced a contract with an Australian vaudeville circuit, and displayed a number of professional photographs, programs and billing matter relating to recent engagements in Europe. She declared that although she had made the acquaintance of Dr. Oestler on board, she had never met him before.

The captain continued his bearlike promenade, running his fingers through his hair and glancing anxiously from face to face. The agent was in a quandary. To hold the ship meant transferring mails and a loss of thousands of pounds to the company. And in the circumstances, as the British consul had pointed out, there seemed to be no point in doing so. If Eileen were found any time during the night or early morning, she could quite easily be transported to Suez in time to rejoin the Wallaroo there. The suspects were actually on board.

"If only this inspector man of yours would turn up!" Forman exclaimed irritably. "He may hold the clue to the situation."

"I'm putting all my faith in Inspector Haig," the captain declared. "It's because he's evidently on the job that I still have hopes."

"But there's nothing to show," Forman cried, "that he's on the job at all! If I understand the situation, no one has seen this man Haig since he left the ship, early this morning. He was seen going ashore by the custom house, and that's the last we know."

"It's my belief," said Captain Peterson, "that he was following Miss Kearney and Dr. Oestler."

"I agree with you, Captain!" cried the British consul. "Inspector Haig was following them. And I think we

Laughs

By Sax Rohmer

may venture to hope that he's the only man who knows what actually took place. If it's an abduction, it's highly probable that he's in pursuit of the abductor."

"It's very odd he hasn't got in touch," Forman cut in.

THE agent, turning in the captain's revolving chair, which he occupied at the moment, nodded in agreement.

"*I* think that odd, too, Captain," he admitted, staring up at the commander. "I don't care for the look of it. Assuming that the inspector witnessed this outrage—if an outrage has occurred—and went off in pursuit, he wouldn't do so without leaving some clue to his route, in case he should fail. He was too experienced a man for that."

"Might I ask, Mr. Dimes, the exact meaning of your remark?" Forman, a man of action, knew himself helpless; and he was getting angry. "Are you implying that this Inspector Haig is *not* engaged in looking for Miss Kearney, but has also disappeared?"

Dimes shrugged his shoulders.

"To me it looks rather that way," he agreed. "No sane man would go off alone on a desperate job of that kind without getting in touch either with Mr. Shale, here, or with the commander!"

"He may have had no opportunity," Shale suggested.

"He evidently *hadn't!*" said Forman savagely. "But maybe for a different reason. There are half a dozen ships on which he, or Miss Kearney, or both of them, might be at this very moment, lying along here and in the Canal."

"We've spoken every ship in the port," the commander assured him. "And every one has been searched from stem to stern. No, sir. They are not on board any ship."

The British consul's face was very stern; and:

"There's going to be the devil to pay about this business," he said. "I don't know what to do. If you have any feasible suggestion—make it."

"Arrest this slippery pair on board!" Forman cried angrily. "Hold 'em here until we're satisfied. That's my suggestion, and a feasible one."

"THE Bath of Feathers never fails, Joseph!" creaked old Mohammed.

He chuckled, and, his withered gums receding, the yellow hooked nose almost met the wrinkled chin.

Joseph, that velvet-eyed fortune teller who had led Eileen to the shop of Mohammed, smiled understandingly; and:

"It is best, old Father of Mischief," he replied, "that you now close your doors, and leave me to carry out my orders. The crate is in the cellar?"

"It is in the cellar," old Mohammed replied creakily.

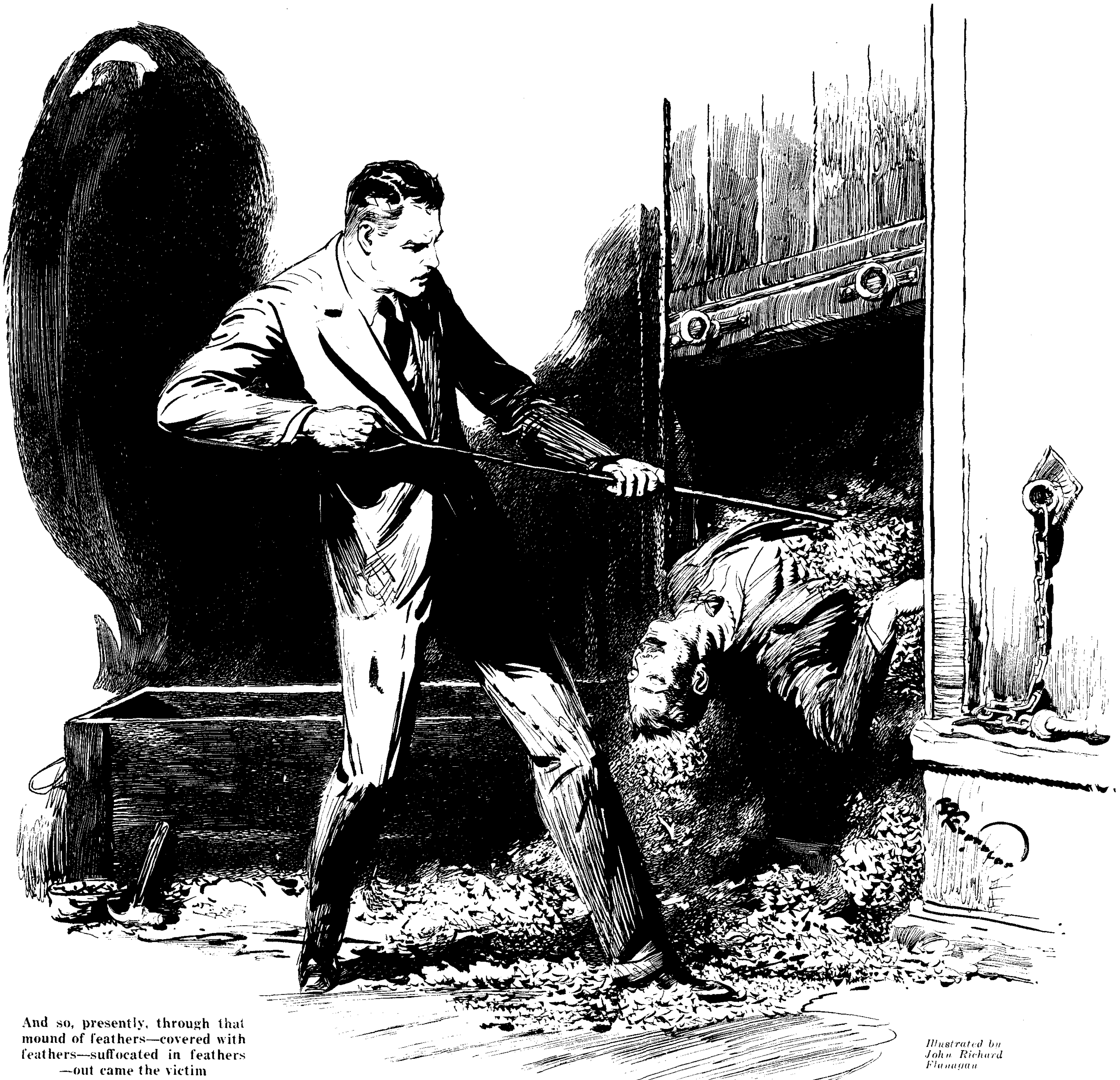
"Good—and the girl is safely on the way. Go now, friend, and report to the chief. Put in a word for *me*. I take up my new duties—although I don't know what they are—almost at once. I have my letter of travel and my tickets as far as Keneh. After this day's work, I look for a kind reception!"

Old Mohammed chuckled cavernously.

"They will be waiting to hear," he creaked. "I will go and make my report. I shall not forget you, Joseph."

"My thanks, Father Mohammed. Then return to your home. Leave all

(*Continued on page 64*)



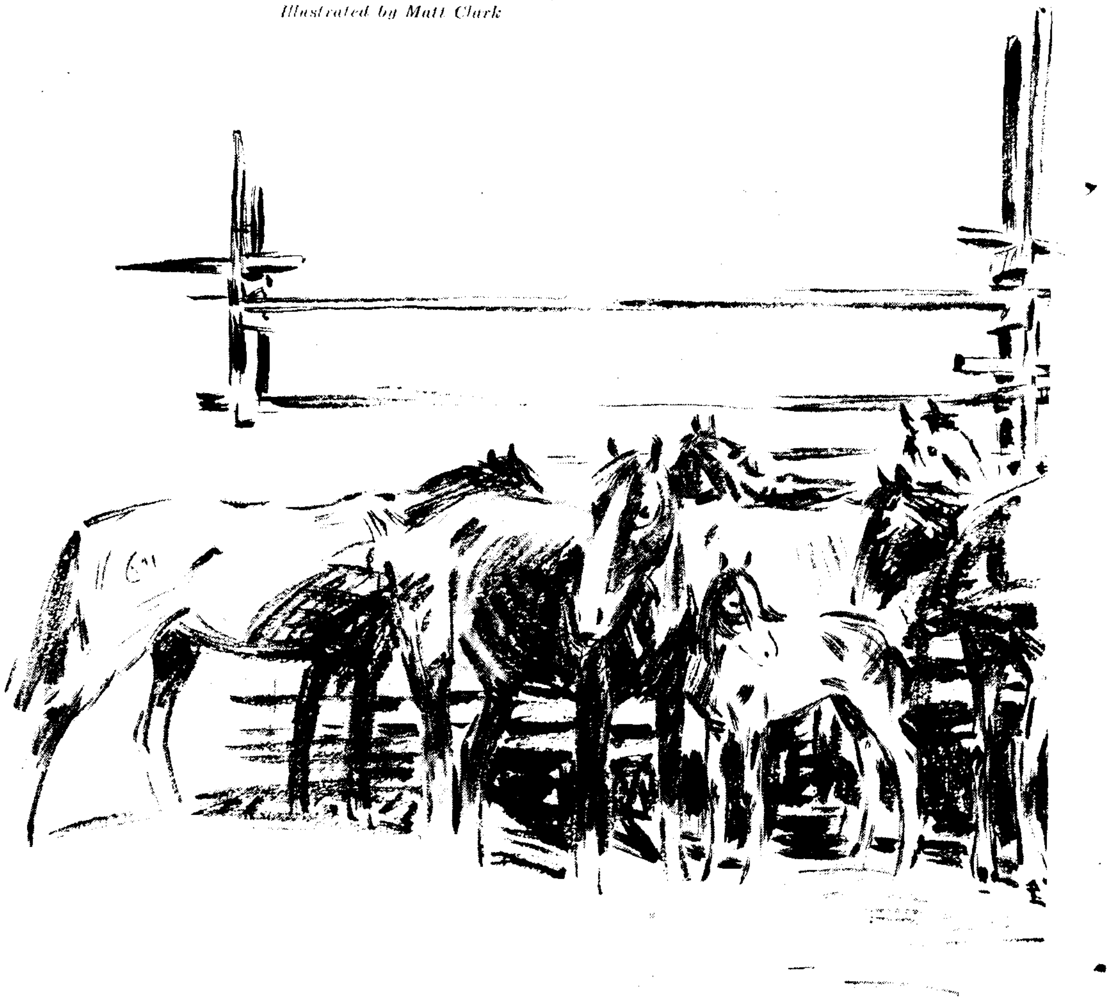
And so, presently, through that mound of feathers—covered with feathers—suffocated in feathers—out came the victim

Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

Gunsight Trail

By Alan LeMay

Illustrated by Matt Clark



The Story Thus Far:

WAR clouds lie heavy over the Buckhorn Valley when Clay Hughes, a cowboy, arrives at the Lazy M ranch. He does not know it—he knows nothing about the valley—but the Lazy M, owned by old Oliver Major, and the Bar S, owned by the Shaw brothers, are on the verge of a clash, the latter being aided by a gang of crooked politicians, including the governor of the state.

Camping in the mountains, Hughes has just had a strange adventure. A man mortally wounded had expired by his camp fire after trying to name the man who shot him. The murdered man, he now learns, was Hugo Donnan, the sheriff.

Amazed, and angered, by the reception accorded his story—a cold one—Hughes pretends to know the identity of the murderer, which he refuses to disclose. Whereupon an attempt is made on his life, and further adventures follow quickly.

Oliver Major and his men believe that Major's son, Dick, killed Donnan—which accounts for their attitude toward Hughes. The boy, however, establishes his innocence; after which Hughes is accepted. Major is now convinced that the Shaws are responsible for the killing. He decides to arrest them at once. With Jim Crawford, acting sheriff, Bob Macumber, Bart Holt, Dick Major and Hughes, he goes to Adobe Wells, the Shaws' headquarters. But Alex Shaw is away, and Earl Shaw, a grim-jawed fighter, refuses to submit to arrest. With a gun fight imminent, Hughes remembers Sally Major, Oliver Major's lovely daughter, and a promise he had made her: to do his utmost to prevent bloodshed at the Shaws'. Stepping forward, he hands Shaw a bit of paper, on which he had scribbled a few words. Shaw reads the message. Then, to the amazement of the onlookers, he meekly surrenders!

Instantly Hughes is suspect. He must, say the cowboys, be in league with Shaw. Sensing this new-born hostility, Hughes shows Major the message. It reads: "Did you ever shoot a U. S. marshal?"—a clever, but dangerous, bluff. . . . Old Grasshopper Tanner (who, with his pack of bloodhounds, has been over the scene of the murder) arrives. He describes the murder, as it might have been perpetrated, and makes mention of a mule. Hughes now remembers that, a short time before the tragedy, he had heard a mule bray. "Tanner," he says, "how did you know about that mule?" Tanner, eyes blazing, leaps up and faces Hughes.

"How'd you know yourself?" he screams, "*Answer me that!*"

VI

HUGHES waited; and to the surprise of everyone, it was the old man who was first to break. His voice was shrill as he flared up: "You ask me how I know about a mule! I put the question back to you. . . ."

"Because, about the time I turned in, on the night Donnan died, I heard a mule singing at the moon."

"Well, if you did," said Tanner viciously, "I suppose there was one there, but that's the first I've heard of it!" He sat down; but it was like the sitting down of a balking horse.

Major kicked Hughes under the table, and Clay, though puzzled, obeyed the signal. "All right."

"You got anything else, Grasshopper?" Major asked.

"What the hell more do you want?" Tanner demanded.

"Looks like your dogs could find out where them two left the rock," suggested Major.

"You got a hell of a funny idee what dogs is for!"

"I tell you what," said old Major. "I'd appreciate it, Grasshopper, if you'd take three-four of the boys up there and show 'em exactly what you found, step by step, so's they'll be able to stand witness to it. You do that much more, and I'll own you've done your share."

"All right, all right," Tanner conceded. "I'll show 'em; but I got to get some sleep first. I was a long ways from the trail when night come on. I ain't had no sleep since night before."

After Tanner had turned in, Oliver Major signaled Hughes and Macumber to follow him to his office.

"I'm damned if that isn't the most extraordinary lie I ever heard in my life," said Oliver Major.

"Some of it checks up," Macumber pointed out. "He explained pretty good how come that empty shell was in Clay's fire."

"Yes, and he checked Hughes' story on what he done when he rode in there that night. But, Bob, we don't know how much the boys told that old renegade before he went up there with his dogs."

"I don't expect anybody told him that I laid Donnan's rifle across his saddle," Macumber insisted.

"Oh, he's smart, all right," said Major. "Uncanny smart in some ways. But here's what worries me." Major leaned forward. "That old rooster hasn't told it all. Hughes was right about that mule! I hope you understood me all right when I kicked you under the table, Hughes. He'd shut up like a trap, anyway; and if we'd pinned him down too tight, we'd have got him so worried we wouldn't have no more chances to trip him up again."

"I guess you're right," Hughes admitted.

"That's the next thing we've got to do—we got to trip up Grasshopper Tanner. Maybe he can't tell who done it right now if he wants to; but I'll bet he *thinks* he can!"

"I'll tell you something more," said Hughes. "Grasshopper Tanner's scared."

"If he is, I didn't see it," said Macumber.

"By God, *I* saw it," Major said. "And here's another thing," said Major. "I left orders that Tanner was to start back as soon as night come on. He says he did. But if he did, where was he that he had to ride from dark last night to four o'clock this morning to get here? Have you seen his horse?"

ONCE more there was a silence. "What do you think?" said Macumber at last.

"I think that what that old ridge-runner told us he saw, he saw, all right. But also he saw something else—something that he almighty wishes he hadn't never seen."

Macumber and Major held each other's eyes. "I guess you're right," Macumber agreed at last.

"I'm sending some of you up to the Crazy Mule with Grasshopper Tanner," said Major, "as soon as he rolls out. You look at what he shows you; but mostly, you'll look for what he isn't showing you: something that's in his mind that he doesn't want to come out."

"Mr. Major," said Macumber, "I got the feeling we're awfully close to something here."

"See that it doesn't give you the slip," said Major.

It still lacked an hour of eight o'clock when Jim Crawford's car came careening up the down-valley road. With him were Bart Holt and Dick Major—the three had been left to hold the fort at Adobe Wells.

"What's bust?" Macumber demanded.

"Everything," said Bart Holt curtly. The big door slammed back upon its hinges as Holt thrust his way into the house. Old Oliver Major met them in the hall.

"Mr. Major," Jim Crawford began; then he hesitated. It was as if he had been dreading this moment all the way from Adobe Wells and, now that he faced it, could hardly bring himself to convey the news he brought. "Mr. Major, I ain't sheriff any more. I'm removed from office!"

Major stared at him with incomprehension.

"It can't be so," he declared flatly. "Why, those county supervisors—when I left them yesterday, they were whipped! Until Shaw is free they're out of guts—and there hasn't been time for—"

"It ain't the supervisors," said Crawford. "They done it by telegram from the capitol," Crawford told him. "The order is signed by the governor himself!"

"The governor? Old Theron Replogle?"

"Governor Replogle," repeated Crawford.

The wind seemed to be knocked out of Oliver Major.

"Yes, he could do it," he said at last, "but I thought—I thought—" His voice trailed off. He turned away, and his hands fumbled at the latch of the door as he led them into his office.

"A whole batch of telegrams come in, relayed by long-distance," Crawford was explaining. "The first one orders me to turn over the sheriff's office to Alex Shaw."

"To Alex Shaw," old Major repeated.

"Yeah; you told us it would be him. Here's the wire."

Oliver Major studied it. "Yes," he said slowly, at last, as if still hardly able to believe, "I guess it's so."

"There was another one to Alex Shaw," said Crawford, "telling him to assume office at once; and another to Earl Shaw."

"You saw that last one?"

"It was in code. Walters wouldn't give me any copy."

"I don't understand it; I don't understand it," Oliver Major kept saying. "Old Theron Replogle . . . You all see what this means?" said Major at last.

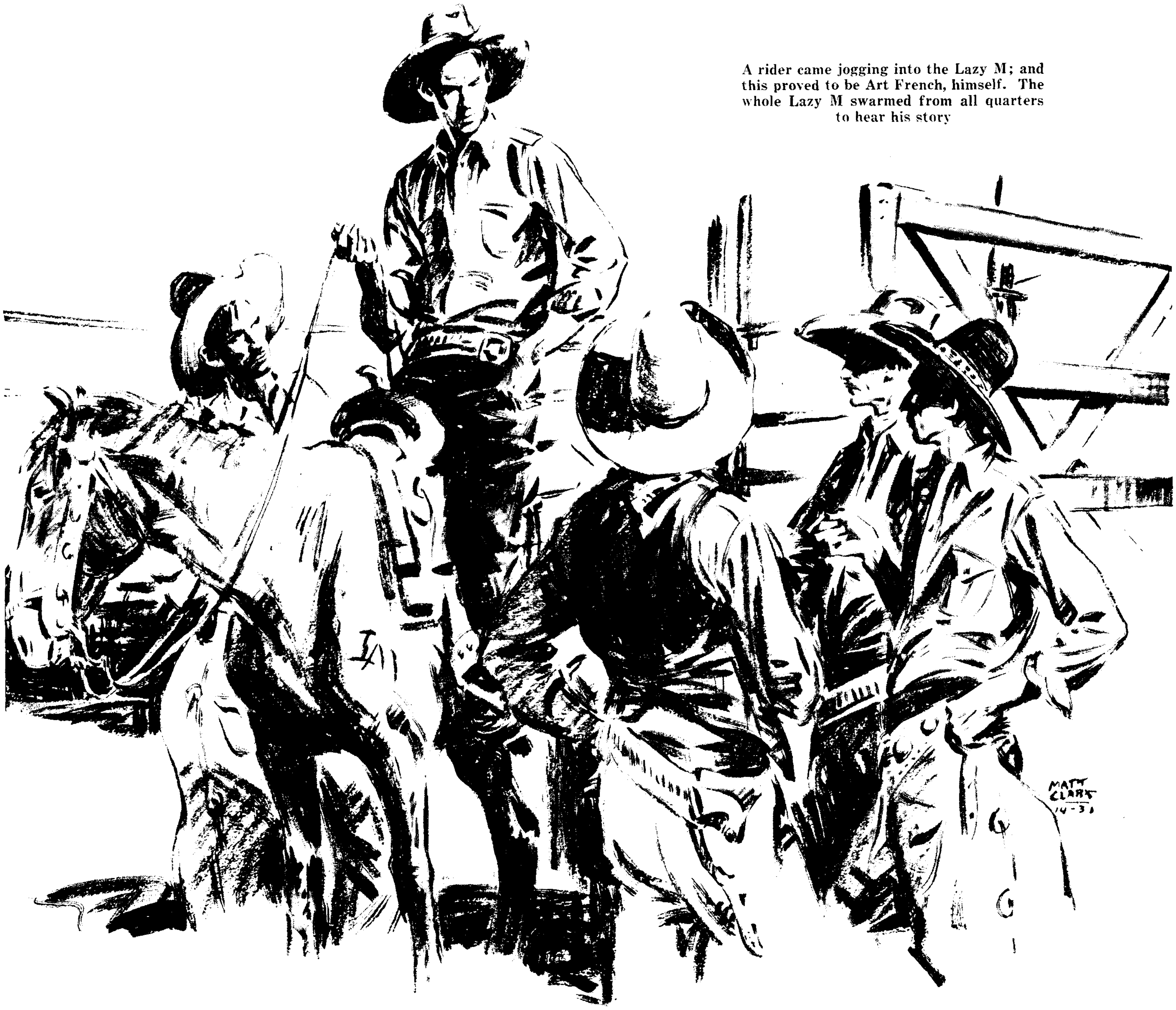
No one spoke; until Bart Holt muttered, "I guess it's pretty plain."

"There's two of us here," said Major, "who have to see this thing through to a finish. The rest of you have no call to stay here and take your chance. The time to pull out of it is now, before it's too late. Will you go, Bart?"

"No," said Holt. "We're laughing at you. Unless Hughes—"

"I LIKE it here, too," said Hughes. "You give me a pain, Holt."

Major made a gesture of futility, the first of its kind that Hughes had ever seen him use. "There's just one chance," he said. "The governor don't know what he's done. Theron Replogle is a small man, and crooked, and I don't doubt he's got a finger in the Silverado project. But what he don't know is that Earl Shaw will never dare let Dick be brought to trial."



A rider came jogging into the Lazy M; and this proved to be Art French, himself. The whole Lazy M swarmed from all quarters to hear his story

"He'll charge him, just the same," said Crawford.

"Yes, he'll do that. But do you think he'd ever dare let Clay Hughes go on the stand? Or Grasshopper Tanner?"

"What do you think he's going to do?"

"I tell you, if Shaw makes a clean sweep of this range, neither Dick, nor Hughes, nor old Tanner neither, will ever live to see a court room!"

"What's your play?" Bart Holt asked.

"We got to tie into them on their own ground. There's one man on our string that can talk to the governor, and only one. That man's Stephen Sessions. I've sent for him. I had his wire in Walkerton that he was on his way. He should be here now—if he's coming at all. We don't dast get in any deeper—until Stephen Sessions comes."

"If he comes," said Holt.

That was a hard day to wait out. No Lazy M man dared show himself in either Adobe Wells or Walkerton, now that Shaw was in the saddle once more. To do so would have been to risk a prompt choice between fight and imprisonment. None of them were ready for either one.

When in mid-afternoon a column of dust marked the approach of a car to southward, watchful eyes picked it up a long way off. Most of the Lazy M had gathered before the ranch house by the time the dusty touring car wheeled to a stop.

But neither of the two men in the dusty touring car was Stephen Sessions. One was the blond giant called Dutch Pete, who had stood behind Earl Shaw when the Lazy M posse had invaded the Bar S. The other Hughes had never seen before; yet he immediately knew that it could be no one but Alex Shaw.

ALEX SHAW was ten or fifteen years younger than his brother. He had more height and less beef; more sinew and less bone. His hard-carved face, with its twisty grin, lacked the intelligence and force apparent in that of Earl Shaw. Where Earl Shaw would be ruthless, Alex would be merely reckless. In some situations Alex would be more dangerous than his brother, because quicker in violence and more careless of cost.

Alex Shaw swung down from the wheel, leaving his engine running. His eye was sardonic as it ran over those ostentatiously casual, waiting cowboys in the background.

"You got the word?" Alex Shaw asked Major.

"I got it," Major admitted.

Dutch Pete, following more slowly, took up a position a little behind Alex Shaw. The big man's eyes were sleepy and expressionless in a blank face; yet they were hard as the eyes of a carnivore are hard, without effort of will or any particular malice of intent, but merely with the complete lack of any humane scruple.

Alex Shaw nodded. "I'm right sorry to trouble your outfit here; but it looks like I'm going to have to take up two-three of your boys."

"Who do you want?" Major demanded bluntly.

"I'm afraid," Alex Shaw said, with the reasonable air of a man who knows he is asking much, "I'm going to have to ask for Dick Major, first of all." He watched Oliver Major.

The boss of the Lazy M gave no sign. "Who else?"

"Clay Hughes and Grasshopper Tanner."

"Well, they're right here; you see 'em. Go ahead and talk to 'em if you want."

"I aim to take them to Adobe Wells, Mr. Major."

"You talk to 'em here," said Major evenly.

A shadow of a twisty grin crossed Shaw's face, somehow darkening it. "No; that won't do it, Major," he said.

"Then," said Major, "you're out of luck."

Alex Shaw considered. "I don't want trouble here," he said at last. "And I'm willing to stretch a point so as not to stir no trouble up. I'm willing to leave Dick here, and only take the other two, Hughes and Tanner, and no more said."

"Not a man," said Major.

The twisty grin of Alex Shaw came and went again. "Major, you know what you're doing, I expect; but these hands of yours got a right to know what they're up against, I guess. You realize that if you refuse to hand up these men, you'll be liable as accessory after the fact?"

"I don't admit to that," said Major.

"I DIDN'T ask you did you admit to it. I just wanted it plain to everybody what I said. You're making an open stand against the law. Unless this killing clears up mighty quick, the law will have to move against you according."

"Mr. Major," said Clay Hughes, "for my part, I think that Grasshopper Tanner and I had better go along with him."

Oliver Major turned on him. "Are you crazy, man?"

(*Continued on page 46*)

Golf Coarse

Here's April again, and millions of our big turf and club men are coming to the fore, all prepared to raise a fresh crop of divots. To make your own crop smaller and your golf less coarse we recommend this article

By Grantland Rice

APRIL is stalking over the hills and winding its way through the glades and valleys. And as the grass gets a little greener and the sky grows a trifle bluer some three million golfers will be lifting hands to high heaven as the dunes and the woodlands echo their plaintive refrain: "What did I do that time?"

Why is it that of the three million or so golfers in this country over ninety per cent find it difficult to break a 90? Why do so few improve from year to year and retain the same old habits of incorrect form?

In tennis, baseball, football, polo, boxing, basketball and hockey your opponent's greater speed and skill and strength can affect your game. In golf there is no such direct contact, no outside interference.

Yet the great army of the game goes along foozling and dubbing and flubbing, slicing and topping and hooking, struggling in vain to keep a mounting score from mounting still higher. The average business golfer who was shooting 93 ten years ago or five years ago is still shooting around 93, or maybe 95.

What can be done about it? You can hand a man a walking cane, an umbrella, a baseball bat or a fishing rod and he will grasp it in a natural way. But if you hand him a golf club he immediately clutches it in a vise-like grip and becomes rigid from head to foot.

The chief reason for so much bad play is that the golfer overlooks the fact that the basic principle of the game is developing club-head speed through the moment of impact. Most of the things he does throttle this club-head speed, choke it off or expand it too early in the swing. He rarely concentrates upon the right thing in the right way. This fault can apply to even the best golfers; there are so many things to wreck this concentration. George Voight's description of his match against Bobby Jones at St. Andrew's in the British Amateur is an example.

"I was extremely nervous at the first tee," Voight says, "but I got away all right. Then I was two down, but got those back. After that I settled down to playing golf, thinking only of my swing. At the thirteenth hole I suddenly realized that I was two up on Bobby with only five to play. I felt suddenly as if I was in a fog or a daze.

The Victory Complex

"There was an out-of-bounds to the right which I should have avoided. But instead of concentrating upon keeping to the left I was still thinking of being two up and how I could hold it. So I drove out of bounds.

"I lost the next hole for the same reason, thinking of the match, and Jones holed a twelve-foot putt on a keen green to halve the seventeenth, where we were all square."

The average golfer must learn that club-head speed depends largely on flexible hands and wrists. Yet watch how tensely and tightly most of them grip the club and how wooden and stiff their wrists immediately become.

Let's start with first principles. First of all, the way must be cleared to permit hands and wrists to swing the club head, and keep it speeding up on through the ball. The golfer should try to get a mental picture of taking the club head back with hands and wrists, letting the body turn naturally as if throwing a baseball.

The trouble comes in a dozen forms of interference. He locks hands and wrists to start with; he locks the left ankle, which in turn locks the left side and then the neck and spine. What happens then? There is no club-head speed left—no chance for any. He probably lifts the club back with the right hand, starts it down with the right hand and all the left does is to draw the club head across the ball or to slow its movement.

The average golfer, with fixed faults, would be better off playing with his right hand alone in many instances. The left hand and left side would then be completely out of the way and he would acquire a much simpler swing.

One great trouble with the golf swing is that the left side must relax on the back swing and the right side must relax on the down swing and few can ever bring this combination about. It is a matter of balance that is difficult to force by conscious effort.

Most golfers think in terms of hitting and slugging. If they would only think in terms of swinging the club head they would be far better off. Think to yourself, as Douglas Wesson suggests, "The golf ball has no mass."

Nearly every fault in golf comes from tension. Tension causes the tight grip and the locked wrists—tension causes the fast, jerky back-swing—tension brings on the downward lunge—tension puts the body in the way and it brings about head lifting and hitting too quickly—tension ties up mental judgment and cool thinking.

The Foe of Tension

Why should tension be worse in golf than in other games? Because other games are contests of action. Movement is the greatest foe of tension, and the golf swing is made from a fixed, standing position with a lot of time to think—and to tighten up.

The golf swing is a matter of smoothness and freedom, of flexibility and lightness. It is not a lunge nor a punch nor a wallop. Get comfortable and natural, not stooped and cramped. Err on the side of looseness and lightness.

Get the idea in your head that you are going to give the club head a chance to gather speed on the down swing without interference. Think only in terms of smooth, free, unhurried swinging, of lighter grip and supple wrists.

As one philosopher put it: "If you can't play like a golfer, at least try to look like one." And if you do you may soon begin to play like one.

Illustrated by F. G. Cooper

How Dry We Are

The Weather Bureau has done its utmost to coax the secret of the droughts from the brazen skies and tens of thousands of suggestions pour in from every corner of the country. Here Mr. Davenport tells you what is actually known about droughts and what measures for relief have been attempted

By Walter Davenport

Wide World

Electrically charged sand being discharged from a plane into clouds to induce precipitation. Above, Charles F. Marvin, chief of the U. S. Weather Bureau

Wide World

Culver Service

Gen. Robert C. Dyrenforth, conductor of the government rain-making experiment in 1891

THERE was no general drought in the year 1891. The country needed rain but, compared with the aridity we have just experienced—the greatest drought in the history of the United States Weather Bureau—it didn't amount to much.

Nevertheless, in that year this country went in officially for rain-making. It had never tried it before and it hasn't tried it since. But, urged by a million farmers and sold by a bellowing lobby which threatened, among other things, to arouse the farmer vote if Congress were to ignore the farmer's wants, the Senate and the House of Representatives hired a rain-maker.

They appropriated $9,000 and one General Dyrenforth, a special agent of the Department of Agriculture, was designated to conduct the experiment. Near Midland, Texas, a number of balloons and kites were constructed. A large and imposing crowd, including a delegation of congressmen in tall hats and frock coats, watched with a proper mixture of raucous enthusiasm and calm dignity. Speeches were made wherein rosy predictions were heard. This gr-r-rea-a-a-at experiment would mean the end of the gr-r-rea-a-a-at American desert. In another season rare flowers with exquisite perfumes and tall cedars of Lebanon would be blooming where now only the homely cactus and the scraggy Joshua tree could thrive. And so on.

Whereat the balloons were filled with a combustible mixture of oxygen and hydrogen and to the tails of the kites fat bundles of dynamite were lashed. On the ground, at points selected by some geological-mathematical-meteorological conjuring, considerably larger charges of dynamite were placed.

The balloons and kites were given to the air. On the ground, watches were synchronized that the surface charges might be detonated simultaneously with the gas in the balloons and the dynamite on the tails of the kites, to be fired by time mechanisms.

With a heaven-splitting roar the explosives went off. Nothing of national importance happened. Most of the congressmen lost their tall hats. A number of horses dashed off, riderless, and disappeared below the horizon. A wide assortment of things descended—rocks, sand, timber, a large number of ruined umbrellas, wearing apparel, harness, sections of wagons, several watches and one Indian. But no rain.

The Rain-Making Racket

In the presence of rapidly diminishing audiences, these assaults upon the bland skies continued for nearly a month. True enough, in that time a few piffling showers arrived, but nothing approximating nine thousand dollars' worth. These feeble rains might have fallen anyway, according to the Weather Bureau's records of that part of Texas, where even nine thousand dollars' worth of precipitation would have been but a child's tears.

Nevertheless the bombardment did produce hundreds of professional rain-makers who thereafter for some years trouped the country to the financial detriment of the trusting farmer. Rain-making became a robust racket. There were honest men, although deluded, in it, but they were not a majority. Unhappily the Department of Agriculture report on the Texas experiment was rather noncommittal, whereas it should have set forth clearly that rain was not to be induced by explosives.

Therefore it was nothing at all for a suave buncoman to drive up to a farmhouse in dry weather and sell his wizardry for anywhere from ten to fifty dollars. His rain-inducing machinery was varied. But it wasn't uncommon for him to arrive with a contraption suggestive of a small chemical fire engine which he would wheel into the farmer's barn. No one but the rain-maker and the farmer were permitted in the barn. While the latter gazed in awe, the magician went through a series of chemical and mechanical cantrips, winding up with a display of fireworks.

But since the Texas experiment, Congress has left the weather to the Weather Bureau, a sufficient answer to those harsh critics who contend that Congress is never right. You don't have to convince the Weather Bureau that there is nothing you can do about droughts except expect them and stand them as best you can. It knows that.

One day in the second half of 1929 something went wrong within that sector of the Arctic region that supplies the United States with cold air. We don't know precisely when it happened. We aren't even sure *why* it happened.

But we do know that those cooling air currents which would have tossed the warm, moist air high, as a bull might toss a dog, deserted us. The usual atmospheric mixture, the mixture which sets up what we may roughly call a fermentation, was absent. There was no agitation of air. Stagnation set in.

The result—a drought greater in duration and aridity than the United States has ever had in all the ninety-five years of which the Weather Bureau has record.

When Nature Holds Out

We know, too, that on February 1st, this year, the country was about one trillion one hundred billion tons of rain short of the normal precipitation of six trillion four hundred billion tons.

We aren't going to annoy you with statistics. You can get all you want of that sort of thing by applying to the Weather Bureau. But let's reduce these fat figures to dimensions more easily visualized. We shall consider a hundred-acre farm in any of those eight states in which the drought was greatest—Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, Ohio, Missouri, Indiana and Illinois.

If the tiller of those acres were to carry sufficient water to maintain the moisture of his land at normal, he would have to have just about seven hundred and twenty tons in every twenty-four hours—a ton of water every two minutes, day and night. Anyway, that gives you an idea of what Nature does for us—when she is behaving herself like the good woman she ought to be.

And while there is nothing we can do

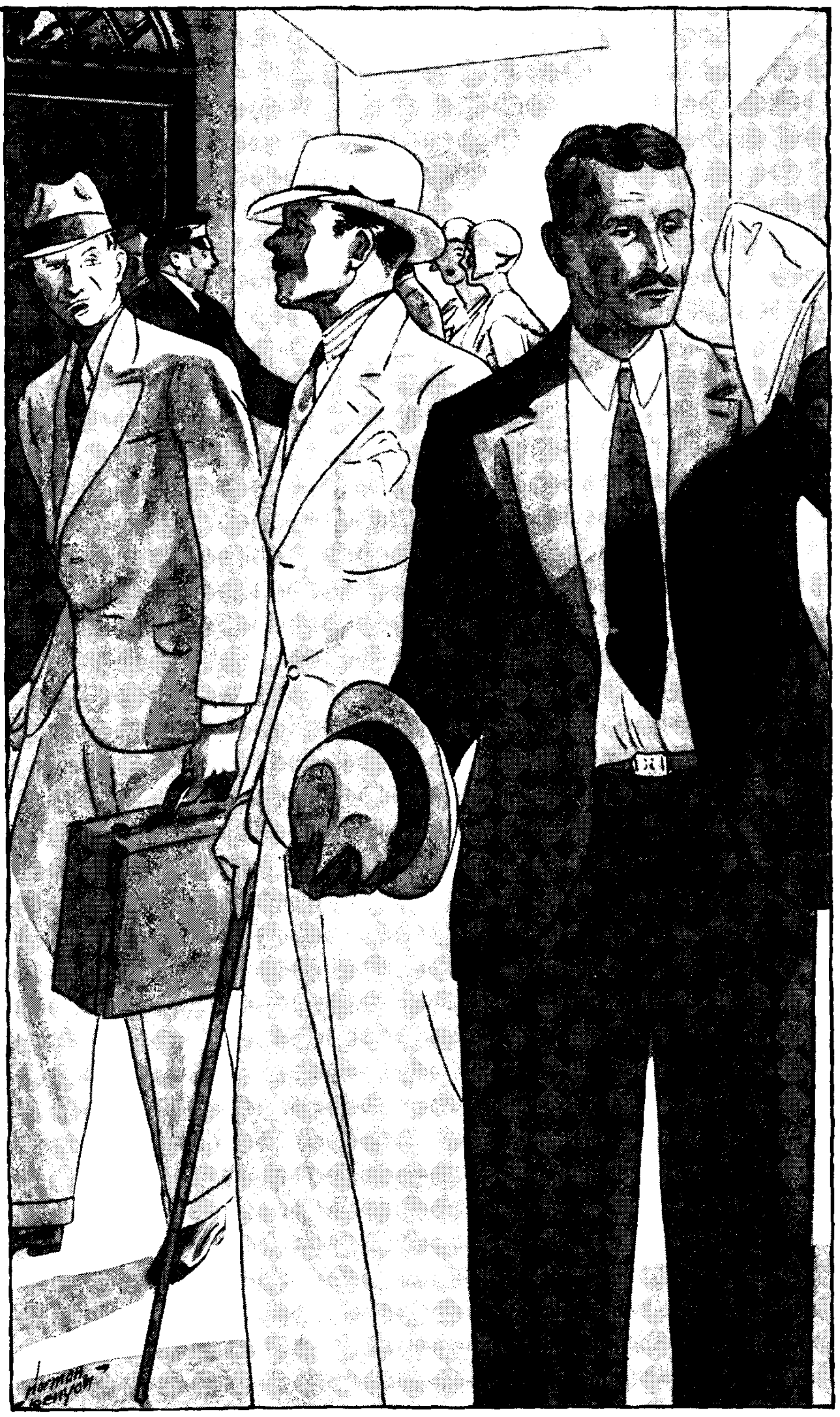
(*Continued on page 43*)

A Mere Detail

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Frederick Skerry

Illustrated by Norman Kenyon



He watched Daboll take a stand directly behind a slight, drab man

AT AN hour in the evening when Henry Gale, senior partner of Gale & Windram, diamond dealers, might have been completing his arrangements for his annual trip to Boston on the morrow, Beau Daboll was giving Dopey Stang instructions concerning that event.

"You're slated to pull off this one, Dopey," he drawled, a contemptuous gleam in his eyes, "because you look the part." He picked up a shabby, soft-crowned cap with the tarnished gilt word "Messenger" above its cracked visor. "Try this on."

"A little large," he criticized, "but it will do. Now here's the lay: You buy a ticket and a chair to New Haven on the Knickerbocker and wait near the train gate until I show up; the man I stand behind will be your meat. He has a drawing-room on that train; it's A—Car 187. Don't forget that. Now—"

Notwithstanding Dopey Stang's jealousy of Daboll's leadership, his heavy eyelids lifted in admiration of the man's uncanny exactness in learning the plans of a prospective victim.

But Daboll smiled. "That was the easy part; I intercepted the messenger kid he sent for the ticket. Now listen."

And Dopey listened, his gaze shifting about the luxurious living-room in which they sat. He resented Daboll's superior airs, the refinement that demanded elegant surroundings, the assurance that appropriated the major share of spoils. While his mind registered with the accuracy of a photographic plate the directions which Daboll imparted, he envied Daboll's security, coveted that lion's share of loot from jobs in which he took no personal risks. Yet he had to admit that Daboll had brains. He was not to be tripped up. Dopey knew that, for he had tried and failed, and his failure had only added another ember to his smoldering rebellion.

DABOLL came to the end of his instructions: "Is it all clear? Do you get it?"

Sullenly Dopey nodded. "Then I double back here?" To himself he grumbled, "And give you the haul, after I've taken all the chances!"

"Right. Take a bus—the railroad will be watched. I'll be waiting here for you. And listen! If you slip up you'll have to explain why."

"Oh, I'll put it over all right. Easy."

"Okay, then." Daboll scowled. "Now it's up to you."

From the edge of the crowd that awaited the opening of the gate to the one-o'clock train to Boston, Dopey caught sight of Beau Daboll. Working his way through passengers and porters, he watched Daboll take a stand directly behind a slight, drab man. Daboll remained until he caught Dopey's eye; then he drifted away—to loll around; Dopey Stang brooded, cool and comfortable while somebody else did the hard work.

Dopey furtively observed his quarry. The day was hot, and Henry Gale had evidently hurried, for he drew out a handkerchief and, lifting his gray felt hat, carefully patted his brow and replaced the hat upon his cleanly-parted, sandy hair. Who, Dopey reflected, would imagine that somewhere on this calm, unpretentious man was at least two hundred thousand in diamonds? Nobody would pick him as a likely. Dopey's reflections were interrupted, however, by the opening of the gate and presently, keeping Gale in sight, he joined the passengers who straggled along the platform.

He entered Car No. 187, saw that Gale's drawing-room was at the forward end, and passed through two cars to his own. Swinging the chair to face the window, he settled down to his wait of more than an hour and a half.

With the slowing of the train at New Haven he rose, every sense alert, and strolled back towards Car 187.

Poised in the doorway of the car next to Gale's, he watched the porter open the door, heard the slam of the vestibule platform as it swung upward into place, saw the porter and two men descend. Swiftly he crossed the joined vestibules, whisked the messenger cap from inside his coat and substituted it for his own, and hooked over his ears a pair of shell-rimmed glasses. Standing before Gale's door, a gilt A on its panel, he held in his left hand a yellow envelope. His right hand, as if paralyzed, was curled about the handle of a blackjack.

"Telegram for Mr. Gale!" he called.

Almost immediately the door opened, and Dopey was confronted by a bald-headed man without coat or waistcoat. Dopey stared dubiously for an instant, but was reassured when the man silently held out his hand for the message.

Stepping into the room, Dopey passed him the yellow envelope and closed the door with his foot. As Gale tore open the envelope Dopey's bent arm straightened in a swift, crushing blow, and Gale dropped, with scarcely a groan. Retrieving the yellow envelope with its blank sheet, he stuffed it into a pocket and turned to Gale's discarded clothing. In a large pocket inside the coat he found what he sought: a thick leather case, which he hastily concealed in the folds of Gale's newspaper. In the passage, fortunately still empty, having shut the door quietly behind him, he changed caps, removed the glasses, and went forward one car to leave the train—and another crime, perfectly timed, perfectly executed, to mystify the police.

HIS mood, as he returned to New York on a bus, was exultant. Beau Daboll had overlooked something! The scheme might well have fallen through. But he, Dopey Stang, had put it over! His grip, like that of an animal over its kill, possessive, unrelinquishing, tightened on the package under his arm. Why not?

Yes, why not keep those diamonds? True, Daboll was not a man you could lie to; and when he read the papers—why, even now the evening papers might be telling the world about that audacious robbery!—he'd know the truth. But need he know the truth, *ever?* Dopey did not think so.

For once, Dopey's sluggish wits had not failed him. For once, jolting along in that bus, he had had an idea, an inspiration. He would try it. It would work—he knew it would work—if only his nerve would hold up! . . .

When, at last, the bus reached New York, Dopey boldly went to Daboll's apartment.

"Well!" Daboll's greeting was made cordial by expectancy. But, as he noted Dopey's doleful visage, his cordiality vanished. "You didn't pull it off!" he accused fiercely. "You fell down, you—"

"No!" Dopey tossed the messenger cap on a table. He was enjoying this opportunity to crow. "Not me! Say! The guy in that drawing-room was bald-headed, and the one you showed me—"

But Daboll's darkening face, his eloquent curses, stilled Dopey's gloating tongue. Beau Daboll turned away. Fool! Not to have told Dopey that Gale wore a toupee! But it would never do to let Dopey think that he had erred.

"Tough luck!" he temporized. "He must have changed rooms for some reason. A bad break, that's all. Forget it, Dopey."

"Okay, Beau," Dopey grinned. Then, casually lighting a cigarette—as casually as he could, with fingers that trembled: "Say, guess who I saw on that train? That dirty double-crosser, Slim Dugan."

"That crook!" Daboll sneered. Then slowly a look of horror spread over his white face. "You crazy rat!" he shouted. "Don't you know what that means?"

"What's it mean?" drawled Dopey.

"Just this, you dumb idiot—Dugan was after that guy, too. He probably landed him! You're a—"

"But, Beau—" Dopey began, pitifully.

"Get out!" screamed Daboll, his face contorted from rage. "Get out, and *stay* out, and don't ever come near me again!"

And Dopey Stang obeyed orders quickly—and strictly.

FISHER has created bodies for the new Oldsmobile Six which are smartly styled and brightly finished in the sunny hues of spring, and which combine a wealth of comfort and a wide utility.

These bodies by Fisher are ready for the swift changes from sun to shower—ready with carefully engineered, easily operated window regulators and the Fisher vision-ventilating windshield. They are snugly insulated for the chilly day—instantly made cool and airy for the warmest weather.

Furthermore, Fisher wood-and-steel type construction provides Oldsmobile with bodies of greater strength plus resilience — eliminates squeaks and rattles and assures comfort and good-looks through many seasons.

Be sure to examine carefully the new Oldsmobiles and compare their greater value. For in Oldsmobile's price field, the new Oldsmobile Six alone will give you these important Fisher superiorities, because Oldsmobile is one of the General Motors cars — the only cars with Body by Fisher.

BODY
by
FISHER

LOOK TO THE BODY!

FISHER BODY CORPORATION · DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors

DUTCH BOY
WHITE LEAD

"Cheap" Paint Costs Less ONLY in the Beginning!

"YOU can't figure paint cost by the dollar alone," said the painter to the house-owner decisively. "You've got to take *years* into account too.

"As simple as two and two. I could apply a 'cheap' paint for say $250. That figure may sound low when you think only in *dollars* but it's high when you think in *years* as well. Why even if the 'cheap' paint lasts two years your cost is $125 a year.

"Now consider a Dutch Boy White-Lead paint job at say $270 and let's assume that it will stand up for four years. That's $67.50 a year. I have known it to last five and even six. But four will establish my point. On a four-year basis Dutch Boy would save $230 ($57.50 a year) . . . and provide an extra saving of $125 for every year *beyond* four."

And that isn't all either. Painters everywhere will tell you that "cheap" paint may double your cost at next repaint time by cracking and scaling which means expensive burning and scraping. A Dutch Boy job has the advantage of wearing down smoothly, by gradual chalking, leaving a perfect surface for repainting. 8 painters in every 10 use Dutch Boy White-Lead because Dutch Boy meets every requirement of a good paint job.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY—New York, 111 Broadway—Buffalo, 116 Oak Street—Chicago, 900 West 18th Street—Cincinnati, 659 Freeman Avenue—Cleveland, 820 West Superior Avenue—St. Louis, 722 Chestnut Street—San Francisco, 2240 24th Street—Boston, National-Boston Lead Co., 800 Albany Street—Pittsburgh, National Lead & Oil Co., of Pa., 316 Fourth Avenue—Philadelphia, John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Widener Building.

8 PAINTERS IN EVERY 10 USE DUTCH BOY

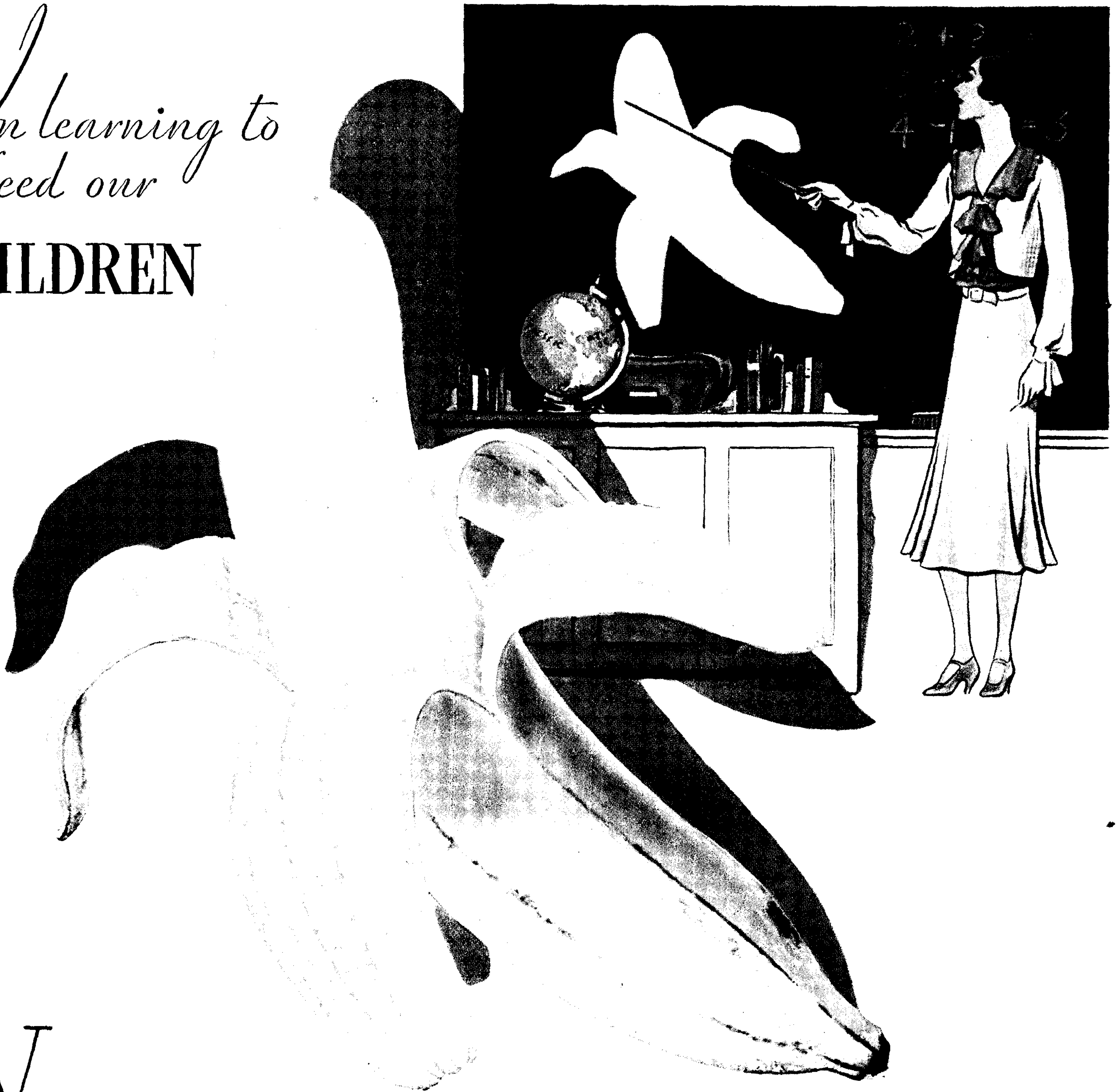
(According to an impartial, country-wide survey)

. . . AND NO ONE KNOWS PAINT LIKE A PAINTER

Write for free booklet . . . "The House We Live In" . . . which gives helpful suggestions on the decoration and protection of the home. Please address the nearest branch office.

"Save the surface and you save all"

In learning to feed our CHILDREN



WE LEARN TO FEED OURSELVES

WHAT next from these children of ours? Nowadays, we learn "out of the mouths of babes" just what to eat and how to eat it.

Take the case of bananas. It's only a few years since their health value was discovered. But school authorities were quick to encourage children to eat them—and what child didn't want to! Leading physicians, too, began telling us to consider bananas a valuable source of nourishment in the feeding of young children.

So we *had* to find out about the banana's vitamins and minerals. We *had* to learn that the all-yellow, brown-flecked ones are the ripe ones and that no food is easier to digest than *ripe* bananas.

Thanks to all this, we know that bananas rate a place of first importance in our own diet! We've taken a page from the children's notebooks. We've encouraged our families to eat bananas. And now that there are so many ways of preparing them, we rely on bananas just as we rely on any other true and tried staple.

UNITED FRUIT COMPANY BANANAS

Distributed by Fruit Dispatch Company

GOOD KING BANANA

CHILDREN'S GAME

Good King Banana's Game for Children is in thousands of homes and schools. Teaches *health* through *play*. Printed on cloth, and when not being played makes a bright-colored poster for children's rooms. Lots of fun for home, school or parties;

Like many fruits, bananas have a cooking and an eating stage. When tips are green, either cook or keep a few days for ripening—*not in ice box.*

Clip this coupon

Coupon will bring a copy of the game, with directions for playing—*free.*

Col. 4-11-31

FRUIT DISPATCH COMPANY
17 Battery Place, New York City

Please send free Good King Banana's Game for Children, with full directions for playing.

*Name*______________________

*Address*______________________

*City*______________ *State*__________

Moonlight on the Water

Continued from page 13

"He is," he said; "you gotta come along."

Cairo was chill and dark under the graying moon when they came back to it. The square was still littered with the leavings of the crowd.

Lizbeth's eyes searched the north road, and then came back to the south and the levee. She was looking for a black horse. It wasn't there.

The spring wagon jolted across the litter and drove into the flagged court beside the county jail. The shock of its stopping dislodged a row of bottles and they tumbled about her feet. She jerked her eyes away from the barred windows to stare at them.

"Great Manitou Snake Oil," she read the gaudy labels. In the jumble one bottle, smaller, unlabeled, held her eye. She made a little grimace and picked it up, hiding it carefully in the bosom of her dress.

They took her upstairs and left her in the office while they searched Big Mose and Dad Parker, and the spring wagon, without avail. She hid the bottle behind a pile of books when she heard them coming.

The sheriff and the tall man with the pig eyes came in alone.

"Come here," the sheriff said to Lizbeth. He ran his hands swiftly, pressing hard, down the rigid lines of her body from shoulder to calf.

"No chance," he said, "she couldn't have nothing on her."

The pig eyes were filmed with distrust. "Then they've cached it somewhere," he grunted.

The sheriff motioned toward the door. "Take a couple of deputies and go out there and hunt fer it. If it's any place it oughta be near that clearing where he come up on 'em."

The tall man jerked open the door and then stopped short on the threshold. "I'll wait," he said ominously, "till you git through questionin' her. If we don't git the money back and if I should happen to tell some of them boys who can't git paid and if they'd take a notion to come down and git her—"

"Shut up that lynchin' talk—"

The sheriff's voice snapped the heavy drawl off short and the tall man slammed the door behind him, and went down the long wooden corridor toward the cell block.

LIZBETH felt the weight of the sheriff's gaze and faced him.

"Well," he said, "what's the straight of it?"

"We didn't do it."

He nodded. "Why did you quit town before nine o'clock, then?"

She motioned toward the square.

"The preacher took our corner."

He nodded again and sat down suddenly in a heavy chair, rubbing his hands through his hair.

"There's likely to be hell to pay," he said wearily.

She walked to the window and looked out over the court. The spring wagon was drawn up close beside the rear wall of the jail and the roan sagged in the shafts. A shadow moved somewhere in the middle distance toward the north. A black horse was picking its way silently through the back lanes leading toward the jail.

Lizbeth whirled about, taut against the glass.

"Can't somebody go get us some coffee?" she asked suddenly. "I'm starved and you look tuckered out yourself."

The law dropped one crossed leg with a thump and eyed her incuriously.

"I reckon it won't hurt," he said. "If you give me yore parole not to leave I'll see what I can rustle up."

He started toward the door without waiting for her answer. She listened attentively until the shuffle of his heavy boots faded down the corridor.

Then she ran to the pile of books on top of the desk and slipped the hidden bottle into the high round neckband of her dress.

The courtyard was a black hole in the outer void of night as she peered down again from the window. A whistle faint as a sigh came up to her, a stutter-rhythmed, almost tuneless, snatch of music—the opening bars from her Dance to the Moon.

She tugged at the broad window and it rose slowly, an inch, two, three. Then it stuck. She leaned down to the opening. "Wait," she called. "Wait."

With a desperate pressure she brought the big pane down into its groove and turned back to face the door and the now clear tread of the returning sheriff.

HE WAS carrying a pot of coffee and some thick buns, sticky with sugar. "Best I could do," he said briefly.

She hurried to him and began arranging the food on the flat front of the desk. One of the cups spun from her fingers and shattered on the floor.

The sheriff stilled her cry of dismay. "There's others downstairs," he said. "I'll fetch one."

When he returned the buns were laid out on spread newspapers and a steaming cup of coffee stood on the desk rim beside his chair.

She took the other cup from him and filled it quickly, raising it to her lips.

He raised his and she began to talk rapidly.

"What are they going to do when they come back—without finding the money?"

He drank and made a wry face, looking at his cup a moment in silence.

"The state's attorney's out with some other of the boys lookin' over the scene of the robbery. He'll be back by morning. Then we'll see."

He tasted the coffee again. "Smells funny," he said.

Lizbeth finished her cup. "The warmth will do you good," she counseled. She dropped her head on her hands and yawned deeply, watching him through laced fingers.

Five minutes dragged away. The sheriff began to snore. At the first sonorous rumble Lizbeth jerked upright, scanning his face. She moved close to him. There was no break in the even cadence. She stepped past him, opened the door and an instant later was outside, flat against the wall, feeling her way toward the short flight of steps that led down to the rear doorway and to the court.

Isom Neal was standing beside the wagon with his hand over the black colt's muzzle.

"What are you doing here?" she greeted him. "Get away quickly."

He reached his free arm for her. "Come," he whispered, "dawn will break in a few minutes. We've got to be moving right now."

Her hands pressed against his chest. "No. I'm not going with you—ever. I saw the reward—"

For answer he swooped his right arm about her waist and swung her clear and up—into the saddle. His left hand gripped the bridle and they began to move quickly along the shadow of the courtyard wall toward the open road that led north.

Half a dozen miles beyond Cairo the sunrise greeted them and he swung the galloping black off the main road into a back lane running east and south. In a shaded glen he reined in and dismounted.

"You're going on with me," he said.

She slid from the saddle. "No."

She avoided his eyes. "I don't love you. I can't. They say you're a killer and a thief."

"I'm not. And if you don't love me why didn't you call out for help when you saw me in the jail yard?"

He smiled and forced her to look at him.

"I had to come get you. I was lying back in the brush last night when they took you in. There's no telling what may happen if the night-shift men get to drinking. I couldn't leave you there."

He motioned toward the horse. "Now we're going to get the money."

He cupped his hands to make a step for her but she pulled away.

"You stole it?" she asked. His eyes burned at her.

"I'm not a thief," he said flatly, "nor a killer."

She let him lift her to the colt's back and felt the springing shift of leather as he climbed up behind her.

"We're going to run a sandy on a tough outfit, Lizbeth. I hate it, taking you. But it's the only thing to do."

He started the black ahead through the wood. "Just trust me, do what I tell you and don't lose your nerve."

THEY wormed ahead over a half-obscured trail that twisted and turned back upon itself until Lizbeth had lost all reckoning of their course. Then the underbrush thinned, the tree growth was older, more heavily leaved, the ground rose gently.

They broke abruptly through a mask of vines into a long, flat cleared space, rimmed with limestone rock walls. A voice threw a challenge at them from some hidden post to the right.

Isom pulled the colt to a standstill.

Farther on in the flat grass stood a high-wheeled buckboard with a bay horse tethered near by. The smoke of a small fire rose wispily closer to the rocks and a small, dark man was sitting on a boulder on its far side.

"The street preacher," Lizbeth whispered.

"Hush." It was Isom's voice close to her ear. Then he spoke louder.

"That you, Ranse?" he called.

There was a scrape of boot leather against the rock nearest them and a head like a granite slab reared up above the lichen-covered breastwork. The barrel of a squirrel gun lay across the rock suggestively.

The granite face scowled at them. "Stand where you are."

The dark man had risen from the fire and now a third figure moved toward them from beyond the buckboard. A grotesque figure in skirt and shirtwaist with a mass of muddy-colored hair set askew on its head, coming in long strides down the glen. Down one cheek ran streaks of half-dried lather.

Lizbeth traced the sinister line of the thin-lipped mouth, the small, cruel eyes and knew who it was before Isom spoke.

"Howdy, Bax," he said.

The advancing figure stopped, the eyes shunting from Isom's face to the girl's. "What the devil are you doing here?" he demanded.

Isom's laugh was tinged faintly with irony.

(Continued on page 32)

for MEN *on their way up*

ANKLE-FASHIONED OXFORDS give you just the proper touch of style correctness. *Ankle-Fashioning* insures snug fit at the ankle and preserves smooth, trim lines, even after months of wear. No gapping—no slipping.

MOST STYLES

$8.50 • $10.00 • $12.50

See the shoe for YOUR type—send for Style Book. Dept. C, Nunn-Bush, Milwaukee, Wis.

Nunn-Bush

Ankle-fashioned

OXFORDS

GRAYING HAIR?

Why surrender to gray hair? This famous approved way means radiant color again. We send demonstration FREE.

ALL AROUND you, you see them, these modern women who stay young. Their secret—known to millions—is one that every woman with graying hair should know—the famous clear, colorless liquid called Mary T. Goldman's. By this time-tested way women are safely bringing youthful color to faded strands—so evenly that you would think nature herself had put it there.

You Need No Experience

Mary T. Goldman's method can be done at home. Merely comb colorless liquid through the hair. Any type of hair matched—black, brown, auburn or blonde. Color blends evenly. Hair becomes lustrous, live-looking—easy to curl or wave. No "artificial" look. Nor will color wash or rub off on linens or hat linings.

Entirely SAFE to Use

Mary T. Goldman's has been used by discriminating women for over 30 years. Medical school authorities have pronounced it harmless to hair and scalp.

Test It FREE!

Try it first on a single lock snipped from your hair. See results this way. Why hesitate to make this *safe* test? We have sent it to more than 3,000,000 women. If you prefer, you can obtain full-sized bottle from your druggist on money-back guarantee. Or just mail the coupon. We'll send FREE TEST PACKAGE.

How to make
MARY T. GOLDMAN'S
SINGLE LOCK
TEST

FREE
This Famous
Single Lock
Test Package
Use Coupon

MARY T. GOLDMAN
OVER TEN MILLION BOTTLES SOLD

FOR *FREE* TEST PACKAGE

MARY T. GOLDMAN,
197-B Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name……………………………………

Street……………………………………

City…………………………State…………

CHECK COLOR OF HAIR ✓

☐ BLACK ☐ DARK BROWN
☐ MEDIUM BROWN ☐ LIGHT BROWN
☐ DARK RED ☐ LIGHT RED ☐ BLONDE

(Continued from page 31)

"Same thing you are, I reckon," he said. "Hiding out." He dismounted and stepped to the horse's head. "I didn't know you were in this part of the world."

The chunk-headed man scrambled to the grass and advanced on them.

"Run 'em out of here, Bax," he said.

Neal ignored him, his eyes still on the girl. "How come?" he asked, indicating her with a thrust of his head.

"We're running away—" Isom began.

The dark man cut in with an oath.

"It's the wench from the pitch show," he said, "they've come from Cairo."

Watching, Lizbeth saw Baxter Neal's eyes glint swiftly and his right hand dropped to the waistband of his skirt. She saw the smooth handle of a razor, looped over the cloth.

"We aim to move on soon as night falls," she said.

The three looked up at her. She felt the probing intensity of their eyes—and flushed.

Baxter Neal's thin lips drew back, distorting his face in a slitting grin.

"That'll be nice," he said. "Come right down and make yoreself to home."

They moved to a half-circle about the fire. Baxter Neal at Lizbeth's side waved the big man back. "Yore guard's got an hour yet to run, Ranse," he said slowly. "Keep yore gun cocked and yore ears, too."

He looked appraisingly at Lizbeth.

"If either one of these young sprouts tries to run out," he went on, "shoot Ise." He grinned again broadly. "I'll take care of the little lady."

TWICE in the hour that followed they heard the sound of galloping horses blown to them on the wind. And twice Baxter Neal's hand stole toward his razor.

"If they come," he said the last time to Isom, "they sure as hell will find you—on yore back."

Isom smiled at him across the smothered fire.

"They might be looking for you," he suggested.

"Why?"

Isom still smiled. His eyes held the other's face for an instant and then shifted to the dark man.

"I hear the Queen mine was robbed," he said deliberately.

Lizbeth kept her eyes on Baxter and saw the blazing hate in his face as he half rose. But Isom was watching the little, dark man and he saw the weasel eyes spin in their sockets, back toward the buckboard.

He laughed and looked again at Baxter. "Sit down," he counseled, "it's not seemly for two loving brothers to be fighting—and besides, if we don't hang together, we sure will hang separate."

The crunch of a boot heel on stone warned him that someone was behind him. He looked sidewise. The rugged outline of Ranse was cast in thick shadow on the grass almost touching him. The sinister black bar that was the squirrel gun barrel was pointing at his back.

"Looks from yore shadow like it must be time to go off sentry duty, Ranse," he said quietly. He winked at Baxter, and then turned to stare fixedly at Lizbeth.

"Dance for us," he said abruptly.

For the moment she was too stunned to think clearly but sat as she was, tense and startled, searching his face for a smile that would tell her he was joking.

But he was impassive as the rocks at his back. Isom returned her stare for an instant and then rose.

"Come on," he said sharply, "I'll make music—you dance."

He began to clap his hands softly and whistle the weird music. Lizbeth rose slowly, her face set. Her feet began to move in a rhythmic, creeping stamp and shuffle.

Isom was bending over, whistling into his hands, moving too, in aimless circles farther out to her right. Suddenly she realized why—

She brought her feet close together and a slow undulating movement seemed to start at her ankles and spiral upward through her lithe young body.

Ranse laughed coarsely, shifted his weight—and Isom struck.

One of his swinging, clapping hands had scooped a weathered hickory staff from the ground and brought it in the same lunging motion against the granite man's skull. Ranse grunted and fell forward.

The squirrel gun stood upright an instant and then began to fall but Isom's swift-moving left hand gathered it in and rammed the stock against his hip, the black barrel sweeping a short and deadly arc across the embers of the fire.

"Keep yore hands up, Bax, and you, Blackie—way up."

He jerked his head toward the buckboard. "You, Lizbeth, get some rope from under the seat and tie 'em."

She looped the stout rope at his direction about their waists and elbows and around their throats so that every move brought the strangling pressure of the hemp against their windpipes. Then she held the gun while he trussed big Ranse, moaning into semi-consciousness.

Baxter, who had cursed fluently and venomously when first the gun bore down upon his chest, twisted his head to ease the pressure of the rope.

"You can't take me in, you damn' fool," he rasped, "you'll hang with me."

Isom kicked him to his feet. "I'll call that hand," he said shortly. "Maybe I will and maybe I won't."

He leaned close to the other and the laugh went out of his eyes. "Maybe you didn't plant enough evidence when you tried to make me out a killer and thief to save yore own dirty hide."

He loaded the three men into the buckboard bed between the pulpit and the melodeon. "Sit on the seat with yore back to the team and keep the gun on them," he told Lizbeth. Then he harnessed the bay and whipped the light wagon out through the back trail, heading for Cairo.

It was three o'clock when they reached the main road at the outskirts of the town. Lizbeth gripped Isom's arm and forced him to halt.

"You can't go in," she said. "Wait here. I'll go the rest of the way."

He swung about on the seat to face her.

"Do you believe now?" he asked.

She nodded.

"Say it," he pleaded.

"I believe you," she said slowly—"and I love you."

He smiled at that with something of the old laugh in his eyes. "Then I don't guess anything else matters," he said. "We're going in together, and by heaven, Lizbeth, we're going out together."

BEFORE the clatter of their arrival at the jail yard had died down a group of deputies had issued from the rear door of the jail and flanked the wagon on either side. Down through that lane came the sheriff. He looked quizzically at Lizbeth, but his voice was stern and uncompromising.

"Well?" he said, but before she could answer he saw the huddled trio in the wagon.

"What have you got?"

"The men that robbed the Queen," she answered him.

Isom prodded them with his gun and they rose stiffly, chary of the tugging ropes at their throats, and lined up in silence facing the sheriff.

Lizbeth stepped beside them and lifted the muddy-colored wig from Baxter's head.

"There," she said. "They did it—and there's yore killer to boot."

The sheriff eyed the three stonily. Then he looked at Lizbeth.

"Where's the money you say they stole?"

She gasped and turned to Isom. She had forgotten the proof. But he was grinning confidently.

"We brought that, too," he said. "Thanks to old Parson Blackie yonder." He lifted the big Bible and riffled the leaves rapidly. With a knife he slit the binding of the front and back covers and brought out double sheaves of bills.

"There's gold, too," the sheriff pointed out.

"That's most likely in the music box, Sheriff." Isom leaped to the ground and pointed to the green- and yellow-backed bills. "The numbers of them will be proof enough."

THE law nodded toward the tethered men. "Lock them up," he said. Then to Isom and Lizbeth: "Come with me."

He went quickly across the court and upstairs into the office.

He looked at Isom thoughtfully for a moment in silence. "Yore wanted for murder," he said finally; "why did you come in?"

"I'm not guilty."

"Have you got an alibi?"

Isom shrugged. "I've got to get it over with, one way or another. I'm sick of hiding out." He looked at Lizbeth. "And we aim to get married."

The law sighed gustily. Without comment he walked stiffly to the old telephone on the wall and turned the bell crank.

"Gimme the state's attorney's office," he said.

"We got the bunch that robbed the Queen," he said. "Yeah. Yeah. One of 'em's Baxter Neal." There was a pause during which the other voice crackled sharply over the wire.

The sheriff broke in. "Wait. We can't git him on that old charge without a witness—a good state's witness. Now I been told that the other one, the kid, will come in and surrender if you'll kill the indictment."

He coughed a little nervously.

"Well, I believe I could lay my hands on him right soon if you'll give me yore word not to prosecute."

There were more words and then the sheriff hung up. He slouched back to his chair and regarded the pair before him owlishly.

"You two better go git married right now," he said. "There's no tellin' how long before this trial will come up."

"Did he agree?" They spoke in chorus.

The law nodded.

"And you don't have to lock him up—till then?" It was Lizbeth who thought of that.

This time the law yawned.

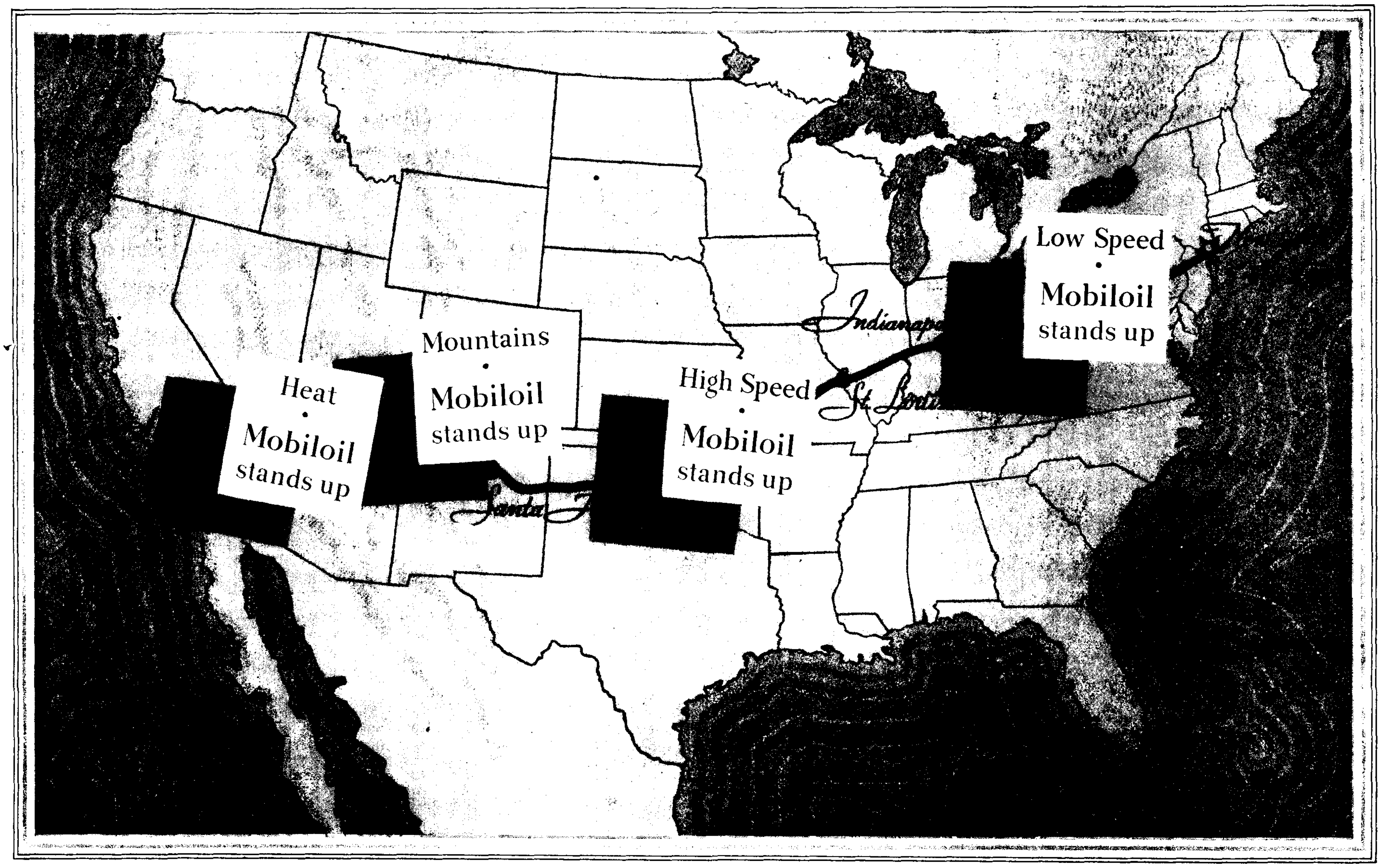
"Well, rightly I should." He winked at her. "But there ain't nothing to stop him from escaping till I send word he's wanted—me being so sleepy."

He made a pretense of snoring with his eyes open and laughed at the flush of guilt in Lizbeth's face.

"I'm going down stairs now and unlock yore dad and the nigger," he told her—"and next time you try to give an old hand like me a shot of dope to put 'im in dreamland, don't stop pouring so soon."

He walked to the door and made a satirical motion of benediction.

"Shucks," he said, "I like to tore the roof off my mouth pretendin' to snore till you was safe outside."


Low Speed
•
Mobiloil
stands up
Mountains
•
Mobiloil
stands up
High Speed
•
Mobiloil
stands up
Heat
•
Mobiloil
stands up
Indianap
St. Lou
Santa F

Low speed, high speed ·· mountains, heat ··· Mobiloil stands up

Coast to Coast in 60 hours and 51 minutes! That's the record set by Cannon Ball Baker in a car lubricated with Mobiloil. Mile after mile, Mobiloil stood up.

Take your time when the going is tough. Burn up miles when going is smooth. Mobiloil will always .

At slow speeds Mobiloil does not break down, it does not gum, it does not leave excessive carbon. At high speeds, Mobiloil's amazing ability to brings sure protection to fast moving parts.

Drive as you like. Mobiloil will always !

When your trip is finished—Mobiloil is ready for more. The rich wear-and-heat-defying lubrication that is built into each drop of rugged Mobiloil.

Mobiloil because it is made, not found. It is made in the most modern plants, by the most modern processes known to man. Improvement after improvement has steadily increased its ability to .

Ask here
for
GARGOYLE
Mobiloil

Drive in where you see the Mobiloil sign, and ask for Mobiloil by name. You'll find Mobiloil in every town, on every highway throughout the country.

because it is Made ·· not Found

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

FREE Enough Hires Extract to make 8 BOTTLES of delicious HIRES ROOT BEER. Just mail the coupon below.

End the High Cost of Beverages • *Change to* Hires Root Beer

THINK of it—this delicious beverage for only 1½c a bottle. What a saving compared to what you usually pay!

A wonderful flavor—refreshing, invigorating. Yet not costly. One of the very finest beverages at a fraction of the usual price.

May we prove this by sending you a free trial bottle of Hires Extract, from which you can make 8 bottles of Hires Root Beer?

You and your family will love the distinctive, appealing flavor of Hires Root Beer, its refreshing, invigorating results.

If the trial delights you and your family, then for 30c at all dealers you can buy a full-size bottle of Hires Extract—it makes 40 bottles of Hires Root Beer.

Millions of families all over the Nation are enjoying this famous, thirst-quenching beverage, containing the juices of 16 roots, barks, berries and herbs—Nature's invigorating and appetizing ingredients. Absolutely pure—free from artificial color and flavor.

Mail the coupon at once for free trial bottle of Hires Extract—or order a full-size 30c bottle from your dealer today. 35c in Canada.

At Fountains and from Hires Kegs, you can get Hires Root Beer by the glass. Also it comes already bottled.

THIS BOTTLE OF EXTRACT MAKES 40 PINT BOTTLES OF
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
DELICIOUS
Hires
ROOT BEER
HEALTHFUL
(HOUSEHOLD FORMULA)

THE CHARLES E. HIRES COMPANY,
Dept. M, Philadelphia, Pa. [3-4-11]
Please send me free sample of Hires Root Beer Extract.
Name..............................
Address..............................
City....................State..........
PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS

Canadians may mail coupon to The Charles E. Hires Co., Ltd., Toronto

In the Strongroom

Continued from page 18

Inspector observed. "You're a millionaire, and a knight or a baronet, or something—we don't take any stock in that rubbish over on my side—but, when you talk about America, you don't know what you're speaking about. Police headquarters of New York has nothing to gain for itself by putting you wise to the fact that you're the mark of a gang. It's just a matter of international courtesy that brings me over here with the hope of laying hands on a criminal we're very anxious to catch. I've brought Mr. Hames with me so that you should have no doubt about my bona fides. Mr. Hames was in the force with me as a younger man. If you—"

"Yes, yes," Sir Stephen interrupted, "I don't doubt your bona fides. Perhaps I'm a little irritable this morning, Inspector. Get right on with it, and tell me about this gang that are going to try to rob me."

"MAY I ask a question?" Martin begged. "The firm that you said had been trying to purchase this document in the ordinary way of business—was it the Incorporated Finance Trust of Wall Street?"

"That's right," the Inspector agreed.

"I think I can explain something of the matter then, Sir Stephen," his secretary volunteered. "I have brought to your notice two or three times the fact that they have written to acquire an option you once bought from a man named William David Harding—a six years' option, it was, I think, expiring next year, to purchase certain lands in Texas and Oklahoma—not far from a famous oil field."

"I remember," Sir Stephen reflected. "I didn't want to have anything to do with the affair, but I had made a little money one way and another through Harding, and he needed the cash. That was all he had to offer. Yes, we've got the option all right. I suppose they've discovered there's oil there, eh?"

"Looks like it," the Inspector agreed.

"They began by offering to buy it back for twenty thousand dollars," Martin continued. "They increased that to forty thousand. Last week we had a cable offering fifty thousand. Acting on Sir Stephen's instructions I replied that the option was not for sale at the moment, and I wrote to our solicitors in New York requesting them to send an expert to report upon the property."

The Inspector chuckled.

"Well, there we have the whole affair," he pointed out. "Your friend Harding, or the people who now own the land, want to get hold of that option at any cost. They haven't been able to buy it so they've engaged the cleverest burglar in the world to come and rob you of it."

"And where is this light-fingered gentleman?" Sir Stephen inquired.

A frown slowly darkened the Inspector's countenance. Momentarily, at any rate, he seemed to lose his air of supreme self-assurance. His tone betrayed signs of irritation.

"There were seven hundred people on board my boat," he confided. "I bet a hundred dollars that I could spot Joe Marven before we were out three days. I lost my money."

"You mean then that you couldn't find him, and you have not the slightest idea as to his present whereabouts?" Sir Stephen suggested ironically. "You fellows aren't so smart as you used to be."

"I know that he is in Monte Carlo, anyway," the Inspector declared. "It's here I wanted to arrest him—in your strongroom, or wherever you keep your papers."

"How do you know I keep my papers here at all?" Sir Stephen demanded. "I have three other houses, not to speak of interests in a few banks."

The Inspector answered a little wearily. From his manner one would judge that he was beginning heartily to dislike his host.

"Do give me credit for knowing something now and then, sir," he begged. "What we know, we know through the man who squealed about the job. We had it from him, after he had left the syndicate, that all your private papers and documents were kept at this villa here; that it was supposed to be burglar proof, but that you had a weakness for keeping no money in the house, only gold and silver plate."

Sir Stephen was obviously somewhat taken aback.

"That syndicate you're speaking of must have a fairly intelligent espionage system over on this side," he admitted. "It is perfectly true that I seldom keep more than a few thousand in the house, but most of my documents are in my strongroom here, because it amuses me to go through them sometimes, and there is, of course, gold and silver plate. Except for that—although I consider mine is the most perfectly burglar-proof house in the world—I haven't a thing worth stealing—not a thing, I mean, that would be really portable."

The Inspector's smile was supercilious in the extreme.

"I've heard of those burglar-proof houses," he remarked, with a twinkle in his eyes. "However, let's get back to hard facts. I don't want to waste time, and I mean to have my man on the steamer from Marseilles by the day after tomorrow. Try to get this into your head: Your house is going to be broken into tonight."

Sir Stephen smiled.

"You say that you have been unfortunate in losing a bet about spotting your man coming over," he observed. "I will give you a chance to get it back again. I will bet you five hundred pounds that no burglar in the world, tonight or at any time, reaches my strongroom; or, if he does reach it, that he does not help himself to a single document in my safe."

"YOU wouldn't like to give me odds, sir?" the Inspector ventured. "Five hundred pounds is a great deal to a man in my position."

"Five to one," Sir Stephen acquiesced. "Now, come along. Martin, get your keys. Mr. Hames will excuse us, I am sure, because what I am going to show to a detective who lives in New York, I couldn't show to a resident here, if he were the Prince."

Peter Hames rose to his feet.

"Well, there's nothing more I can do for you, I suppose, Inberton?" he asked.

"Nothing at all, thank you," was the cordial reply. "Your introduction to Sir Stephen was all that I needed."

"Remember me to the Chief, and all of them in New York," Peter Hames enjoined. "If you have any time to spare and care to look me up, they'll tell you at the Hotel de Paris how to find my villa."

The Inspector sighed.

"No luck for me that way, I am afraid. I have to get my extradition papers viséd this afternoon, and I expect tomorrow I shall have a little playmate with me. Many thanks all the same."

"Glad to have seen you, Mr. Hames," Sir Stephen grunted, holding out his hand. "You understand, I am sure, the feeling I have about divulging the secrets of the house to a resident?"

"Absolutely," Peter Hames assured him. "I have always been told you live in a fortress, and I am quite willing to take it for granted."

Whereupon Peter Hames took his leave.

MR. PADDY COLLINS, sometime reporter on a New York newspaper, but now a man of means and the prospective owner of a château in the neighborhood of Monte Carlo, was having the day of his life. From his terrace he had watched the arrival of the American steamer, and in less than half an hour he had been back in his old world. Probably no man had ever a larger circle of acquaintances than had the ex-journalist. There were slapping of shoulders, cocktails, reminiscences, almost hugging, every few minutes.

He lunched on board with a riotous crowd and afterwards extemporized a personally conducted tour of the bars of Monte Carlo. There was another riotous dinner at the Hotel de Paris, where Paddy himself was host, and afterwards an invasion of the Sporting Club. Then, one by one, his new friends began to fade away, for the ship was due to sail at midnight, and, although everybody agreed that Monte Carlo was as near Paradise as any place outside the United States could be, no one wanted to miss the boat.

As the last carload disappeared, Paddy Collins felt lonely. He was indisposed to go home at this early hour. He needed genial and human companionship. He rang up the villa at La Turbie and was gratified to hear Peter Hames' voice replying.

"Peter, my lad," his friend confided, "it's been the day of my life. I've met a hundred old pals, and it was good to see them. I think I'm sober, but I'm not sure. There's one thing very certain, I'm not for bed. Come down and see them off, and join me in a whisk around. You've missed the day of your life."

"Have I?" Peter rejoined. "I've been keeping out of the way on purpose. I love my fellow countrymen, but not en masse and not tripping."

"Step out of that, Peter, my lad. They're good fellows, all of them. I'm the best, and I'm alone and thirsty. Get into that little two-seater of yours, and give me a spin round."

"I'll be down in a quarter of an hour," Peter promised. "Where are you?"

"I'll be sitting in the bar of the Hotel de Paris, with a bottle of the best in front of me by the time you get down," was the grateful reply.

"You're a wonderful fellow," Peter Hames exclaimed, a short time later, as he scrutinized his vis-à-vis. "How many drinks do you suppose you've had today?"

"Oh, I'm always a bit of a bluffer with the drinks," Paddy Collins confessed. "I take my whack, and no one enjoys it more, but there's many a one goes overboard when no one's looking. It doesn't take alcohol to get me cheerful, especially since Uncle Henry died. But what a day! Peter, I'll tell you something that will make you howl. Did you ever know in your time at police headquarters anything of a man called Inberton? He was an inspector, I think, when you were there."

"Yes, I knew him quite well," Peter acknowledged.

(*Continued on page 36*)

SIX *out of every ten are making the same confident choice*

Because of their popularity, the present models of 1931 Buick Straight Eights will be continued throughout the coming summer and fall.—BUICK MOTOR COMPANY

People who buy fine cars weigh the merits of various cars carefully—they consider the testimony of friends—*and then make up their own minds which car to choose.*

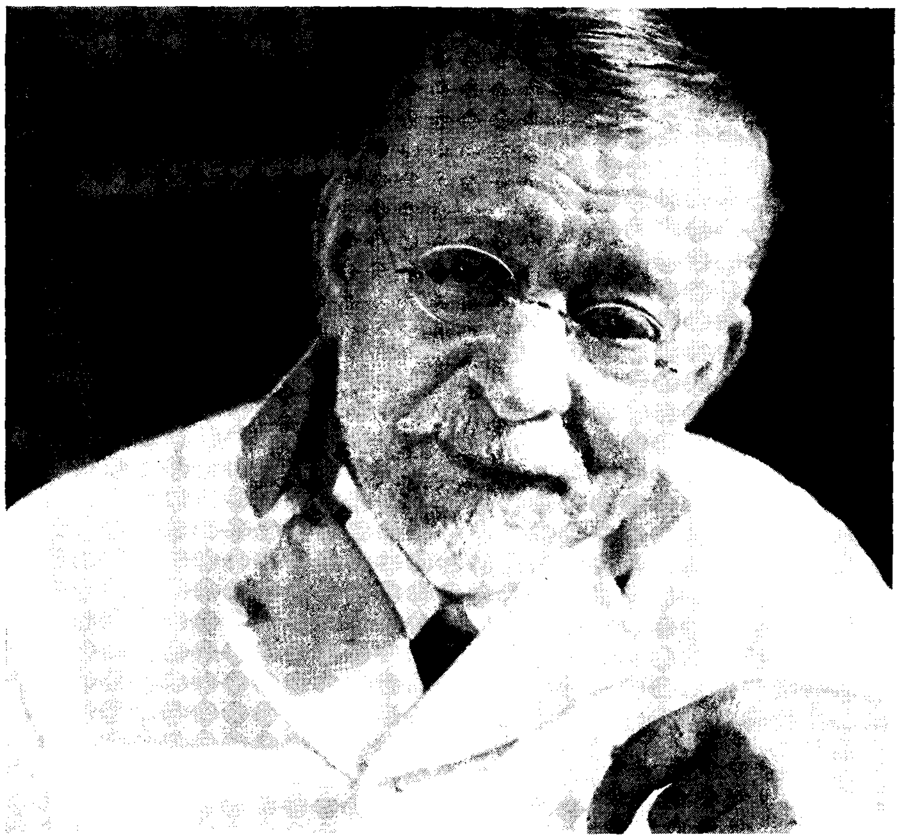
In the field of eights priced between $1000 and $2000, where fourteen makes compete for their favor, six out of every ten people select the Eight as Buick Builds It. More than fifty per cent choose Buick, while 13 other manufacturers share the rest.

This would be noteworthy even if it happened only for a single month in a single locality. But it has vital meaning when you realize that it happens *month after month, throughout the entire nation,* among buyers on farms, in towns and in big cities.

Men and women want to be sure of their motor car purchase. They *are* sure of Buick. For they know that Buick guards with precision manufacture this twenty-seven year confidence of the motoring public.

When Better Automobiles Are Built, Buick Will Build Them

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN



DR. EMIL FRONZ, *of Vienna, official physician to the entire Imperial Family of Austria*

"I know no better way to keep internally Clean*"*

— reports the Physician to the late Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria

JUST consider, for a moment, this emphatic statement by one of Europe's most noted physicians.

What Dr. Fronz is referring to is a simple *food*— a food that excels all other methods of clearing away the poison-forming wastes that daily accumulate in your body!

Here is what Dr. Fronz says about this remarkable food, fresh yeast:—

"It is sometimes difficult for a modern physician to admit that a simple, home-like remedy has a greater value than drugs bought at a much higher price.

"During the many years of my career as a physician, I have always prescribed natural remedies. In the front rank of these I place fresh yeast.

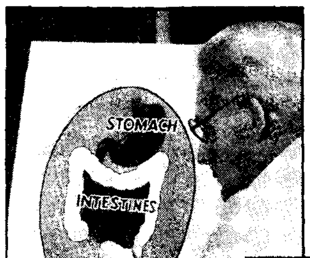
"My experience is that yeast will make eliminations regular and restore digestion to normal. By keeping the system free of poisons, yeast will keep the skin clear of pimples, boils, etc. . . . I know of no better internal regulator than fresh yeast."

So why go on dosing yourself with weakening cathartics and pills? Just go to the nearest grocery, restaurant or soda fountain and get a supply of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast, today!

Eat three cakes every day — before meals, or between meals and at bedtime. Eat it any way you like. Each cake, you know, is rich in three health-giving vitamins — B, G and D.

And write for free booklet. Standard Brands Inc., 691 Washington St., N.Y.C.

© 1931, Standard Brands Incorporated



(*Left*) Poisons from *sluggish intestines* seep into the system and undermine health, physicians explain. Headaches, indigestion, etc., result. Eating fresh yeast daily keeps intestines *clean*.

(*Right*) Here's the food thousands eat to correct constipation. It's Fleischmann's Yeast. Eat 3 cakes a day, plain or in a third of a glass *of water (hot or cold)*.

NOTED HOSPITAL AUTHORITY SAYS:

DR. VON NOORDEN, founder of the world-famous clinic in Frankfort, Germany, reports: "Yeast can, in a short time, bring about normal functioning of the bowels."

(*Left*) "I want to say how Fleischmann's Yeast helped me," *writes* Mrs. M. E. Patterson, *New York*. "A friend recommended it for a sluggish system and indigestion. It proved a wonderful way to correct my trouble."

To benefit fully, insist on fresh yeast . . . Fleischmann's Yeast

In the Strongroom

Continued from page 34

"A funny business about him. You heard the rights of it, I suppose."

Peter shook his head.

"I have never heard anything of him since I left New York," he confided. "When I saw—"

"God bless my soul!" Paddy Collins interrupted. "Well, I'll have a drink on that," he went on, filling his tumbler, and his friend's. I'm telling you something that will make you laugh about Ernie Inberton. He was as smart as they make them, and he was the terror of every burglar in the States. He understood every trick there was in the trade, could walk into any house he chose at any time.

"Now this story will make you laugh, Peter, if you haven't heard it, and I know you don't take the American newspapers. He became obsessed with his own skill—got into his blood, I suppose. One night there was a marvelous bank burglary—over a million dollars' worth of securities stolen—and there didn't seem a line on anybody. Then—I don't know how it was—some stupid little thing, I expect—it all came out. Ernie had done the burglary himself."

THE glass which Peter Hames was holding to his lips went crashing onto the floor. He took no notice.

"Say that again, Paddy," he demanded.

"Ernie had done the burglary. He got four years for it. He was out about six months ago. I thought you'd have heard that. But listen, my lad, here's the cream of the joke. Live and let live, I say. Other people can go hunting wrongdoers; never me. Ernie Inberton is here with the rest of them, on the steamer. I saw him with me own eyes. . . . Why, what's the matter with you, Peter? What's wrong, man?"

Peter Hames was thinking rapidly. He glanced at the clock. Within a quarter of an hour of midnight.

"Paddy," he said, "I've been the damnedest fool, but how was I to know? I met Inberton. He was still wearing his badge and he never breathed a word of any of this trouble. I believed him when he told me he was over here shadowing a man who meant to commit a burglary at Sir Stephen Driscoff's tonight. I—listen, Paddy—I took him up there—fool that I was! I introduced him to Sir Stephen as an inspector in the New York police. I left him there with Sir Stephen, who was going to show him his strongroom and his burglar-proof safe, and all the rest of it!"

If Paddy Collins had ever been in the least degree unsober, that time had passed.

"By the grace of God," he exclaimed, "I have a gun in my hip pocket. Your car's outside. Let's leap into it, and make for the château. We'll likely enough be in time. A pleasant end to the evening it may turn out to be!"

It was ten minutes to twelve when the two men left the Hotel de Paris, and twelve o'clock when they pulled up outside the Château de Roquebrune. There was no light in the porter's lodge, and the gates were locked. Neither of the two visitors was inclined to waste any time. Within a minute, they were both safely over the famous wall, which in itself was looked upon as being almost sufficient protection against marauders. They went up the avenue at a fast double, running on a strip of green grass in order to approach as silently as possible. Before them all the time loomed the huge, gloomy front of the château.

Breathlessly they crossed the final circular sweep of the drive and arrived at the front door. Peter Hames drew down the great bell chain vigorously. The echoes had scarcely died away when, to the amazement of the two men, the door was thrown open. A manservant presented himself.

"Sir Stephen," Peter Hames gasped.

The man's reply was astonishing.

"Sir Stephen will see you, gentlemen,' the man replied.

A little dazed, they followed the servant into a magnificent library on the ground floor. Sir Stephen, correctly attired in dinner suit, was seated in a comfortable easy-chair before a log fire.

"Ah," he remarked, "my young friend of this morning, and a gentleman with whom I am not acquainted."

"Mr. Collins, an American journalist," Peter Hames explained hurriedly. "He has just told me a most alarming story. Sir Stephen, I'm terribly sorry. The Inspector was a fraud. He has been in prison himself for burglary since I knew him. I'm afraid he was after your paper."

"Dear me," Sir Stephen exclaimed without visible sign of emotion, "and I showed him all—or very nearly all—of my burglar-proof devices. This is most distressing."

"We're in time, I hope?" Peter Hames continued. "We'll guard the room, if we may. We're both armed."

Sir Stephen nodded approvingly.

"Martin was quite right," he reflected, "quite right. He was certain that you came in good faith. As regards your friend the Inspector," he added, rising to his feet, "it is perhaps time we went and had a look at him, Martin!"

The secretary approached from the shadows in the background.

"Let us," his employer suggested, "have a look at our visitor."

They trooped across the hall, down a blank passage until they reached a door at the end. Martin drew a small gilt key from his pocket.

"Will you gentlemen all stand back, please," he begged, as he fitted it into the lock. "Stand quite clear of the door until I have touched the switch."

The door swung open. A little column of faint violet mist strayed out. Martin thrust his hand to the side of the wall, and pressed a plug. There was a sound inside like the rushing of wind.

THEY stood grouped on the threshold, looking into what might have been an ordinary banker's strongroom, with several iron doors at intervals let into the wall. In one of them was fitted a key, and, flat upon the floor, below it, lay the Inspector, motionless. The room itself was still half filled with the violet mist, which was being rapidly sucked up, however, by a large tube hanging down from the ceiling. Sir Stephen bent over the prostrate body.

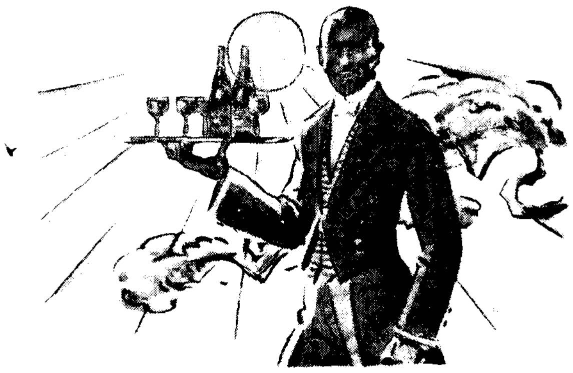
"I showed him a good many of my antiburglar appliances," he explained, "but not quite all. I quite forgot to tell him how to shut off the poison gas. What do you think of him, Martin?"

The secretary was on his knees. He opened the waistcoat from which still hung the badge of the ex-detective's non-existent office. Then he looked up, and shook his head.

"I am afraid, Sir Stephen," he confided, "that we left him just five minutes too long."

Going, Going, Gone!—another romantic adventure of Peter Hames—will appear in an early issue of Collier's.

Into the Heart of the South



goes this fine old ginger ale

Time flows very pleasantly in the South. Behind the storied porticoes you hear the soft, low laughter of women. Beneath the columned doorways you meet a gracious welcome everywhere. And always in the air you breathe the fragrance of Southern cooking.

It is, perhaps, one of the finest tributes ever paid to Canada Dry Ginger Ale that it has won its way into the famous menus of the South. With that fine perception for the good things of life which distinguishes them, Southerners have welcomed Canada Dry to their hearths and homes.

For what beverage is a more fitting toast to beauty than this fine old ginger ale? What drink so gracious as a welcoming gesture to friends? Or more thoroughly satisfying with chicken breast *à la Maryland* and candied yams and golden corn bread?

In color, Canada Dry is the hue of chilled amber. See how it gleams and dances in your glass! In it are blended the snowy sparkle of the mountains of Canada and the rich sunshine of the ginger fields of Jamaica. Taste it! It's so piquant, and mellow, and delicious! No wonder it has won the approval of connoisseurs and the patronage of royalty—the whole world over.

A unique and secret process

Canada Dry Ginger Ale is made by a special, exclusive process. All the aromatic fragrance of the ginger root is preserved . . . all the delicate flavor—true and full-bodied. No other ginger ale tastes so delicious, because this process is the sole property of Canada Dry. That is why, penny for penny, Canada Dry gives you more value for your money.

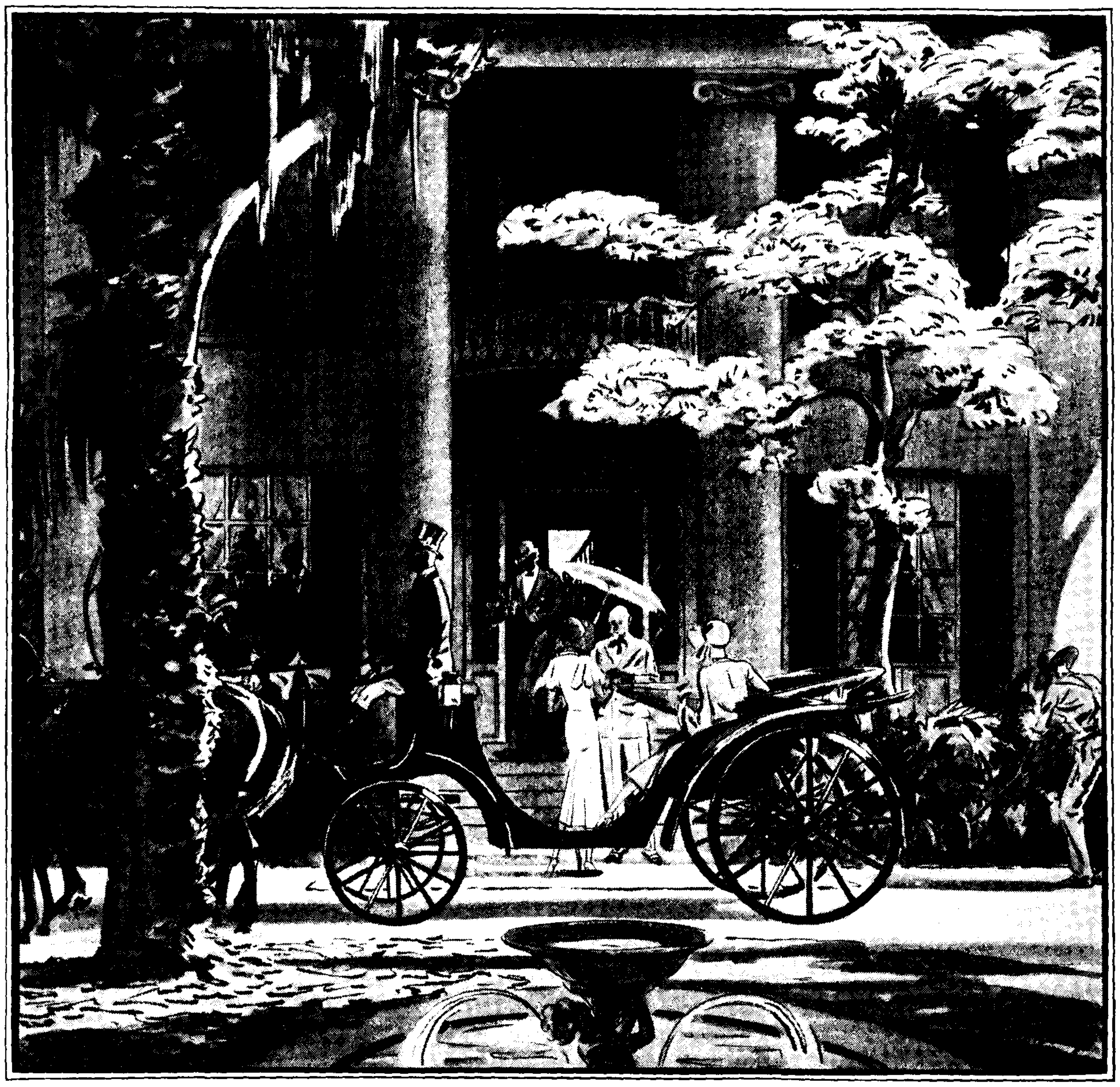
That is why it is called *The Champagne of Ginger Ales*. Let it lend its gracious sparkle to your dinners and parties. Order the handy Hostess Package.

CANADA DRY'S

Sparkling Lime   Golden Ginger Ale

Sparkling Orange

These three delicious beverages are also made under the Canada Dry seal. Try them soon. They are all delightful.



THE CHAMPAGNE OF GINGER ALES
BOTTLED IN U.S.A.
CANADA DRY
PALE GINGER ALE
CANADA DRY GINGER ALE
NEW YORK

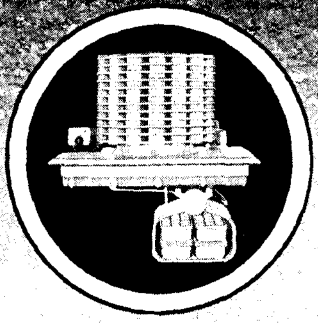
CANADA DRY

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Champagne of Ginger Ales

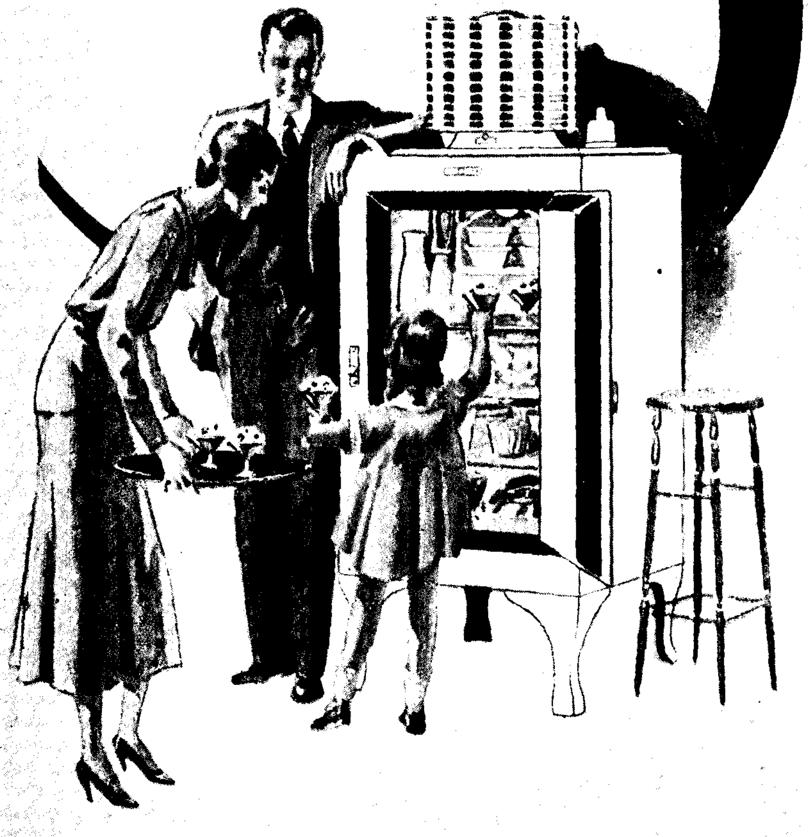
© 1931

Proved in design



.NOW

A 3 YEAR



PRODUCT of the world's richest storehouse of electrical knowledge—the worth of its revolutionary design doubly proved, in fifteen years of laboratory tests and three years of home usage—the General Electric Monitor Top Refrigerator now bears a 3-Year Guarantee.

This warranty—backed by the vast resources of the General Electric Company—now protects each new purchaser of a General Electric for three full years against service costs.

Adding guaranteed freedom from service expense to unparalleled dollar-for-dollar value, General Electric again justifies its leadership.

Convenience, large investments in food, family health itself—demand that refrigeration *must not fail.* General Electric users will tell you this remarkable refrigerating unit has proved as *dependable* as electric light—that the slight daily cost of current has been the *only* cost they have had to meet.

Saving food, time, labor and expense, the General Electric Refrigerator actually pays for itself—returns endless dividends in cash and convenience. Spoilage is reduced to a minimum—perishables are kept sweet and fresh—in the crisp, dry, constant cold of a General Electric.

Let your nearest General Electric dealer explain the many exclusive features—the beautiful, modern, All-Steel cabinet, sliding shelves, accessible temperature regulator for fast-freezing, three definite zones of cold, broom-high legs for easy sweeping, maximum food storage space, low operating cost and other vital advantages.

Begin your enjoyment of a General Electric Refrigerator with the satisfaction of knowing that you will be free of all service expense on the General Electric Refrigerator for *three full years.* Down payments are as low as $10 with moderate installments spread over 24 months.

Write us for the latest issue of our magazine, "The Silent Hostess." It contains valuable information regarding proper food preservation and its relationship to health. Address Section C4, Electric Refrigeration Department, General Electric Company, 1400 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

Proved *in the home*

BACKED BY GUARANTEE

NEW! SLIDING SHELVES

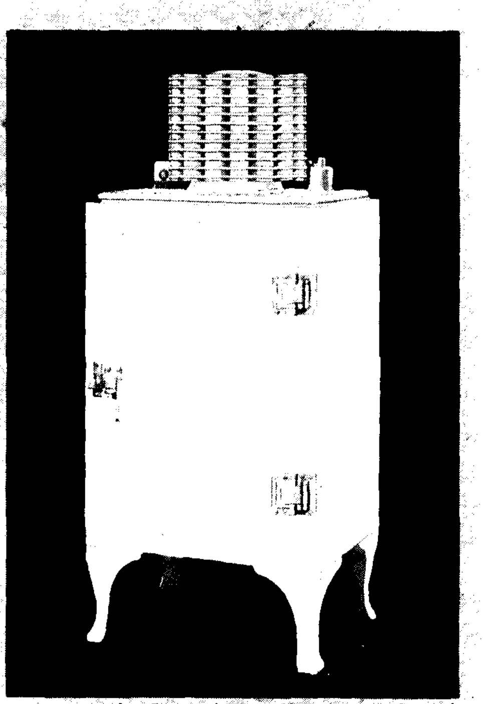
● *Sliding Shelves*—The new General Electric All-Steel Refrigerator models have the exclusive new General Electric development—balanced, rust-proof, and adjustable sliding shelves that glide easily, quietly. Merely pull shelves forward to make entire shelf space instantly accessible for foods most frequently used.

● *Monitor Top*—Hermetically sealed like a MAZDA lamp, the "On Top" refrigerating unit contains all mechanism—permanently oiled—completely protected against air, dirt and moisture.

● *Multi-Temperature*—A range of the three zones of temperature essential to good refrigeration. (1) Super-freezer for fast freezing. (2) The chiller for cold-storage of salads, pastries, extra ice cubes, and defrosting. (3) Even, dry temperature of cabinet, always below 50 degrees. A *fourth* zone for moist cold storage of vegetables can be had with the Vegetable Pan.

● *Accessible Temperature Regulator*—Faster freezing when you want it, with an easily accessible dial on top of the cabinet. Ice cubes and frozen desserts prepared in a hurry.

● *Low Operating Cost*—General Electric design employs a smaller motor, consuming less current.



Join us in the General Electric Program, broadcast every Saturday evening, on a nation-wide N. B. C. network

NEW! MODERN HARDWARE

● *Modern Hardware*—With the announcement of the 3-Year Guarantee comes news of beautiful new chromium plated hardware, which reflects and enhances the modern lines of the General Electric Refrigerator. Like the Monitor Top itself, this hardware—designed primarily for its sturdiness and serviceability—unconsciously expresses the deep and enduring beauty of all things practical and modern. There is also a new finger-tip latch—enabling you to open the refrigerator door with the touch of the finger.

● *All-Steel Cabinet*—Durable—built like a safe, with thick airtight doors and unusually efficient insulation that keeps cold in—locks heat out. Stain resisting interior. Broom-high legs makes sweeping easy.

● *The vitreous enamel* interior of the All-Steel cabinets can not be deteriorated or discolored by fruit acids.

● *Quiet Operation*—Only 3 simple moving parts and these are hushed in a blanket of oil.

● *Simple Installation*—Plug into nearest convenience outlet, same as an electric fan or iron. Move anywhere—anytime.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

DO YOU SMOKE

FROM

HABIT

OR DO YOU

SMOKE

for pleasure

?

HOW many times a day do you reach for a smoke without thinking—without realizing what your hands are doing? That kind of smoking is just a habit, not a pleasure.

Learn to smoke in the way that will give you the greatest pleasure. A pipe smoker never smokes just from habit. He smokes for the genuine enjoyment that his pipe gives him.

If you do not smoke a pipe, today is not a bit too soon to start. Get yourself a good pipe and fill it with Edgeworth, then settle down to smoke for pleasure.

Edgeworth's blend of fine old burleys and its distinctive eleventh process give it a flavor that the man who smokes *for pleasure* quickly learns to relish.

You can buy Edgeworth wherever good tobacco is sold. Or clip the coupon below for special sample packet, free.

EDGEWORTH

SMOKING TOBACCO

Edgeworth is a blend of fine old burleys, with its natural savor insured by Edgeworth's distinctive eleventh process. Buy Edgeworth anywhere in two forms—"Ready-Rubbed" and "Plug Slice." All sizes. 15¢ pocket package to pound humidor tin. *Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.*

Tune in on WRVA, the Edgeworth Radio Station. —Corn Cob Pipe Club every Wednesday, 8 to 9 P. M. Eastern Standard Time.

15¢

EDGEWORTH
EXTRA
HIGH GRADE
READY-RUBBED
SMOKING TOBACCO
LARUS & BRO. CO.
RICHMOND, VA. U.S.A.

CLIP COUPON

LARUS & BRO. CO., 100 S. 22d St.
Richmond, Va.
Send me the Edgeworth sample packet. I'll try the Edgeworth in a *good* pipe.

Name__________

Address__________

City and State__________

H-70

"Just imagine this cunning little deuce taking your ace, Mr. Highpower!"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Common Sense Contract Bridge

North
S. Q-8-5-3-2
H. A-10-5
D. A
C. Q-J-10-5

West
S. 9-6-4
H. 8-2
D. J-10-9-4-3
C. 7-6-2

East
S. 7
H. Q-J-9-6-4
D. K-8-6-5-2
C. 8-3

South
S. A-K-J-10
H. K-7-3
D. Q-7
C. A-K-9-4

THE above hand, which appeared in last week's Collier's, was played in a Contract game by experts who proved to be both bold and brilliant.

East and West did nothing but pass. South started with two Spades, North jumped to five Spades, South then bid six Clubs, North answered with six Diamonds, South bid six Spades, and North went the limit, calling a grand slam in Spades. While no one will deny the skill of these particular bidders, one or two of their calls in this hand were more ambitious than prudent.

South had a perfectly sound two-Spade bid. To bid two originally requires six tricks, three of which must be high-card tricks; and South could count three and a half in Spades, two in Clubs and a half in Hearts, of which five were high cards; he could rate his Queen of Diamonds and fourth Club as additional assets. North could count the Queen of the suit his partner had bid as one raiser, five cards of that suit with a singleton in the hand as one and a half raisers, the Ace of Hearts as one raiser, the singleton Ace of Diamonds as two raisers (one because of its being a singleton) and the Queen-Jack of Clubs as a half raiser—total, six raisers.

When partner has started by bidding two of a suit, it takes six raisers to jump to six; North had just six raisers and should have called six Spades, not five. North's five was an underbid, but South did not know that and consequently there was little excuse for South's bidding further as he had shown practically his full strength by his initial bid.

The hand was played as follows: West led the Jack of Diamonds, which North had to win. The Declarer then exhausted the adverse trumps, winning tricks 2 and 3 with his Ace and King and trick 4 with South's Jack. On tricks 3 and 4 East discarded two small Diamonds. The Declarer next ran his strong side suit, cashing four rounds of Clubs and winning the fourth in the dummy. This was to force the adversaries to do a little discarding, which they might not relish.

East was marked with the King of Diamonds and East knew that closed hand had the Queen. If it so happened that East had five Hearts (which was not at all improbable), it looked to the Declarer as if a profitable squeeze could be worked. On the third and fourth Club tricks East discarded two Hearts, and on the fourth West discarded a Diamond. The dummy at trick 9 was left with two Spades and the Ace and two Hearts, the closed hand with one Spade, the King and two Hearts and the Queen of Diamonds. To trick 9 the Queen of Spades was led, drawing two Spades for none, and on it East discarded another Diamond. This was followed at trick 10 with the thirteenth Spade from dummy, and when East had to discard on that trick he was lost.

East was quite convinced that if he unguarded his Queen-Jack-Nine of Hearts he would give Declarer a grand slam, but was equally sure that if he let go his King of Diamonds it would produce the same result. So the best thing he could do was to part with his Nine of Hearts. To trick 11 a small Heart was led from dummy and on that East played the Queen—a false card which he hoped against hope might be effective. Closed hand won this trick with the King of Hearts, and returned a Heart. East now was marked with the King of Diamonds and a Heart; he would not have played the Queen of Hearts if he had held any other Heart except the Jack. So dummy did not finesse and the Jack of Hearts fell on the Ace; leaving the thirteenth Heart to complete thirteen tricks for the Declarer. It was a grand slam unsoundly bid but brilliantly played.

Next week's hand is given below; determine how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North
S. A-Q-4-2
H. 6-5-4-3
D. 6-4
C. Q-J-9

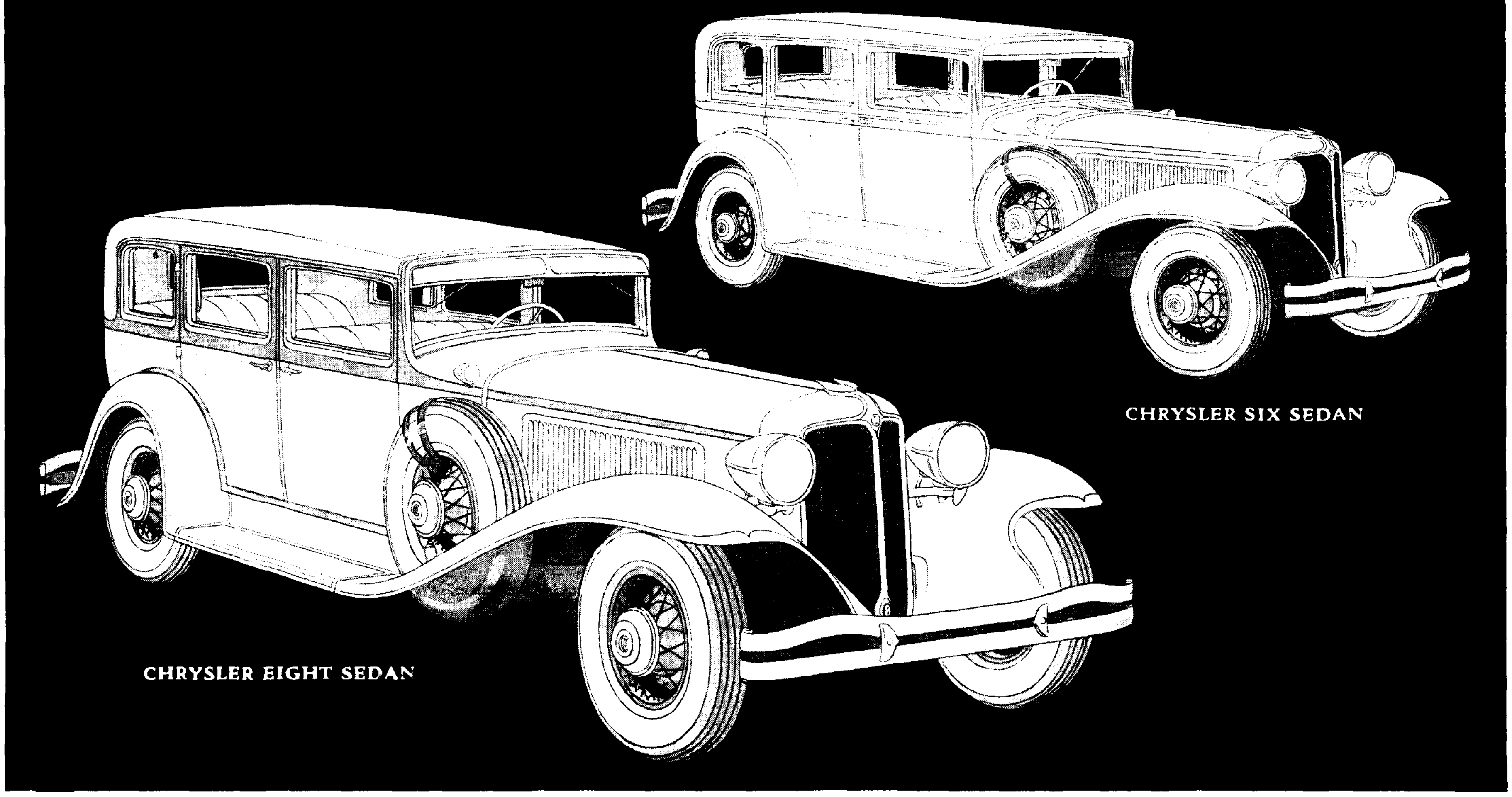
East
S. 9-8-6
H. Q-10-8-2
D. K-J-10-2
C. K-3

West
S. K-10
H. K-7
D. 8-7-5-3
C. 10-8-7-6-5

South (Dealer)
S. J-7-5-3
H. A-J-9
D. A-Q-9
C. A-4-2

CHRYSLER

EIGHTS & SIXES



Cars of today—the up-to-date cars

CHRYSLER cars have always been pre-eminently *up-to-date*—cars of the smartest style; cars that set new milestones of engineering progress; cars that establish new examples of fine performance.

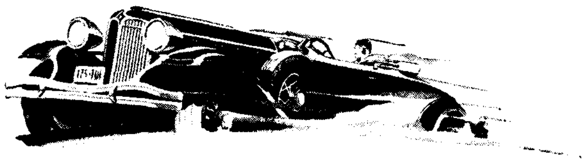
The spectacular Chrysler achievements and success of the past formed the background and made possible today's magnificent Chrysler Eights—and an entirely new Chrysler Six styled like the Eights.

The New Chrysler Six has a wheelbase of 116 inches; a 70-horsepower engine; an extremely low double-drop frame; safety bodies of strong steel—a list of features and advantages perfectly amazing in a motor car so low in price.

The Chrysler Eight has a 124-inch wheelbase and a 90-horsepower engine; the Imperial Eight a 145-inch wheelbase and a 125-horsepower engine. Both Eights have an exclusive Multi-Range 4-speed transmission with Dual High gears.

Two high gears instead of the usual one—a high gear specially intended for sprints in traffic and for climbing hills swiftly; another entirely different high gear for the open road. And a quick, easy gear shift enables you to shift from either high gear to the other without clashing.

Drive a new Chrysler and learn what a big difference there can be in motor car performance.



CHRYSLER SIX	$885 to $895
CHRYSLER "70"	$1245 to $1295
CHRYSLER EIGHT	$1495 to $1665
CHRYSLER IMPERIAL EIGHT	$2745 to $3145

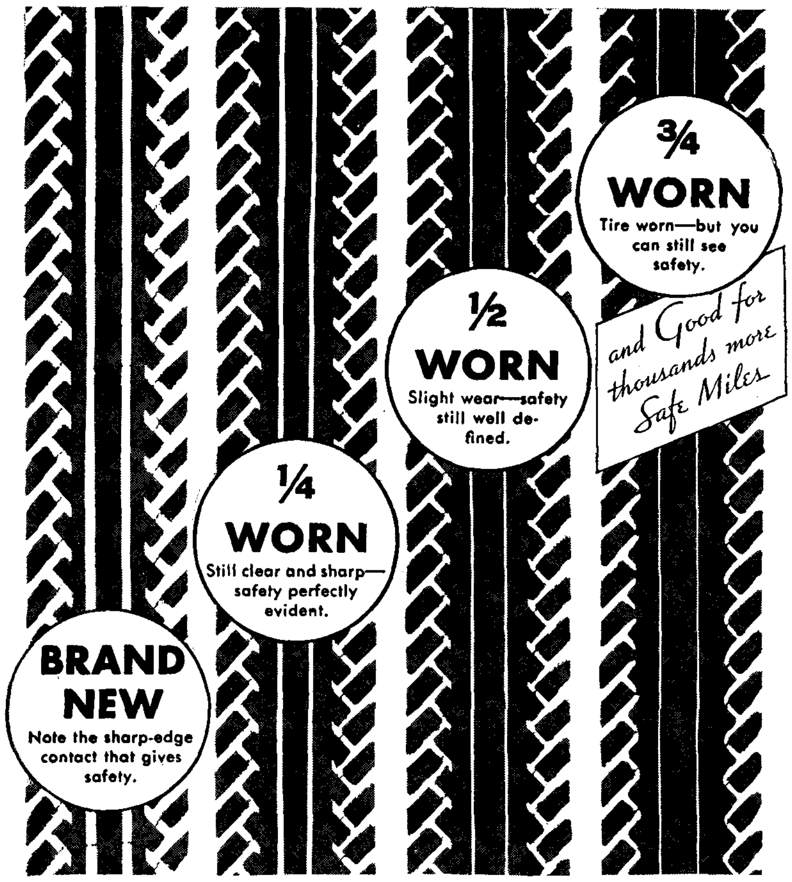
(Custom Models $3150 to $3575)

All prices f. o. b. factory; special equipment extra.

The Imperial Eight holds twelve A. A. A. Contest Board stock car speed records in its class for one to five miles.

READ THESE CARBON COPIES OF SAFE MILES

• KELLY SAFETYGRAPHS, THE PRINTED PROOF OF ENDURING SAFETY •


BRAND NEW
Note the sharp-edge contact that gives safety.
¼ WORN
Still clear and sharp—safety perfectly evident.
½ WORN
Slight wear—safety still well defined.
¾ WORN
Tire worn—but you can still see safety.
and Good for thousands more Safe Miles

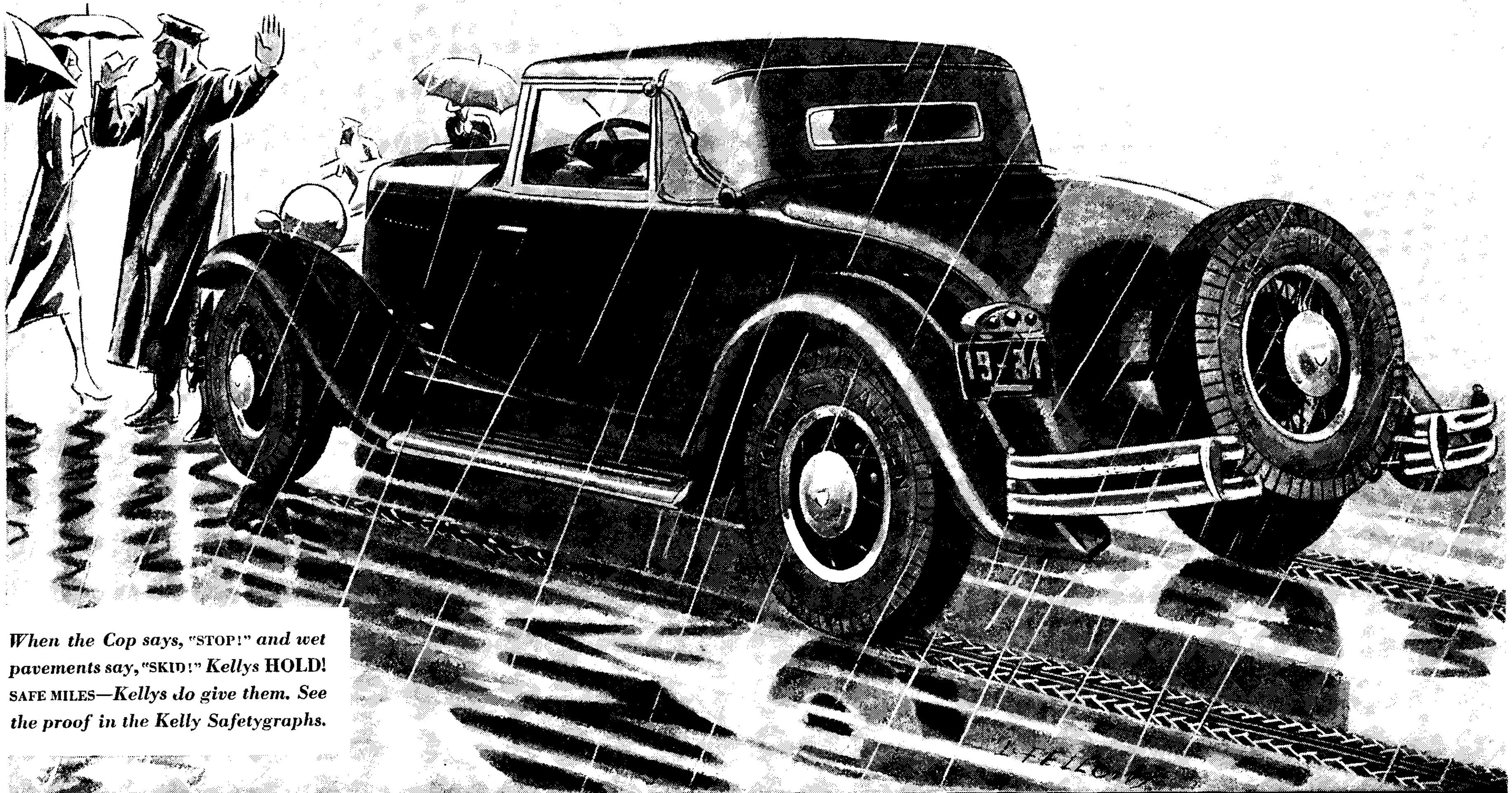
© K.-S. T. CO., 1931

WET ROADS quickly put your tires to the test—and make no bones about it. Skidding. Sliding forward with all brakes set. That's how accidents happen. Tires that give you Safe Miles must keep the sharp-edge contact of their tread. And Kellys *do*. The proof? You can *see* it in these Kelly Safetygraphs.

A test car, equipped with stock Kelly-Springfield Tires, drove continuously for thousands of miles. At regular intervals of hard road wear they drove over strips of carbon paper. Like huge rubber stamps the tires printed the proof of Safe Miles. You can see it in the clear, well-defined, sharp-edge contact of the Kelly tread, backed by the sturdy Kelly carcass underneath. Even after thousands of miles, this proof of safety is perfectly evident.

Kelly quality is a byword. Yet many people do not realize that Kelly Tires cost no more to buy than other tires.

- Kelly Tires are sold exclusively through independent merchants.
- Kelly-Springfield Tire Co., General Motors Building, New York City.



When the Cop says, "STOP!" *and wet pavements say,* "SKID!" *Kellys* HOLD! SAFE MILES—*Kellys do give them. See the proof in the Kelly Safetygraphs.*

FOR SAFE MILES • KELLY TIRES

How Dry We Are

Continued from page 25

about droughts—nothing to prevent their arrival, cut short their duration, or anything whereby we may predict their extent and duration—very few will believe it. From the time the dry spell took on the dimensions of drought, the Weather Bureau's mail (always large, even spectacular) began to take on weight.

There had been other droughts—1881, 1894, 1901, 1911, 1916 and 1924 being notable in the past fifty years—but the old-timers recalled nothing like this one. And for more than one reason, too. None of them produced so much advice from the public, not by half.

You could go to the young mountain of mail any day, close your eyes and draw forth any letter. And you could be pretty sure that it contained advice and perhaps a withering denunciation of science. You could learn from these letters that the trouble was incurable because, the writer had found, the earth was receding from the sun at a much greater speed than the forty inches a century that science has fixed upon. No further explanation came from such writers, leaving the bureau mystified. For which you couldn't blame the bureau.

"Satisfaction Guaranteed"

You might read (as I did) that this drought is but a warning to America—a warning from God to banish atheists and unbelievers and to drive the scientists from our schools and homes.

"I picked up a newspaper in a train," wrote one warner. "On its editorial page I found mention of a book that says the age of the earth is 2,000,000,000 years and that man has been on earth 30,000 years. I do not find this in the Bible, therefore it must be the blasphemy of the modern scientists. Is there any wonder God is angry?"

If the government had paid the demanded price of all the rain-makers (satisfaction guaranteed or no money accepted) who have written to the Weather Bureau offering their services as drought breakers, a new monetary system would have had to be adopted. There simply isn't that much money.

Out of the daily mail came this one, making Wagnerian opera of the ancient, monotonous theme of assaulting the reluctant skies with gunfire.

From the hill in Montana on which he lived this man wrote directly to Charles Frederick Marvin, chief of the Weather Bureau. Like all great plans, his was simple.

On a certain day (to be fixed by Congress) all the armed forces of the United States should be gathered in two places—the Army in eastern Arkansas, the Navy off a Gulf port selected by the Weather Bureau. Every man, every gun and pistol, every cannon and bomb, every stick of lyddite and pack of gun cotton would be present in the drought-gray district.

At a signal from the President of the United States, himself standing at the desk of the Speaker of the House of Representatives, every man, woman and child, every official, every private citizen of the nation should fall upon his or her knees and ask God to break the drought. And at the first word of the mighty prayer the guns of all our armed forces would speak in terrible unison and blast the sluggish skies. Like the dry rock that gushed forth when smitten by Aaron's rod, the stony clouds would yield. And the greatest drought America has known would be at an end.

Perhaps there were even more Olympic plans in that day's mail—bag upon bag, load upon load of all the sharpness and stupidity, all the dreary ignorance and startling fanaticism of the scientist's mail; but it was this one that I cited to Joseph B. Kincer, head of the Department of Agricultural Meteorology.

Kincer, with his associates—Chief Marvin, William J. Humphreys, Oliver L. Fassig and the rest of the Weather Bureau's wise men—had just emerged from the map-padded chart room where they hold their frequent conferences. He shook his head over the prodigious appeal for rain and hoped that I would understand that such letters, such schemes, while sometimes wilder than usual and forever monotonous, were nevertheless deeply sincere.

"But the dreamers of such grand appeals to heaven," said he, "never realize that if all man's power, all the energy he can muster with his machinery, his explosives, his harnessed electricity, everything within his control, should be exerted by him in one spot to duplicate nature's rain-making process, our success at breaking a drought would be just about the same as if you struck the Washington Monument with the palm of your hand, expecting it to fall."

Then there are those inevitable letters accusing the Weather Bureau of overlooking the message of the sun's spots—whatever it is. One such writer even threatens to sue the government for $1,233.67, that being the average annual income the writer's farm brought him over a period of ten years, because he had advised the Weather Bureau on April 12, 1929, that the drought was imminent. He received, in reply, a letter wherein the bureau made rather light of the portents upon which he based his warning—sun spots—and assuring him that the bureau could not issue drought forecasts on such evidence. Whereat he went ahead with his usual planting only to see his corn and other produce die of thirst in 1930.

It Won't be Consistent

To this the bureau answers that the same sun with the same spots shone on Western Europe while America dried up and Western Europe harvested her crops in rivers of mud and lakes of water. And under the same spots Argentina's corn belt was under water so long that her exports of that important food were delayed a month and more.

Just what, demanded the forecasters, are you going to do about weather that refuses to be consistent even across state borders?

The only known, certain protection against drought losses, aside from reliable insurance, was set forth in a letter to the Department of Agriculture by a Nebraska farmer who generously gave all credit for the discovery to his wife.

"She said," he writes, "that if I didn't get up some protection against drought she would marry a fellow named Wilkes who would, although she liked me better than Wilkes. I said I did not know any more about the weather and what it was going to be than your Department sent out and it did not send out any warnings long enough ahead to be any use.

"She said it was not any use waiting for anybody to tell you there was going to be a drought but to save money and wait for it to come. I asked her when she thought one would come and she said the next year. So we saved some money and there wasn't any drought the next year.

(Continued on page 44)

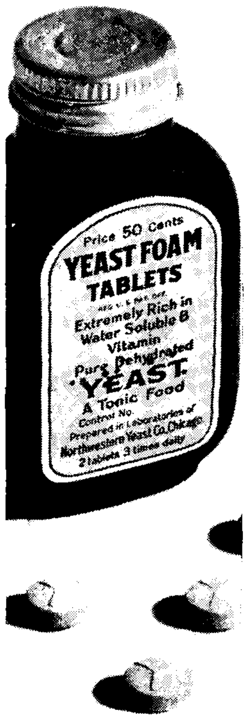
›››Now I *like* Yeast

››› Are you one of the many people who recognize the great health value of yeast—but find the ordinary type of yeast unpalatable and hard to take? If so, you will welcome this modern form of pure, concentrated yeast—Yeast Foam Tablets.

You'll enjoy their nutlike flavor whether you swallow them whole or whether, like most folks, you prefer to chew them like candy. They contain no drugs or other ingredients—just yeast; hence their vitamin potency is much higher. And being especially treated so that they do not cause gas or fermentation, they are ideal for infants, children and others of delicate digestion.

So highly is this yeast regarded by scientific experts, that it is used as the standard for vitamin studies by the U. S. Government and leading American Universities. What better proof of its quality and efficacy? Those who suffer from skin and complexion disorders, digestive or intestinal disturbances, lack of weight or run-down conditions, should try Yeast Foam Tablets. You'll like them and, best of all, you'll be delighted with their beneficial results.

Get Yeast Foam Tablets from your druggist. The large 10 day bottle costs but 50 cents. Northwestern Yeast Company, Chicago, Ill. . . . World's Largest Makers of Dry Yeast.



ON THE AIR
Every Sunday afternoon from 2:30 to 3:00 P.M. Eastern Standard Time, the melodious "Yeast Foamers" over N. B. C. Blue Network stations and all supplementary stations from coast to coast.

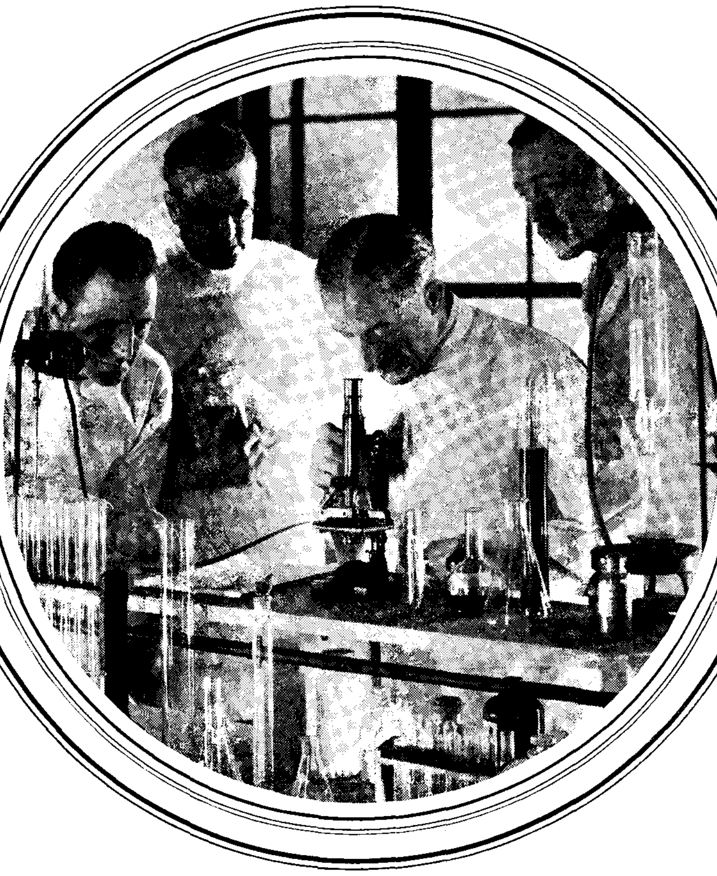
››› SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE
NORTHWESTERN YEAST COMPANY
1750 N. ASHLAND AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILL.
Please send free sample and descriptive circular.

Name..
Address...
C

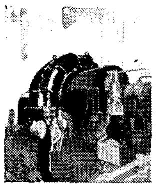
››› A PURE TONIC FOOD—NOT A MEDICINE

YEAST FOAM
TABLETS

MEN WHO KNOW STEEL PREFER THE VALET
— MEN WHO KNOW FACES PRESCRIBE IT



A little more precision . .
. . A lot better result



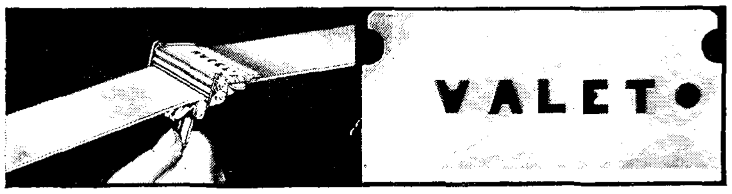
IN laboratory and factory — wherever technical work is done — accuracy always assures finer results. This is the reason metallurgists and dermatologists—authorities whose opinions are accepted without question —prefer the new Valet blade, recognized among experts everywhere as an exceptional example of precision workmanship.

Every operation in the manufacture of the new Valet is executed with meticulous care and utmost exactness. The steel is processed by secret formula, triple-hardened and finished to a micro-perfect edge. Skin specialists who have conducted comparative clinical shaving tests have definitely proved that this blade is easier on the face—an important aid in the prevention, relief and correction of skin conditions caused or aggravated by harsh shaving.

The new Valet is intended exclusively for use in the Valet AutoStrop Razor, scientifically designed to hold the shaving edge at the correct angle. Cleaning and stropping do not require removal of the blade.

Give Valet a thorough trial. Enjoy the inexpensive luxury of complete shaving comfort. Keep your face young—your skin clear. Learn by actual experience that steel experts and skin specialists are right—and that Valet proves a little more precision makes a big difference in results.

The new blade can be identified by the word "Valet" cut through the steel



VALET AutoStrop
RAZORS AND BLADES

(*Continued from page 43*)

When I asked her how about that she said it was all right but there would be a drought the next year. There wasn't any drought the next year either and when I asked her about that she said, 'Don't be a fool, there will be one some time next year,' and I want to tell you there was one six years after we were married and we were all right."

It is true enough that we had occasional showers and thunderstorms in the dry territories even at the height of the drought. But these, if not the result of, or immediately followed by, the normal mixture of cold and warm air currents which induce normal conditions, serve only to prolong the drought.

A Vicious Circle

Such rainfalls merely dry out the overlying air masses, leaving less and less moisture in the stagnated air. At best, says Professor Marvin, only a part of this precipitation is evaporated back into free air.

"It follows," he said, "that with little or no moisture fetched in by winds from the oceans, each successive shower, coupled with the prevailing stagnation and absence of rain-making processes, tends further to deplete the existing moisture in the air. Therefore your drought is intensified."

Therefore summertime stagnation and lack of active circulation within the air blanket prevents precipitation. Excessive temperatures naturally attend such stagnation. But further than that—behind these drought-promoting conditions —the weather experts decline to go. They assure me that they don't know and have discovered no one that does.

One after another, schemes great and small have failed to fend off drought. There was the dream of engineers to reclaim the Southwestern desert by diverting rivers and lesser streams into ancient lake beds and basins scooped out for the occasion. The theory had logic if not scientific corroboration. The water from these lakes would be absorbed into the atmosphere which, in due time and under normal air agitation and mergers, would be precipitated upon the whole wide area of sand, alkali and sagebrush. The scheme was tried on small scales, here and there, one small Nevada river being diverted into an old lake bed long since dry. The water ran into the requisitioned lake bed and promptly vanished, the porous desert being insatiable. Presently the river gave all it had and it, too, dried up.

So the artificial-lake cure for aridity was abandoned, as all other rain-promoting schemes are. It all comes down to this: If the surrounding terrain is not suitable, you don't get the proper air mixture for rain. The water might remain in your artificial lakes and be absorbed into the atmosphere, but such are the habits of the air currents above arid country that the absorbed moisture is carried off to other regions and dropped.

And this is related to droughts in ordinarily arable country because if the air above such sectors becomes stagnated, as it was last summer, and will be again, rain doesn't fall. Not that the government hasn't received plenty of advice from its children. Nobody has counted the number of rain-making devices and schemes which the Weather Bureau has received. But we can set forth a few.

Here, for example, is a mechanical engineer who proposes that the government spend five million dollars erecting tall hollow columns in the drought sectors, fill the columns with ice and thereby cool the warm, stagnant moisture banks above us, causing condensation and consequent precipitation. Even if that would work, five million dollars wouldn't go far enough to restore a small county to normal wetness.

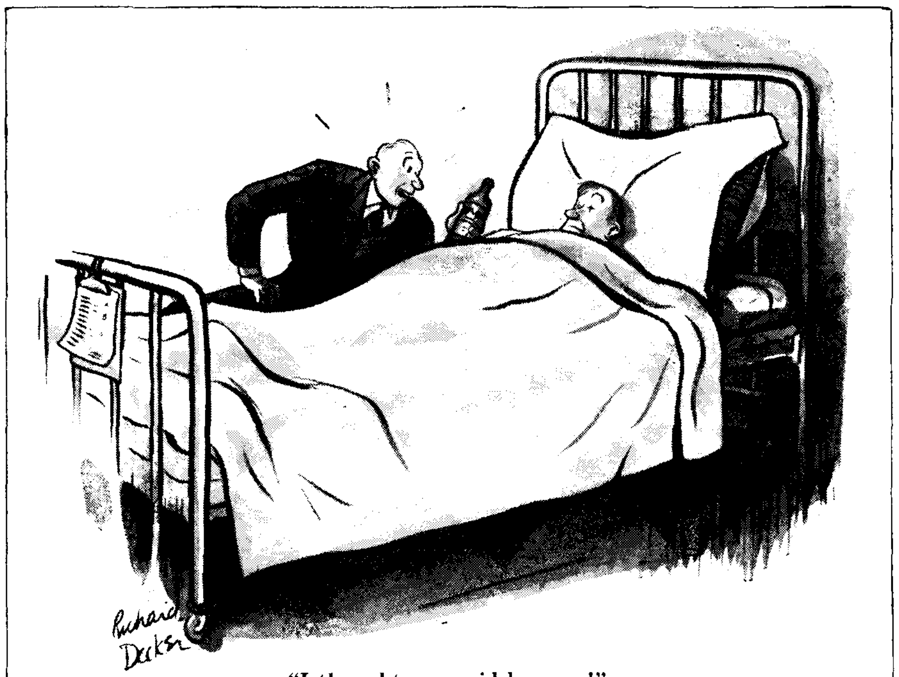
Another inspiration would set up a vast system of powerful blowers or fans with which the inert air blanket would be blown to a proper rain-producing height. An electrical wizard offers a patent of his own, patriotically and trustfully leaving just remuneration to Congress. It is a dynamo built on an entirely new principle. It would be attached to the tails of airplanes and balloons which would dart hither and yon over the stricken areas, shooting electric currents into the air, breaking up the dead atmosphere and synthetically inducing rain.

"Cowards of Science"

But science demands proof. The Weather Bureau refuses to endorse what isn't demonstrable. The bureau received a letter from a genius calling himself The Prophet of Promise. Accompanying the letter was a fat pamphlet containing a hundred testimonials from farmers, fruit growers, cotton planters and ranchmen, all purporting to tell of the wonders he had wrought for them when they needed rain.

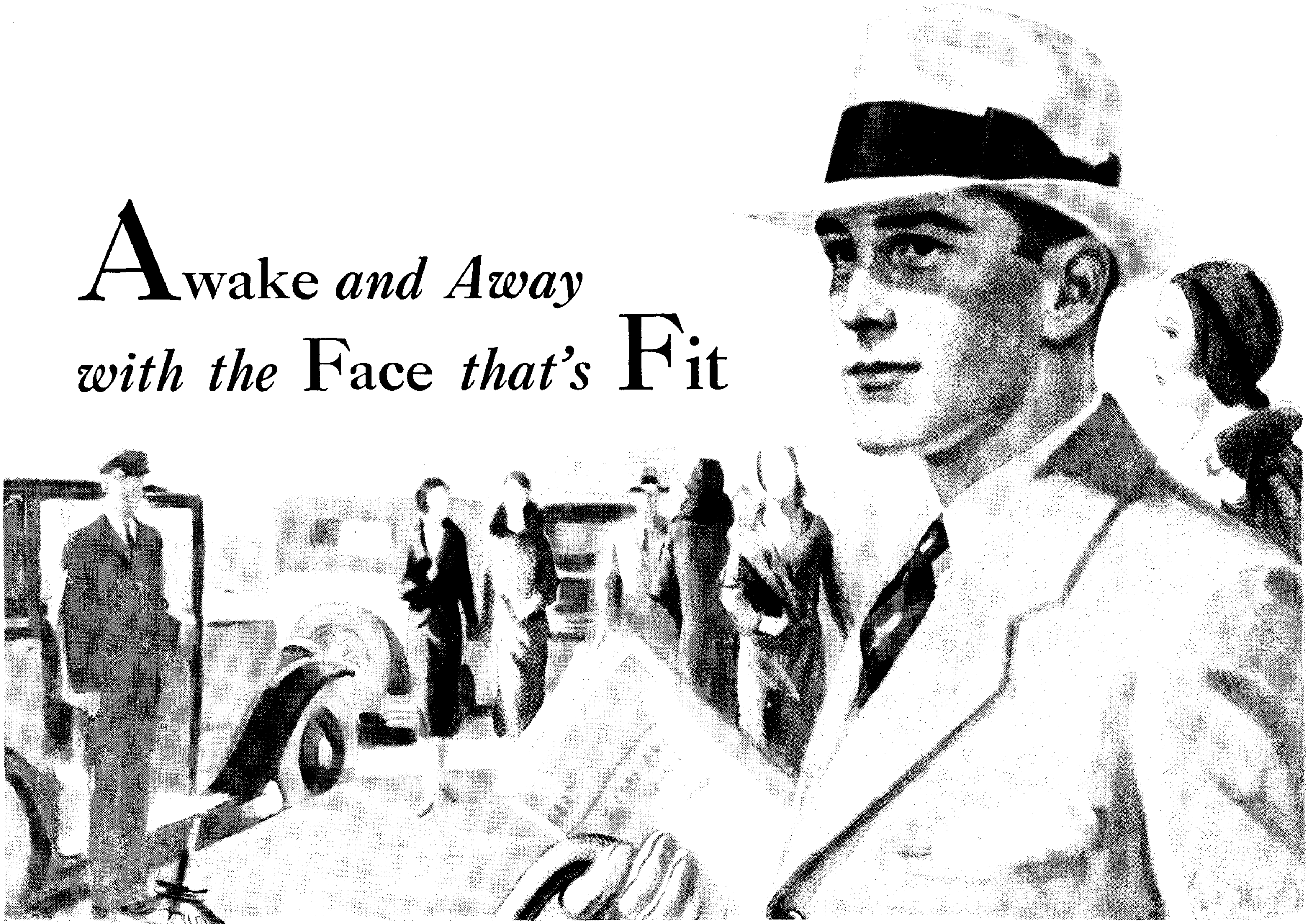
"I prophesy," he writes, "that this drought will endure until September 19, 1931. It will be broken by a storm at 3:17 on the morning of that day. Tell this to the people or confess yourselves cowards of science."

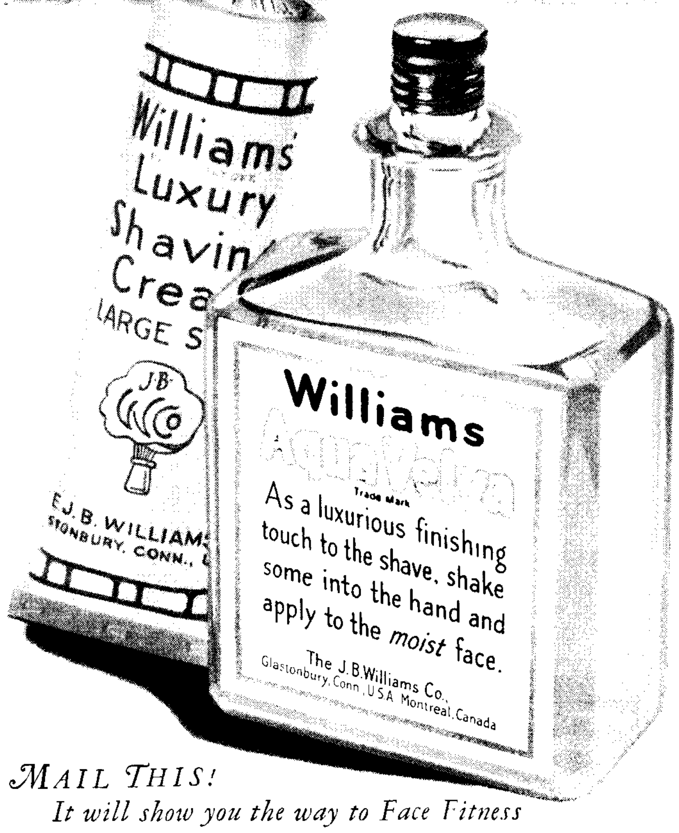
But the Weather Bureau won't.



"I thought you said lacquer!"

Awake *and Away* *with the* Face *that's* Fit




Williams
Luxury
Shavin
Crea
LARGE S
JB
J. B. WILLIAMS
STONBURY, CONN.
Williams
Aqua Velva
Trade Mark
As a luxurious finishing touch to the shave, shake some into the hand and apply to the *moist* face.
The J.B.Williams Co.
Glastonbury, Conn. U.S.A. Montreal, Canada

TOP OF THE MORNING to you . . . to every man whose Face is Fit. Awake and away . . . out into a world where face value counts. Clear-complexioned, smooth-shaven, the executive looks the part. And "the part" begins with Williams Shaving Service. The quick and easy way to keep your face fit.

First, Williams Shaving Cream . . . a little water . . . then the familiar stroking of the brush . . . and your beard is coolly hidden in the quick-thick, mild-and-moist lather. Your razor starts its smooth trip . . . down . . . around your chin . . . then on the other side. A douse of water . . . and your face is smooth and clean. For Williams Lather is as good for your skin as it is for the beard. Pure . . . no dyes in Williams. No grease, either, to clog your pores.

Now Aqua Velva. Cup your hand . . . pour it in . . . dash it all over your face. It's bracy. It's tingly. With a hint of outdoor fragrance that you'll like. Friendly, too. For Aqua Velva helps to care for unseen nicks and cuts . . . tones and protects the skin . . . conserves the natural moisture . . . keeps your face fresh as the morning throughout the livelong day.

That's Williams Shaving Service. Good grooming for the man who's awake and away. Try it and see!

Have you tried Williams Shaving Liquid?
Very quick, very cool, very new. Ask your dealer!

JUST NOTICE THE FINE SKINS OF MEN WHO USE

Williams

SHAVING CREAM — AQUA VELVA

MAIL THIS!
It will show you the way to Face Fitness

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, DEPT. C-160
Glastonbury, Conn.
Canadian Address: 3552 St. Patrick St., Montreal

I am anxious to try Williams Shaving Service. Please send me trial sizes of Williams Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva.

"THIS FREE BOOK

SHOWED ME HOW

. . . . *to reduce my fuel bills over 35%*

. . . . *to make my home comfortable, cooler in summer . . . warmer in winter*

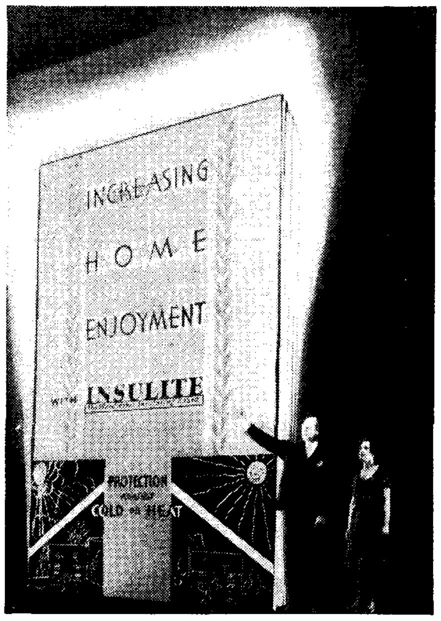
. . . . *to transform waste space in attic and basement into useful, attractive rooms"*

DO you want to build enduring comfort into your home? Would you like to transform the waste space in the attic into an extra bedroom, a playroom for the children, a den, or a studio? Or perhaps you have longed for a recreation room or a work shop in your basement. This book will show you how all this can be done—it will be sent to you without cost or obligation.

This book explains in an interesting way the importance of insulation and gives you all the facts about Insulite, the all wood-fiber insulation board. It shows how Insulite, a full half inch thick, is 12½% more efficient than ordinary 7/16 inch insulating boards. It tells how Insulite is chemically treated to resist moisture, fire, vermin, and rodents, and is not subject to rot or disintegration. It will prove that Insulite Sheathing adds structural strength to your house, and that Insulite Lath grips plaster with much greater strength than wood lath, eliminates lath marks, and guards against unsightly plaster cracks.

And remember — Insulite used as sheathing, wall board, or as a base for plaster efficiently insulates against unfriendly weather, — shutting out sweltering heat in summer and cold in winter, reducing heat loss, and paying dividends in fuel savings through all the winters to come.

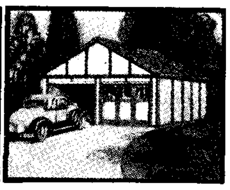
Ask your architect—he knows the many superior features of Insulite. Your lumber dealer can supply you. Write today for your copy of "Increasing Home Enjoyment." There is no obligation.



INCREASING HOME ENJOYMENT WITH INSULITE
PROTECTION AGAINST COLD & HEAT

BEFORE YOU BUILD OR REMODEL WRITE FOR YOUR FREE BOOK

SUMMER COTTAGE



AUTO GARAGE

CHILD'S PLAYHOUSE

POULTRY HOUSE

FREE PLANS for THESE BUILDINGS

In addition to mailing you the booklet "Increasing Home Enjoyment," The Insulite Engineering Department will gladly send you complete plans for building a summer cottage, a garage, a child's playhouse, or a poultry house. If you live on a farm, ask for a copy of "Building Farm Profits." It contains plans of the various types of buildings required on the farm. Write today.

Just Fill Out and Mail the Coupon

THE INSULITE CO.
(A Backus-Brooks Industry)
1200 Builders Exchange, Dept. 48D
Minneapolis, Minnesota
OFFICES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES

Gentlemen: Please send me your free booklet indicated below; also a sample of Insulite and the plans for the buildings checked.

"Increasing Home Enjoyment"......
"Building Farm Profits"......
Garage...... Summer Cottage......
Poultry House..... Child's Playhouse.....
Name......................................
Address...................................
City.................. State................

For Efficiency and Economy be sure the Refrigerator you select is Insulated with INSULITE

INSULITE
the Wood-Fiber Insulating Board

Gunsight Trail

Continued from page 23

"I'm ready to take my chance."

"Hughes," Major said slowly, "I can't force any man to take my part; but—"

"It isn't a question of taking your part," said Hughes.

"But I say," old man Major bore him down, "you got no right to go. You've looked like a strong card in our hand, Hughes."

"If we stand against this," insisted Hughes, "we'll be playing right into their hands. It's exactly what they want."

"What they want is fight," said Oliver Major. "If they don't get it one way, don't you ever fool yourself, they'll get it in another. Fight is what they want, and fight is what they'll get. If they can prune down our chances first by cutting you out of the herd, or Tanner either, don't you ever think that they won't be tickled to death."

Watching Alex Shaw, Hughes thought that the flicker of an unexpected hope had appeared in the eyes of the Adobe Wells sheriff.

"You heard what your boss said," Alex Shaw told Hughes; "and you, Tanner—" Shaw's eyes searched out the figure of Tanner in the background against the wall of the house—"you hold out now, and you're outlawed where you stand. You've got a good chance of being free before night. But once you get yourself on the up-wind side, there ain't going to be anybody you can look to to side you—least of all the Lazy M."

"Go to hell," said Hughes.

"If you're after me, I'll come," said Grasshopper Tanner, unexpectedly. The old lion hunter's angular figure moved forward slowly, almost warily, as if he expected somebody to stop him. Then, "Why, you old fool—" Oliver Major exploded.

"Where do I get off, bucking the law?" Tanner demanded angrily. "This is your scrap, not mine!"

THERE was a general stir. Perhaps no one there had ever recognized before that the habitual bad temper of the old mountain man had concealed an impetuous instability. Beneath his weird genius was to be found nothing upon which men could depend. Perhaps some unforgotten experience had given Tanner an obsessive fear of the law; perhaps he was only thinking of his hound pack. A man surrounded by hounds cannot be hid; he is as easy to lay hands on as a man dogged by a steam whistle.

"They've got nothing on me," Tanner's strident voice was saying. "I ain't gone crazy enough to fight the law without no reason at all!"

"Get in the car, Tanner," Shaw ordered.

Oliver Major opened his mouth, but closed it again, his face very grim. There was a movement behind him as some of the cowboys stirred. Major, without looking around, half raised one arm, palm backward, in a warning gesture; and they became still again, angry and uncertain.

The Adobe Wells car turned, and Hughes saw Alex Shaw grin as he said something to Dutch Pete. Tanner's dogs were running forward now. Tanner stood up in the back seat, jerking his blacksnake from his belt. "Git back! You want to kill yourselves?" The whip cracked, the nearest dog yelped unhit; and they fell back, blooping their protest.

Oliver Major stood gnawing his mustache as he stared after the receding car, and his eyes were very bleak. Sally Major suddenly covered her face with her hands and ran into the house.

Major turned upon the waiting cowboys. "You saw what's happened! This is the time for you to get out, before you're drawn in deep as me. Who wants his pay?"

The riders studied the smoke of their cigarettes.

Major suddenly shouted at them, "*You damned fools, will you quit?*"

Still no one answered; and, after a strained moment, the old man strode through them and into the house.

THE Lazy M boiled up when the Adobe Wells car was gone. The cowboys, usually so frugal of speech, buzzed like a hive of bees. Not everyone agreed that Grasshopper Tanner should have been allowed to give himself up to Alex Shaw. No one, however, showed any desire to avoid the approaching clash with the Bar S, whether the Bar S came with a pretense of law or without.

Clay Hughes, after a short interview with the old man, rounded up the restlessly voicing dogs of Grasshopper Tanner and shut them in a stable. Then he set out to look for Sally Major.

This time he had no trouble finding her. She was sitting in the patio, on the bench where they had last talked; her head was resting against the wall, so that for a moment she seemed asleep, but as he approached she came to life, and indicated with a peremptory gesture that he was to sit down beside her. He obeyed, rolled a cigarette and waited.

"Do you understand what has happened?" she asked in a low voice.

"More or less, I guess."

"Well, I certainly don't," she said. "In all my life I never saw Dad do anything like that before. What in the world has come over him? Do you suppose, after all, he is going to knuckle under to Earl Shaw?"

"No," said Hughes. "He'll never do that!"

"Then why did he let Alex Shaw take Grasshopper?"

"Seemed like Grasshopper wanted to go."

"What's that got to do with it? Do you suppose Grasshopper knows what's good for him? Not any more than his own dogs!"

"You think Tanner's in danger?"

"Why, of course he's in danger! I know what happened this morning. I suppose there isn't anybody on the place who doesn't know that Grasshopper Tanner is hiding something. He's found out something that shows him who killed Donnan!"

"I'm only hoping," said Hughes, "that nobody outside the Lazy M knows that he has."

HER voice dropped to a whisper: "And what hope is there of that?"

"You think—"

"I think somebody right here among us is getting word to Earl Shaw of everything that happens here."

"You don't think somebody could have ridden in and—"

"Rubbish!"

"Now," said Hughes, "I want to know why you changed your mind about me."

"Changed my mind?"

"Yesterday, when I talked to you, you wanted me to get out and stay out."

She was silent for a moment. "Why should I tell you what I meant?" she said. "Why should I answer your ques-

(Continued on page 51)

he summer-time health of *grapefruit* guards you from April colds

Seald-Sweet

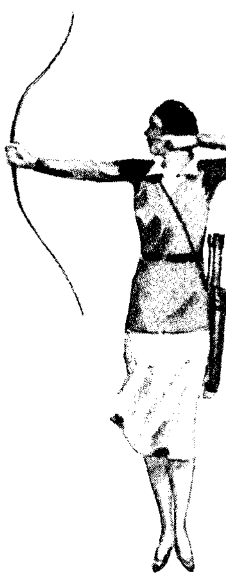
Seald-Sweet

FLORIDA'S • FINEST • GRAPEFRUIT

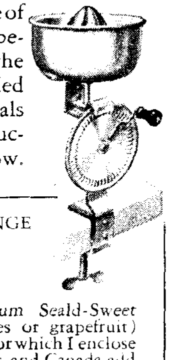
KEEP your system up to summer healthfulness *this spring* with the delicious juice and luscious meat of grapefruit. Don't let colds and other April ills creep in. Now, when fresh vegetables are still scarce, get your full ration of the "freshness" vitamin in this tree-ripened Florida fruit. They guard against acidosis — one reason for the "run-down" body. They are among the richest known sources of essential vitamins and mineral salts.

And the finest grapefruit — the pick of Florida's finest crop — are Seald-Sweet Grapefruit. They are the juiciest, heaviest, most tender and flavory of all grapefruit from Florida's sun-drenched groves. To be sure you get Florida's *finest* look for "Seald-Sweet" on the wrapper and stamped on the skin.

Eat Seald-Sweets two or three times a day and notice how much better you feel. Serve all the family a glass of the sparkling juice each day, as well as the delicious "half" for breakfast. And strip off the tender skin; separate the segments for tasty salad treats. No family can resist such piquant *flavor*. Buy from your grocer today and say "Seald-Sweet" to get plump fruit; full flavor; full protection from acidity which causes many spring troubles.



REDUCE WITH GRAPEFRUIT



Women particularly need Seald-Sweet protection in their diet. Acidity is one of the perils of reducing—and grapefruit counteracts acidity, in the natural way. It supplies needed bulk and nourishing minerals with a minimum of fat-producing calories. Send coupon now.

FLORIDA CITRUS EXCHANGE
411 Citrus Exchange Bldg.,
Tampa, Florida

Please send me

☐ Your *non-rusting, aluminum* Seald-Sweet Juice Extractor (for oranges or grapefruit) with self-contained strainer, for which I enclose one dollar (west of Rockies and Canada add 25c).

☐ *Free* — the new Citrus Health Book with Recipes.

Name ....

Street and number ....

City ....*State*.....................

THE NEW Veedol MOTOR OIL

100% Pennsylvania Made 100% Better Without a Price-Premium

CHILL it to zero . . . and still it pours. Heat it until it's hot enough to boil eggs . . . it stays tough, rich and full-bodied. Hold it to the light . . . it's so pure you can read a newspaper through it! Test it by any method you choose . . . you'll find it 99.1% free from carbon and carbon-forming residue.

That's the New VEEDOL, Tide Water's new contribution to smoother and sweeter motor car performance. 100% Pennsylvania made 100% better . . . by a new $2,000,000 refining process that only Tide Water employs.

It means a clean engine at the end of thousands of silken driving miles. It means no more trouble from heat-thinned lubricants. No friction drag. No broken oil film that lets hot metals grind together. It means the friction-fighting, heat-resisting, long-lived qualities of 100% Pennsylvania . . . magnified and multiplied . . . *with no price-premium to pay.*

The first quart of the New VEEDOL cost Tide Water $2,000,000 . . . but *you* pay no price-premium for its premium qualities. Sold by thousands of dealers displaying the orange and black 100% Pennsylvania sign.

A TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED PRODUCT

FOUR EXTRA ADVANTAGES BUT NO PRICE-PREMIUM

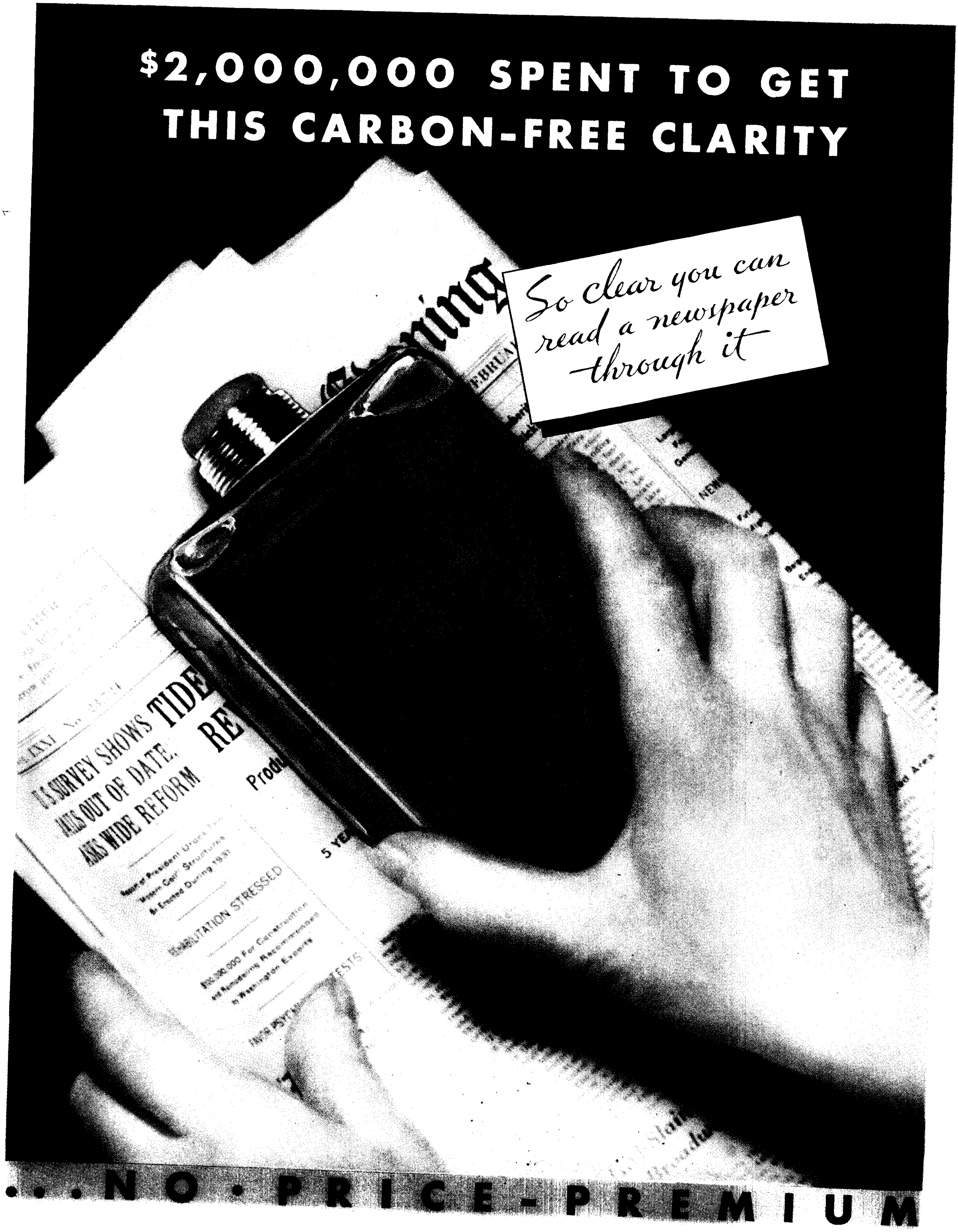
1 **ANTI-CARBON** . . . 99.1% carbon-free. Gums, resins and carbon-forming impurities have disappeared under VEEDOL'S new refining processes.

2 **ENDURANCE** . . . Long life under searing engine temperatures. New heat-resisting qualities give greatest economy through longest mileage.

3 **FREE POURING** . . . Pours at zero. Lubricates perfectly at 20° below. Assures rich protective film of oil on coldest mornings.

4 **PURITY** . . . So clear you can read a newspaper through it. No other 100% Pennsylvania oil has this cleanliness or clarity.

• PREMIUM • [illegible]


$2,000,000 SPENT TO GET THIS CARBON-FREE CLARITY
So clear you can read a newspaper through it
...NO PRICE-PREMIUM

ANNOUNCING

A new and beautiful edition of the world's most famous library

> *Like a Conquering Army these books have marched triumphant through the ages*

THUNDERING down through the centuries, wielding a cultural influence impossible to calculate in human terms, these great books are now available in a new edition of matchless beauty. The volumes are de luxe in creation, equal in attractiveness to the books of fine private libraries, *yet the price is amazingly low.*

The type face, larger than any used in earlier editions, has been selected for its beauty and readability. The superb paper, made especially for this edition, will preserve its cream-whiteness always, and will form a rich background for the crisp, black type.

Books of rare beauty

The volume size has been increased both in width and height, making a group of books of generous dimensions, charming in appearance, and pleasant and handy to hold and to read.

The illustrations are thoroughly in keeping with the excellence of the other new features. They are reproduced in an aquatone process which gives them a soft clearness not to be found in ordinary book illustration.

And the bindings possess a majestic beauty, and are both imposing and inviting, with their glorious design of simple good taste.

Dr. Eliot, forty years President of Harvard, undertook the colossal labor of editing and arranging the 418 masterpieces which make up this great work—

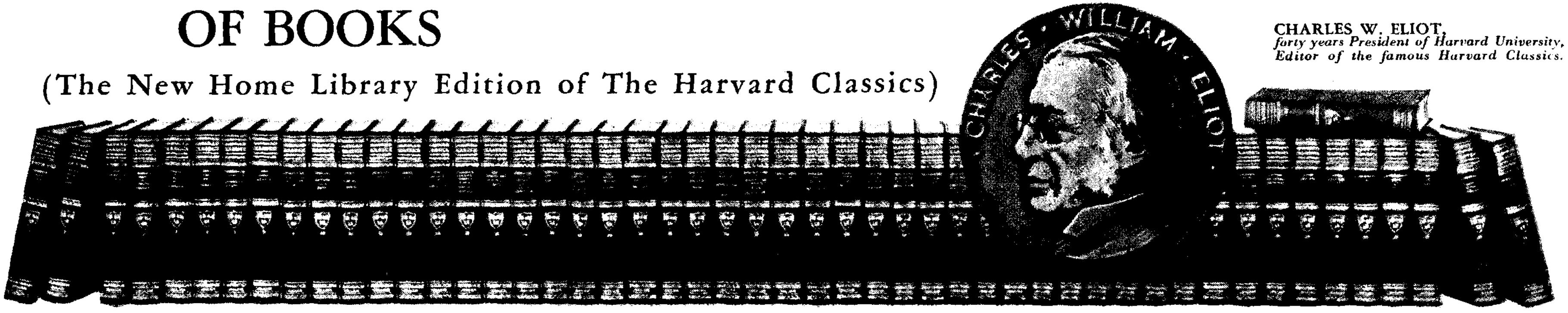
And today thousands of cultured families, in whose private libraries earlier editions of these fifty volumes have a place of honor, are ready to testify to the value of The Harvard Classics. Thousands more will own and cherish these books in the beautiful new edition.

An unprecedented value

Dr. Eliot said, "Do not publish an expensive edition. Make the price within the reach of the average family." His wishes have been faithfully followed. The most modest family budgets have comfortably absorbed the notably low price of these wonderful books. And now comes the new edition—de luxe in form, beautiful and imposing, but costing no more than the earlier, less pretentious editions! Yet if you examined these two sets side by side, the greatly added value possessed by the new edition would be strikingly evident.

DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS

(The New Home Library Edition of The Harvard Classics)



CHARLES W. ELIOT,
forty years President of Harvard University, Editor of the famous Harvard Classics.

THIS IS YOUR CERTIFICATE FOR THE FREE BOOKLET

Since 1875 COLLIER Good Books

P. F. COLLIER & SON DIST. CORP., 250 Park Avenue, New York City

BY MAIL, free, send me the booklet that tells all about the new Home Library Edition of Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics) and Dr. Eliot's own story of how he came to select the greatest library of all time.

No. 9035-HCA

NAME Mr. Mrs. Miss ______________________

ADDRESS ______________________

Send for this FREE BOOK

Find out today full details about our wonderful price offer, by which you may have this great private library at considerably less than the cost per volume of the ordinary popular novel.

You need not decide now. But send immediately for the booklet which gives Dr. Eliot's plan of reading and which tells more in detail about the new edition. *It is* free, and it comes to you without any obligation.

15 MINUTES A DAY

Gunsight Trail

Continued from page 16

tions, or tell you anything? You're not being open with me."

"I'm not?"

"Of course you're not. For one thing, I asked you how you made Earl Shaw give in; and you wouldn't tell me."

"Why, Sally—I even gave you the pieces of paper, with what I wrote on them."

"But you told me you didn't want me to see it, and that was the same thing as not giving it to me at all. Of course," she went on, "we all know now how you made him back down: you made him wonder if you weren't a Federal man; and his fear of too big an entanglement tied his hands."

"Of course I know what you think about that."

"YOU can't possibly know anything of the kind. What I can't understand is why you wanted to make a secret of it—square in the face of the suspicion it naturally caused."

"I did have a reason," he said. "It was kind of a fool reason, I expect, but it seemed real important to me."

"I'm not asking what your reason was. I'm not asking you anything more at all."

"But I'm going to tell you anyway." He hesitated, for this was hard for him to say. "I promised you I'd stop a fight if I could. I'm never going to promise such a thing as that again. It forced me to lie our way out of a fight. At least, it amounted to a lie, in effect. I haven't the least doubt that everybody thinks I did it to save my hide. I'd rather have it thought that I was in cahoots with Earl Shaw."

"You'd rather they'd think you were in with the Bar S than have them think you were afraid to fight?"

"Not them; you."

A silence fell between them, but presently a slow smile came into her eyes. "Wasn't that kind of silly?" she said gently.

Through the quiet they could hear the voicing of Grasshopper Tanner's shut-up dogs, dulled behind walls, but mournfully persistent. "I was wrong." Sally murmured at last. "I take back what I said about your not being open. I guess I understand a little bit better, now."

"You still want me to get out of here?"

She answered slowly, her eyes on the pale blossoms of a vine which climbed a post before them. "I don't know."

"You were real set on it," he said, "at one time."

"The night I waited for you in the dark? That was something else. Because then I was thinking a different thing that wasn't so."

"It was a natural thing to think," he said.

She glanced at him, startled. "What do you mean?"

"That first night," he told her, "you thought your brother killed Hugo Donnan."

Her face did not change; but watching her profile, he saw the slow color come into it. Suddenly she turned upon him, her gray eyes staring. "And what if he had?" she cried. "He went out to get Donnan because he thought it was the only thing to do. If he had succeeded instead of failed, I wouldn't hold it against him for a single moment!"

"Of course not," said Clay.

"I blame myself for not believing him to begin with," said Sally. "Only—perhaps I shouldn't say this—but Dick hasn't quite always been willing to stand up and take the consequences of everything he's done. It was when I found out that Donnan had been shot in the back that I knew Dick could never have done it. Dick doesn't know what fear is, physically, and never has."

"Sure," said Clay, "I understand."

"It was I who made Dick lie low at first when he rode in, the night after Donnan was killed. I'm about the only one that's ever had any influence with Dick. I shouldn't have done it. But at first I was afraid that Donnan had really said something to you before he died that would convict Dick. Right or wrong, guilty or innocent, I would have stuck by Dick all the way through. Now you know why I wanted you to leave that first night."

"Sure," said Clay.

"Of course, after I knew that Dick did not do it, I hoped that you would stay, to help us with what you knew. And I was wrong again. Why should you come in here, and run every risk that a man can run, when all the time—" She hesitated, and stopped.

"When all the time what?"

She lowered her voice. "It's a good bluff you've made, Clay," she said softly. "A game bluff, and a nervy one, and I appreciate it, because you did it to help us here. But it puts you in the worst possible danger; and I don't see how it is going to help in the end. I don't know what the others think, but it looks pretty clear to me, Clay, that Hugo Donnan told you nothing at all!"

He had seen that coming. After all, he could not remain silent forever without having it suspected that his silence hid nothing at all. Yet it was in his mind that his slender, tenuous bluff might yet, in the end, prove the key to a door. What he recognized instantly was that if he was to maintain that tenuous hope he must never for an instant seem to admit that he was bluffing, even to Sally Major.

A GREAT sense of loneliness overwhelmed him as it was once more forcibly borne in upon him that he was playing his cards alone. He trusted her implicitly; but he could not expect her to know the truth without confiding it to someone nearer to her than he was—perhaps to her brother, or to Mona. After that the grapevine telegraph, wholly innocent, but ruthlessly efficient, would carry the word all through the ranch, and so at last to Adobe Wells itself: "Hughes knows nothing."

"Are you sure?" he said slowly.

"That Donnan didn't tell you anything? It looks pretty plain, Clay."

"Are you sure?" he said again. She would never know the effort it cost him to bring that faintly mocking smile into his eyes. There was something in her own warm gray eyes that dissolved his will, broke down all barriers, so that before them nothing seemed thinkable except open honesty to the depths. Yet, now he knew that he must look squarely into those eyes and make his own impenetrable and expressionless—except for the smile which was in itself a lie. That smile had made Earl Shaw back down and give himself up; it now defended the little, slender bluff which was perhaps a key.

"Are you sure?" he said again.

He saw puzzlement, then doubt, come into her face. "I don't understand you," she said dimly. "I think I don't understand you at all."

"My first promise stands," said he.

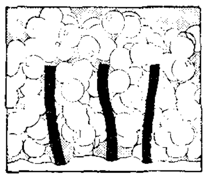
(*Continued on page 52*)

A Small-bubble Shave outlasts all others

Colgate's soaks beard at skin-line... razor works closer, shave lasts longer

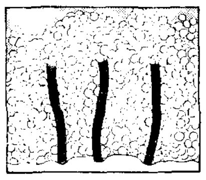
LOOK carefully at the little diagrams at the bottom of this advertisement, and you'll see why small-bubble lather gives a longer-lasting shave. Colgate's gets right down to the skin-line, wets each hair thoroughly, clears the way for your razor to do a clean, quick job.

The minute you lather up with Colgate's two things happen: First, the soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. Second, billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water right at the *skin-line* where the razor works.



ORDINARY LATHER

This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against the whiskers.



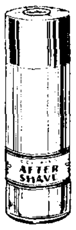
COLGATE LATHER

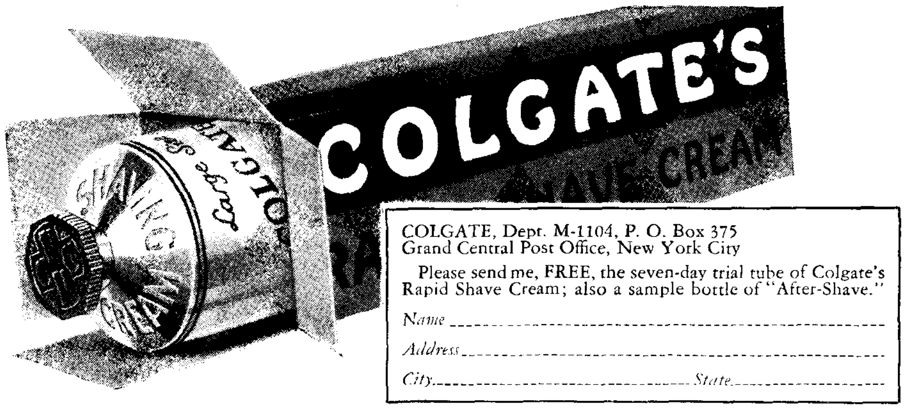
This picture of Colgate Lather (same magnification) shows how myriads of tiny bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the *base of the beard*. This softens every whisker right where the razor works.

FREE!

Colgate's After-Shave

A new lotion. Refreshing . . . invigorating . . . delightful . . . the perfect shave finale. Trial bottle free, with your sample of Rapid Shave Cream, if you mail coupon NOW.





COLGATE, Dept. M-1104, P. O. Box 375
Grand Central Post Office, New York City

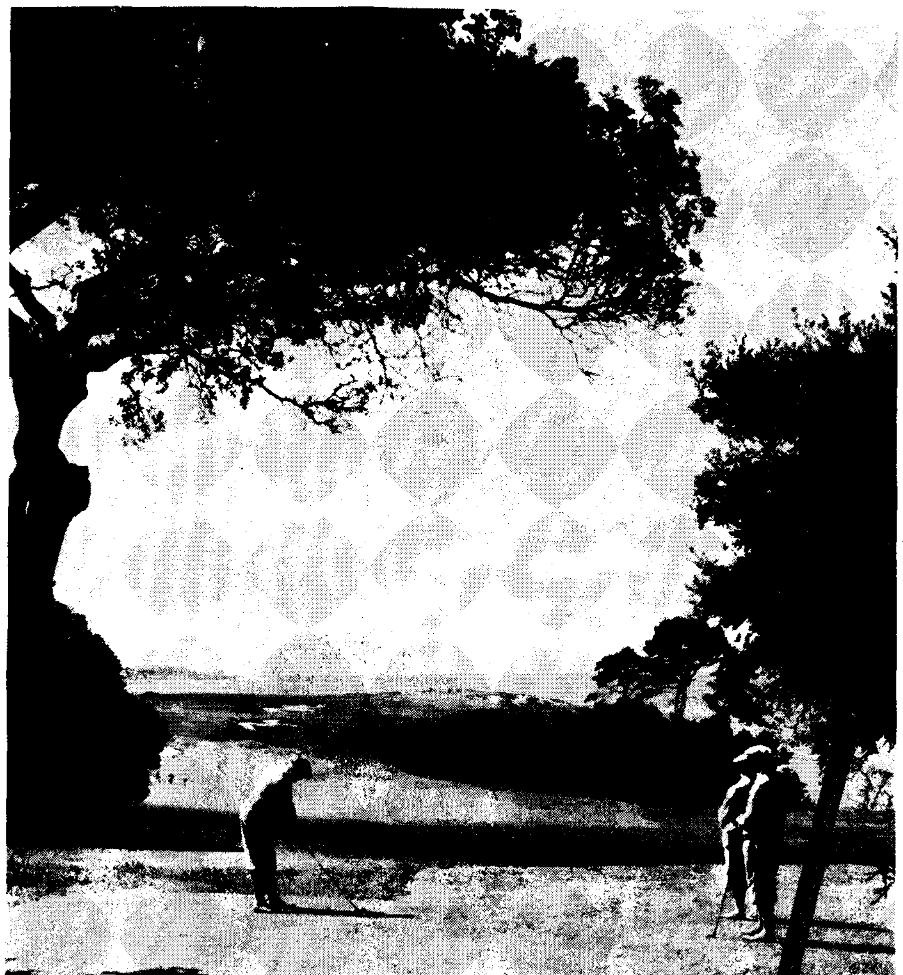
Please send me, FREE, the seven-day trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream; also a sample bottle of "After-Shave."

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________ *State* ____________

GOLF AT ITS FINEST



at PEBBLE BEACH the 6th TEE

Distinguished

"**Distinguished in appearance, supreme in performance, the right backbone for a golf club"—this is the verdict given the "True Temper" Steel Shaft by players, by professionals and by club manufacturers.**

This shaft gives *life* and *action* to the club. One reason for this is its distinctive "step" construction. All well known club makers are so convinced of its superior qualities that they use "True Temper" Shafts in their finer and better clubs.

For golf at its finest and happiest, try "True Temper" shafted clubs. Your "Pro" will be glad to supply them bearing the name of a maker whom you know.

The steps distinguish "True Temper" Steel Shafts from all others

On request we will be pleased to send you our interesting folder called "True Temper Golf Shafts" which explains why "True Temper" Steel Shafts give such remarkable playing results.

THE AMERICAN FORK & HOE CO.
Sporting Goods Division
CLEVELAND, OHIO

TRUE TEMPER
STEP DOWN
STEEL SHAFTS

(*Continued from page 51*)

"I won't tell anyone what I learned that night in the Crazy Mule until I've told you."

She regarded him thoughtfully, her gray eyes almost dreamy in her quiet face. Once more she was looking at him from across an all but impassable canyon. "You must do what you think best."

"I think it would be the best thing to sing you a song on the banjo," he suggested.

She shook her head, and a twinkle appeared in her eye. "You can't; you broke a string."

So she had been watching him then, he thought, as he had stood in the patio alone. "I'll fix the string."

"I have to go and find Mona. Sometimes I think she's never going to snap out of it again. She eats if you tell her to, and walks if you tell her to, but never makes a single move, hardly, of her own accord. It's the saddest thing I ever saw—almost as if she were dead. If Donnan had lived she would have got over him presently and seen that he wasn't so much; but now that he isn't in the world any more—"

"I know," said Hughes.

CLAY HUGHES went out of the house, instinctively hitching his gun into position as he stepped through the door. It seemed a long time since there had not been a keen edge of necessity upon the watchfulness of his eye.

Bob Macumber came toward him, pushing ahead of him a face full of gloomy anxiety.

"Clay," said the chunky foreman, "this is sure getting to be too much for me. It begins to look like I pulled another bull."

"What's the matter, Bob?"

"Well, right after Alex Shaw went back to town with Grasshopper Tanner, I sent Art French and Walk Ross down to Twelve Mile Corral in the flivver to turn the stock out. Seemed like we wasn't going to be having time to feed and water no stock twelve miles away; I wanted 'em thrown on the range. That was two hours ago. Clay, they ain't got back."

"Give 'em time, Bob."

"Heck, Clay, all they had to do was throw down a couple of bars!"

"Maybe their car busted down."

"I'm hoping so," said Macumber gloomily. "It's about the least thing that could happen. Even so, it's bad enough. This is an almighty poor time to have hands lying around loose all over the valley, Clay."

"Why don't you send somebody after them, then?"

"How do I know that Alex Shaw isn't holding Twelve Mile Corral, and fixing to pick up anybody that comes down there? He can hold any man of us now, as an accessory to not letting him have Dick Major. Damn this accessory business anyway. I thought accessories was something that went on automobiles."

Hughes thoughtfully whistled a few bars of Stony River.

"But another thing's happened that may turn out even worse," Macumber went on. "That damn' cook should have had chow started long ago, and where is he? I've hunted high and low, and it sure looks to me like he's disappeared hisself. I got them old Mexican women to go to work on it; but supper will be an hour late and will probably beat hell when we get it. The old man will sure make the air blue."

Macumber wandered off again in the kind of wavering hustle of a man who feels he must take care of everything, but doesn't know just how to go about it.

By nightfall everyone in the outfit knew that Ross and French had not returned. The cowboys, as one man, were in favor of going after French and Ross to make a rescue—or a capture, whichever seemed required. This Oliver Major did not want. He ordered that no one should leave the immediate vicinity of the ranch buildings; and he backed up his order by shoving the keys of the three remaining cars into his pants pocket, where they stayed.

Even so, four of the cowboys had saddled up for a raid of their own, and probably could not have been restrained in time, had not a new turn changed their plans. Shortly after dusk a rider came jogging into the Lazy M; and this proved to be Art French, himself, riding a spare saddle and a cayuse he had picked up at Twelve Mile Corral. The whole Lazy M swarmed from all quarters to hear his story.

This, told in the unexcited drawl of Art French, proved to be disappointing enough.

"Nobody jumped us; the car didn't bust down; there wasn't no fight," Art French leisurely answered the questions shot at him by the old man. "All it was, Walk Ross seems to have gone nuts, on account of he figures old Tanner is liable to get it in the neck. Seems like Walk used to hunt with old Tanner, over in the Mogollon country. Didn't realize old Tanner had a friend; but seems he has, and Walk is it. Walk is good and sore at us all for leaving old Tanner go with Alex Shaw. He tried to get me to go with him on to Adobe Wells, so as to be on hand if it works out that Tanner needs help. Me, I'm going to stay with the old man's orders, and I won't go. Walk, he can't get it out of his head that Tanner is in right immediate danger. After we argued a long time we split up, and Walk took the car on to Adobe Wells, and I caught up a cayuse and come back."

"So it was Ross," said old man Major to Hughes and Macumber when they were alone again.

"So what was Ross?"

"The man that's been giving away our hand to the Bar S," said Major, his face very grim. "I wouldn't have blamed Ross in a thousand years. How Earl Shaw ever got to him is past me."

"It looks to me," said Hughes thoughtfully, "that if you know Walk Ross so well, you might still take him at his word. His going to Adobe Wells because he wanted to be on hand to help Tanner, if he needed it, is a pretty tall story, that's true; but," he added sarcastically, "this thing of one man siding another through a siege of trouble is still known in some places, strange as it seems."

"TEN million fiddlesticks," snapped Major. "Grasshopper Tanner didn't have a friend in the world!"

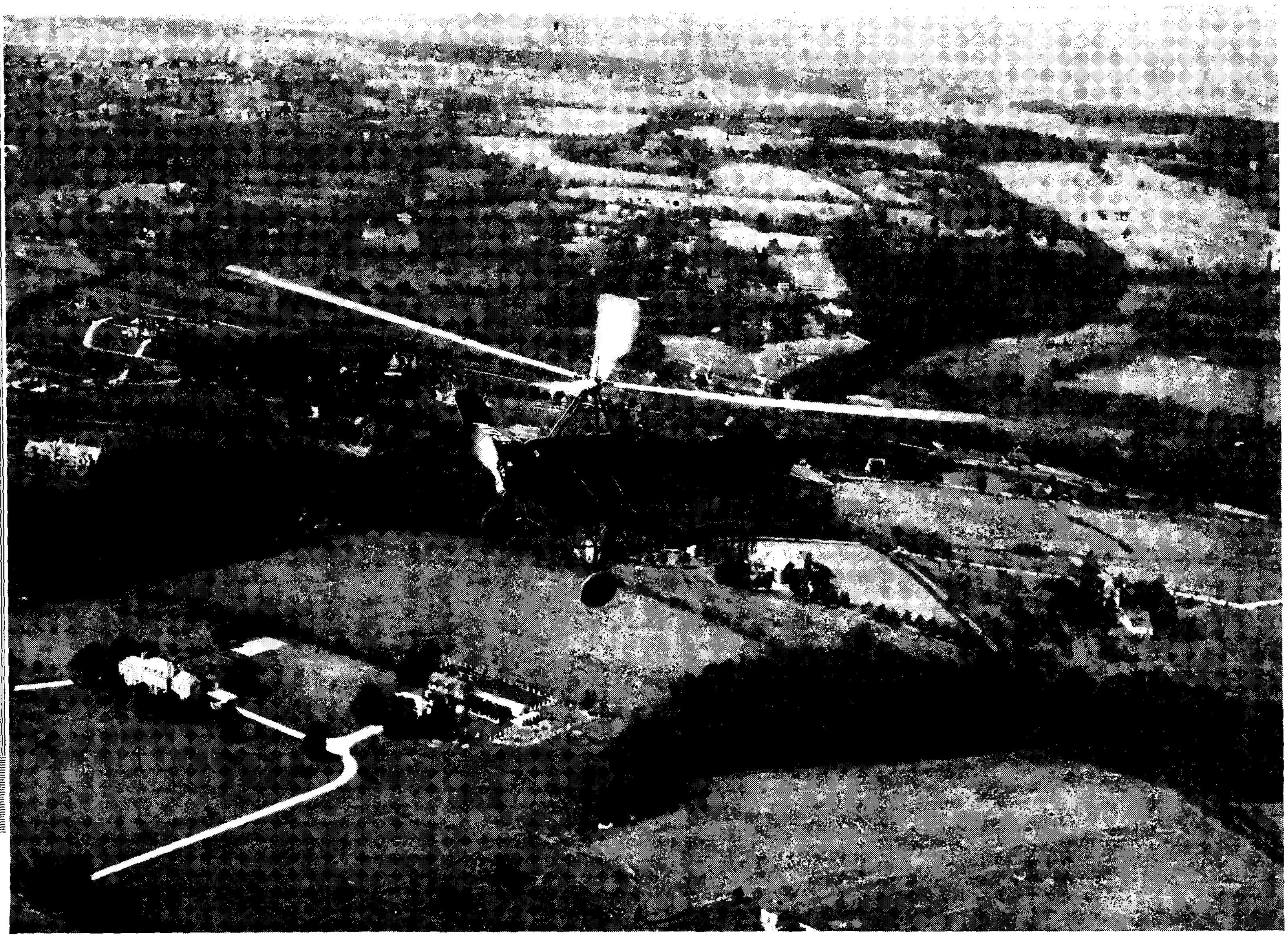
"As for me," suggested Clay, "I'd like to know a little more about Art French."

"He come back, didn't he?" snorted Major. "He come back, while Walk Ross jumped the outfit and headed for Adobe Wells. Can you see a thing when it's written plain on the face of the facts?"

"Let it go," said Hughes.

The people of the Lazy M slept in shifts that night. At all times one or another of the cowboys was on watch from a roof, waiting for headlights to show on the Adobe Wells road. If one thing was certain to the people of the Lazy M, it was that Alex Shaw, who had come and gone that day, would come again; this time very strong. And if Alex Shaw went back empty-handed when next he came, it would be because he was sent back, and behind him there would be gun smoke mingled with the dust.

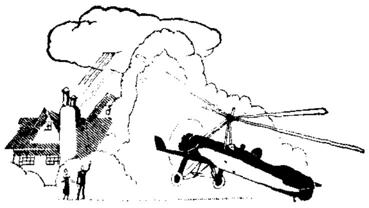
(*Continued on page 55*)



ALMOST ANY OF THESE SUBURBAN ESTATES OFFERS MORE THAN ADEQUATE LANDING SPACE FOR AN AUTOGIRO

What is the need for the AUTOGIRO?

© 1931, Autogiro Co. of America



Characteristics

The Autogiro differs basically from all other heavier-than-air craft in the source of its lifting capacity. This lift is given primarily by four rotating blades which take the place of the familiar wings of an airplane. There is no time when this supporting rotation of the blades can be stopped while the machine is in the air, as their motion is produced solely by wind pressure caused by the movement of the Autogiro in any direction, climbing, level flight, gliding or descending vertically. The supporting rotation of the blades is entirely independent of the engine, whose sole function is to propel the Autogiro.

The Autogiro presents flying characteristics hitherto impossible. It can take off at low speed after a very short run, and immediately assume a steep-climbing angle. It can fly well over 100 miles per hour or as slowly as 25 miles per hour. It can be brought momentarily to a standstill and hover. It can bank and turn slowly without fear of loss of forward speed. It can glide or descend vertically at a speed less than that of a man descending in a parachute, and with virtually no forward speed even with a dead engine. Above all, it cannot fall off into a spin from a stall. As a result, little operating skill is required.

THE progress of aviation and the development genius it exemplifies have been a modern miracle.

Yet the early predictions that flying would soon become general and commonplace have not been realized. As the airplane becomes faster and faster with increased dependence upon high speed for take-off, landing and even control in the air, the obstacles to anything approaching universal use become greater and greater.

Most of us are still spectators, over-awed by the long training, special aptitude and high degree of operating skill required.

This necessity for extreme operating skill is the greatest barrier to widespread private ownership of airplanes. The great need is for an aircraft with such inherent stability that its secure operation is within the capacity of the average person who can operate an automobile.

We believe the Autogiro is such an aircraft.

Speed is one of the intrinsic advantages of air travel, and the Autogiro can fly well over 100 miles per hour, but contrary to all other heavier-than-air craft, speed is not *essential* to it.

All the necessary maneuvers of flying, heretofore hazardous for the novice, can be executed in the Autogiro with slow deliberation. Take-offs, turns, landings and other maneuvers in the air, are accomplished at low speed with ample time for deliberate consideration. In addition, where indecision creates an emergency, the novice can make a slow, deliberate descent in the Autogiro.

Even the expert pilot appreciates the elimination of necessity for lightning-like decisions compelled by the high speeds essential to normal airplane operation.

The need for the Autogiro is the need for an aircraft that can ascend and descend and sustain itself in flight *without* speed and yet capable of speed when desired.

We are confident that the Autogiro points toward the possibility that the average person can consider the operation of an aircraft with assurance comparable to that experienced with an automobile.

The Autogiro Company of America is not a manufacturing or selling company. It is solely an engineering and licensing organization. It owns and controls, exclusively, all Autogiro patent rights in the United States. Manufacturing companies of high standing will be licensed to build Autogiros with the full cooperation of our engineering staff.

AUTOGIRO COMPANY OF AMERICA ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ LAND TITLE BUILDING ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ PHILADELPHIA

The re-laying of this 40 year old
CAST IRON PIPE LINE
originally laid in 1888
will save PHILADEPHIA $70,000.

Water mains that work for nothing

THE City of Philadelphia has saved $70,000 of taxpayers' money by digging up the abandoned cast iron water mains shown above, and re-laying them in a new location. These mains, originally laid in 1888, were still in prime condition. They had paid for themselves in service but were ready for more. So these old cast iron mains went into a new pipe line to "work for nothing" for a hundred years or so.

Cast iron mains are frequently dug up, and re-laid, long after the bonds issued for their payment have been retired. Growth of cities and shifting centers of population require re-routing of pipe lines or substitution of larger mains. If the abandoned mains are of cast iron they may be salvaged and re-laid elsewhere to "work for nothing."

New York, Boston, Baltimore, St. Louis and many other cities have taken up and re-laid cast iron mains to the benefit of taxpayers. The salvage value of cast iron pipe is one of the many reasons why engineers prefer to specify cast iron for water and gas mains.

Cast iron pipe gives extra service because of its effective resistance to rust. Cast iron is the only ferrous metal for water and gas mains that will not disintegrate from rust. This characteristic makes cast iron pipe the most practicable for underground mains for rust will not destroy it.

Reg. Trade Mark

CAST Q IRON

Look for the "Q-check" symbol as shown above. It is the registered trademark of The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association.

City officials, taxpayers and engineers are invited to write for further information regarding the economy of specifying cast iron pipe for water and gas mains as well as for sewers, road culverts and industrial uses. Address The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association, Thomas F. Wolfe, Research Engineer, 122 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

●

Cast iron pipe bearing the "Q-check" trademark is obtainable from the following leading pipe founders: Alabama Pipe Company, Anniston, Ala.; American Cast Iron Pipe Company, Birmingham, Ala.; James B. Clow & Sons, 219 N. Talman Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Donaldson Iron Company, Emaus, Pa.; Glamorgan Pipe and Foundry Company, Lynchburg, Va.; Lynchburg Foundry Company, Lynchburg, Va.; National Cast Iron Pipe Company, Birmingham, Ala.; United States Pipe and Foundry Company, Burlington, N. J.; Warren Foundry and Pipe Company, 11 Broadway, New York.

CAST IRON PIPE

© 1931 by C. I. P. R. Assn.

Gunsight Trail

Continued from page 52

It was an hour after daylight, however, when a general alarm brought the Lazy M people once more into the space in front of the house to watch a lone car wheeling slowly up the road from Adobe Wells. This time there were rifles in the hands of some of the cowboys, in addition to the guns that swung at every thigh.

As the car drew near, however, they saw that it was of a type unfamiliar to the Buckhorn; and the man who drove it was alone. When at last the big roadster wheeled to a stop in front of the ranch house, it was a ruddy-faced old man with hair as white as his immaculate shirt and collar who got stiffly down from the wheel.

It seemed to them a long time that they awaited the half-known quantity called Stephen Sessions. So long had seemed those few days that the man had become almost a myth. After it had become uncertain whether or not he was coming at all, the Lazy M people had come to feel that only his presence would be needed to turn disadvantage to advantage and make one roaring sweep of victory out of an otherwise hopeless contest with irresistible forces.

It is only the footloose and irresponsible criminal who can slip the grip of the law for long. They were learning that the same law which finds itself puzzled and ineffectual before gangster and racketeer can close with a remorseless grip upon well-rooted and responsible men.

And the roots of Oliver Major's very life were deep in the Buckhorn water. He could no more take to flight than he could surrender; and it seemed that his enemy was able to bring all the power of the commonwealth against him in open battle. In this situation only Stephen Sessions offered hope of intervention in the high political circles which had, by a single quick stroke, given the law into the hands of Earl Shaw.

And now, the long delayed Sessions was here at last!

Hughes, watching Stephen Sessions shake hands with Major, wondered if, after all, they had placed their hope in the right place. Certainly Sessions looked as if he might intercede successfully if he wished. The solid, hulking weight of his slightly bent shoulders, the square solidity of his face and, above all, the complete unconscious assurance of the man, visible in his every move, gave him a look of great static power. Yet there was a blandness in the heavy, ruddy face, which, no less than the half-humorous shrewdness in the old blue eyes, suggested that this was a man who made his own decisions and, having made them, was persuaded by none.

"I laid overnight in Adobe Wells," Sessions was saying to Oliver Major. "What's got into this valley of yours, Oliver? You people trying to get back to the old days?"

"I only wish we could, Steve!" said Major.

"IT'S time I got here," said Sessions. "From what I hear, things are sure shaping up into one sweet mess. Was that one of your men who was killed in Adobe Wells last night?"

"A man killed, Steve?"

"Didn't you hear? Don't you folks even keep a telephone any more?"

"The telephone's been out of whack for four days," Major told him. "Do you remember the name of the man that was killed?"

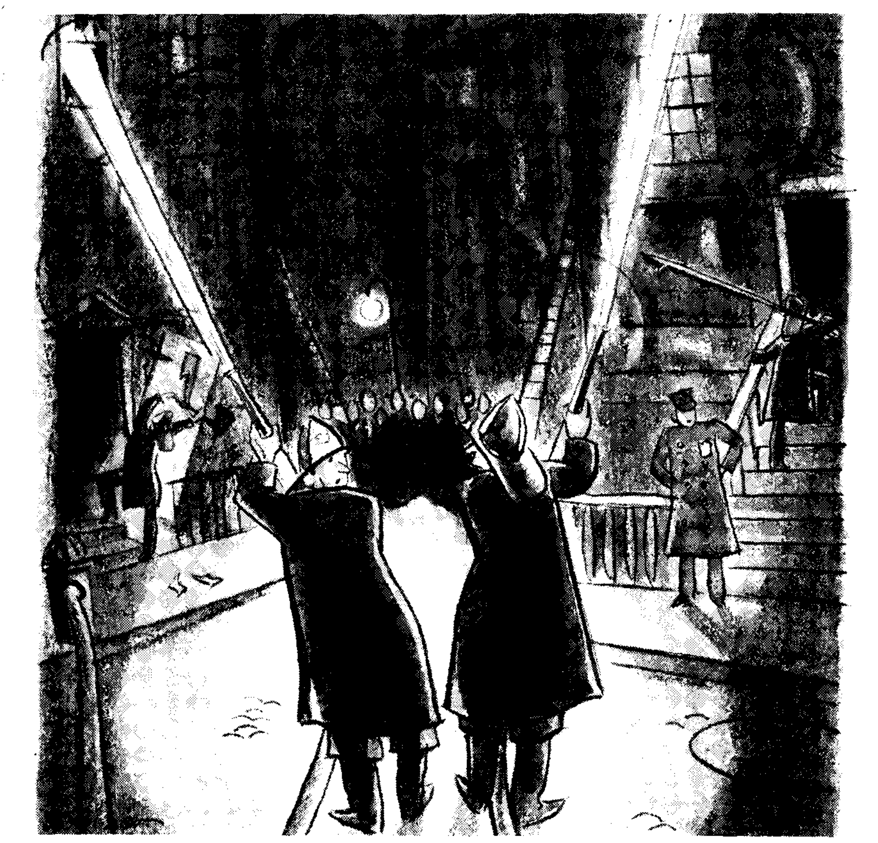
"I've never forgotten a name yet," said Sessions. "It was a man being held as an essential witness, and he was killed making a jail break. His name was Grasshopper Tanner."

"*Grasshopper Tanner!*" Major repeated. He swung upon Hughes. "Do you doubt now what would have happened to you, if you'd gone with Alex Shaw?"

"No," said Hughes.

For the first time he saw the incredible assumption of Oliver Major as part of a grim prophecy already coming true.

(To be continued next week)



"Any idea where the fire is?"

Viva, Senores!

the 2 INGRAM barbers

[JERRY JAR AND TERRY TUBE]

make me grateful on the chin!

THINK ABOUT YOUR FACE
Ingram's SHAVING CREAM
INGRAM'S
Ingram's
SHAVING CREAM
BRISTOL-MYERS CO

"VIVA! I'm a warm-blooded rebel in the middle of a hot revolution, but I like a cool shave just the same!

"And the 2 Ingram Barbers (Senor Jerry Jar and Senor Terry Tube) keep my noble cheek cool even under the tropical sun.

"For they give me a shave that's as comfortable as a siesta after a hard morning of revoluting. For,

It's cool, It's Cool, It's COOL

"Senors, this Ingram's Shaving Cream is so cool and comfortable that I suspect it came down from the Polar ice fields rather than the United States!"

* * *

Ingram's got its first start in life in the famous old blue jar! What a cool, soothing shave it gave men! How they came back and asked for more!

Now it comes in either tube or jar. And both are equally popular. Last year they ran neck and neck in sales.

But both the tube and jar contain the coolest cream that ever caressed your cheek. For, deliberately and purposefully we set out to make it *cool.*

Ingram's has three special ingredients that soothe and tone your face before, during and after the shave. It is a shaving cream, a face tonic and lotion combined. No fear of nasty nicks and burning razor cuts with Ingram's.

Ingram's is good . . . better than good. Ingram's is just about perfect. We're so sure it's what you've been looking for that we offer to give you 10 cool shaves—FREE. We stand to lose the sample if you don't like them (you will) but our business has been built by letting men in on the secret of the coolness of Ingram shaving.

INGRAM'S
Shaving
Cream

10 COOL SHAVES—FREE

Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. C-41
110 Washington St.
New York, N. Y.
I'd like to try 10 cool Ingram shaves

*Name*____________________

*Street*____________________

*City*__________*State*__________

Keeps Hair Neat

Rich-looking—Orderly

IF your hair lacks natural gloss and lustre, or is difficult to keep in place, it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and . . . orderly appearance . . . so essential to well-groomed men.

Just rub a little Glostora through your hair . . . once or twice a week . . . or after shampooing, and your hair will then stay, each day . . . just as you comb it.

Glostora softens the hair and makes it pliable. Then—even stubborn hair—will stay in place of its own accord.

Gives Well-groomed Effect

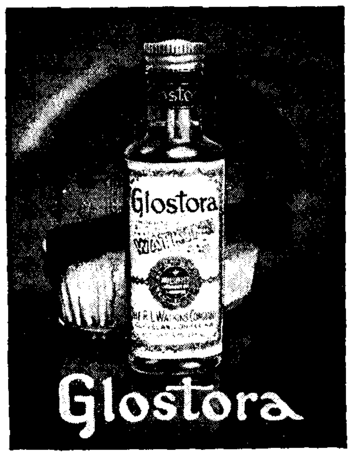
It gives your hair that natural, rich, well-groomed effect, instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as pastes do.

Glostora also keeps the scalp soft, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its health, life, gloss and lustre.

Try it!—See how easy it is to keep your hair combed—any style you like—whether brushed lightly or combed down flat.

If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.



A Ship comes in

Continued from page 19

on the shoulder and say: "Dear child, this earth is wide and full of places that wait for you. Now you are a woman without a country and you see nothing but shadow on the road ahead of you. But you have a passport which will carry you across every frontier. It is the art you have perfected. Within a few years, in a country on the other side of the world, in a rôle written in a language of which today you know not a single syllable, you will play with such truth and such beauty that they will carry you on their shoulders." All this, I repeat, I should like to have had a chance to say to that sorely beset wayfarer.

Strange Authors

Before, during and for a few years after the revolution of 1918, Leontovich was a member of the company at the Imperial Theater in Moscow. A reporter with a passion for detail sought recently to learn the plays she had acted there. Well, it seems she had been a Muscovite Liza Doolittle in Bernard Shaw's Pygmalionsky. The reporter shuddered. Also, she had played some "Shackspeare." What work of Shakespeare, for instance?

"Meedsommer," replied Madame Leontovich.

With some difficulty the reporter recognized the opus she had in mind.

"And what rôle did you play in Midsummer Night's Dream?" he inquired.

"Peck," said Leontovich.

"And after you played—Peck?" the reporter continued, already abjectly infected by her pronunciation.

Well, it seems she had played in another English comedy, translated into Russian, a piece by an unfortunate dramatist, whose memory was further afflicted by her calling him Awskar Vealed. And which of Wilde's comedies had she acted?

"The Importance to be Serious," said Madame Leontovich, and the interview broke up in disorder.

It was, therefore, one who had already made her way to leading rôles in an exacting and exalted theater who, in 1922, fled from the land of her birth. First her husband, then her brother had been killed. Her one thought was to leave Russia forever. She and her theater maid fled together, Leontovich disguised as a peasant girl. It had to be more of a disguise than could be effected by a mere recourse to the hampers of the wardrobe mistress at the theater. It was already occurring to all the fugitive gentry of the old régime to don peasant costume and seek an unnoticed escape from a land no longer comfortable for gentry.

So Leontovich, by the hitch of her shoulders, by the rolling gait of one who has walked much in plowed fields, by the blank uncomprehending stare of her eyes, would have to play a peasant girl persuasively.

Well, after all, it was a rôle of which she had mastered the devices in her days at the Imperial Theater. Now, instead of playing it for two hours, she would have to play it for two months, at all times—day and night. And she did. It was one of her best performances.

Time and the winds of vagrancy at last brought her frail craft to Constantinople. All her worldly goods, as you might say, were in a handkerchief tied on the end of a stick. It was a new day, and she had to set out along the road to make her fortune. There came to her eyes in Constantinople a paragraph in a Russian paper printed for the colony of exiles in Berlin. It said that one Gregory Ratoff had opened a Russian theater there. Gregory Ratoff! Why, he had been the call boy back at the Imperial Theater. She remembered how in the old days he had adored her at a respectful distance. Now the world was upside down and she must write him humbly for a place in his company.

The answer must have been heartwarming. Could she have a place in his company? She could have the whole company. She could have him, too. Did she want him to move the company to Constantinople, or might he lay a red carpet from Constantinople to Berlin, a fitting pathway for so great an artist? They were married in Paris. A copycat manager, who had noticed the success of the Chauve Souris in America, supposed, erroneously, that it might be duplicated indefinitely. Another Russian cabaret, therefore, was imported to New York. When it went stranded here, Leontovich and Ratoff remained behind.

Ratoff found a place in the touring company of an operetta, Blossom Time, I think. Leontovich went into the chorus of a musical show at the Winter Garden. Here was an expert actress, with the *plastique* of a Raquel Meller and the virtuosity of a Heifetz, undertaking perforce the nightly duty of prancing on and off the stage in unison with a troupe of comely young bird-brains.

She regretted that the management did not know she was rather more experienced than she could indicate by the fixed expression of unalterable rapture required of all our coryphées. But at that time her English was not equal to the strain of pleading her own case. Finally, the amiable blonde who carried the next spear undertook to teach her, parrot fashion, a speech in which she might impart these facts. She learned the speech word for word and waylaid the great man. But in her excitement she began by getting his name wrong. Such an error is fatal in dealing with Napoleons. It brought the interview to an end and postponed for a year her emergence from the chorus.

Her first chance came in a road company of And So To Bed. In this, Chicago discovered her. Next, in Los Angeles, she played the Gertrude Lawrence rôle in a fatiguing and narcotic comedy called Candlelight. Finally she was summoned to the leading feminine rôle of Grand Hotel, and thus made her first New York appearance, except for the aforesaid undistinguished and indistinguishable prancings at the Winter Garden.

Broadway Applauds

So she was "discovered." Hearing the huzzahs of the Broadway critics borne faintly on an easterly wind, Chicago observed, with some asperity, that Leontovich was already a great favorite on the shores of Lake Michigan. But New York blandly considers that until an actress has appeared on Broadway she might be classified as not having appeared at all. And since New York, unfortunately, is the undisputed capital of the English-speaking theater, there is some practical basis for so hoity-toity an attitude.

This Grand Hotel is a stage version of a popular and slightly florid German novel written by Vicki Baum, who might be described as the Edna Ferber of Mittel-Europa. It relishes the kaleidoscopic qualities of life by peering into hotel bedrooms for the glimpses such eavesdropping affords of contrasted joy and sorrow, courage and despair. Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief—they dance a ballet of love and hate, birth and death, in the pageantry of this teeming novel.

The play from Fräulein Baum's novel owes a good deal of its effectiveness to an uncommonly good company. In the rôle of the Russian ballerina who is lodged at the Grand Hotel during her engagement in Berlin, Madame Leontovich plays with a resourcefulness not many actresses hereabouts ever acquire. For her, Grand Hotel was truly a great occasion. The rôle imagined by that German writer took her by the hand and led her out of the wilderness.

I do not wish to suggest that from now on her road is clear. Theater Street is not so easy a thoroughfare as that—particularly in our day. In our day, for instance, the paternalistic manager is no longer at work. Time was when an Augustin Daly or a Charles Frohman would fend for a new-found Leontovich, taking pride in nourishing her talent and fashioning opportunities for its exhibition. Of such men of shelter David Belasco is the last, and the generation treading on his heels is less generous. The young talents nowadays are left to shift for themselves and take potluck.

Then the day is past when the public will accept an actress with an accent unless she plays in the rare rôles for which such an accent is appropriate. You see, there are decided fashions in acceptance, as our Ethel Barrymore may have learned when she devoted this season to appearing as a dusky Gullah wench in Scarlet Sister Mary. In New York, at least, the public shared the press' marked lack of enthusiasm for this exploit.

Casting True

Miss Barrymore issued a scornful defi. "They," she said, "do not want to see me in blackface." She said this in a tone which implied that by "they" she referred to the benighted half-wits who make up the theater-going public and write about plays for the papers. Her statement was indisputably correct, and she might have added that the same contumacious "they" did not want to see anyone else in blackface, either. In the age of Paul Robeson and The Green Pastures, the playgoer asks for a more persuasive realism than can be managed with burnt cork and walnut stain.

So, too, the time has passed when an actress with an accent will be encouraged to range at will through the literature of the English-speaking theater. Time was when Modjeska, a Polish actress who spoke English with an accent you could cut with a knife, was welcomed as Rosalind and Camille. In her less exacting day, audiences were willing to pretend harder. They were willing, for instance, to pretend that a stage whisper so deafening that it rattled the eardrums in the last row of the gallery was quite inaudible to the other characters on the stage. In such an age of supine acceptance they would weep as copiously at "Modejesky ez Cameel" as if the heroine were not oddly given to crying out from her deathbed: "Armong, I loaf you."

So, though the première of Grand Hotel did bring a ship into port with battered flags flying and the band playing a jaunty tune, I do not pretend to know what fortune awaits it on other voyages. I only know that by her performance in this play Leontovich has snatched a new life from the burning of the old, and that whatever she plays, next season and always, will be played with the unerring touch of one who is mistress of her craft.

The Golfing World is on the Threshold of a Great Change

FIFTY of the greatest Professionals in Golf were retained by Spalding to test Cushion-neck Irons in actual play. Most of these fifty began to turn in the best scores of their careers.

In fact, so marked was the improvement in their play, and so widespread was the impression created by their success with the Cushion-neck, that over 300 of their fellow Professionals have stocked their bags with Cushion-neck Clubs. As one of them expressed it, "We can't afford *not* to play them."

What is there about the Cushion-neck that is causing this wholesale change? How is it that the steel shaft, once the black sheep of the golf-club family, is now to be seen in the most carefully-filled golf bags?

The patented rubber sleeve, between the shaft and the head of the Cushion-neck, provides the answer. That rubber sleeve makes Cushion-necks the only irons ever to combine the advantages of the steel shaft with the sweet feel of the very finest hickory.

But the Cushion-neck gives more than perfect uniformity, more than freedom from warping, more than the sweetest feel ever found in a golf club. The Cushion-neck, in addition to these combined steel and hickory advantages, gives *straighter iron shots!*

Here's the explanation of that: Even with the greatest golfers, at the time the club-head hits the ball, the hands are never quite the same on any two shots.

But, while the hands vary, they also make a valiant effort to redeem themselves. For, in the flash of time that the club-head is on the ball, the hands tend to correct the error of any shot.

In the Cushion-neck, that fraction of a second is prolonged by virtue of the controlled torque the Cushion-neck principle gives. This keeps the club on the ball a fraction of a second longer, and gives the hands more time to compensate for errors.

You probably are not conscious of this reflex muscular action. But any golf expert will tell you that it's there. And any expert who ever has played with Cushion-neck Irons will tell you, too, that they definitely do take part of this corrective burden from the muscular and nervous systems.

"But," golfers have asked, "doesn't Cushion-neck's controlled torque disappear when the rubber gets old?" Well, it would—*if* the rubber got old. But Spalding has given that little rubber sleeve perpetual youth. For, after the rubber is put around each shaft, after the shaft is inserted into the hosel of the head, the hosel is crimped. The air is sealed out forever, preventing oxidization, and keeping the rubber lively for the life of the club.

The head and rubber-cushioned shaft are joined by a special Spalding process which is the strongest yet used in a golf club—so strong that Spalding can guarantee every Cushion-neck Club, permanently, against separation.

Try these marvelous Clubs the very first time you can beg, borrow, or steal a set. They will convert you just as they have converted 350 leading Professionals and uncounted numbers of amateurs. They will give you one of your greatest golfing thrills.

Note: The Cushion-neck also comes in Woods. They, too, hold a new golfing thrill for you.

CUSTOM-BUILT REGISTERED IRONS
Set of nine $90 Set of six $60

CUSTOM-BUILT REGISTERED WOODS
Driver and Brassie $30 Driver, Brassie and Spoon $45

STANDARD REGISTERED IRONS
Set of nine $75 Set of six $50

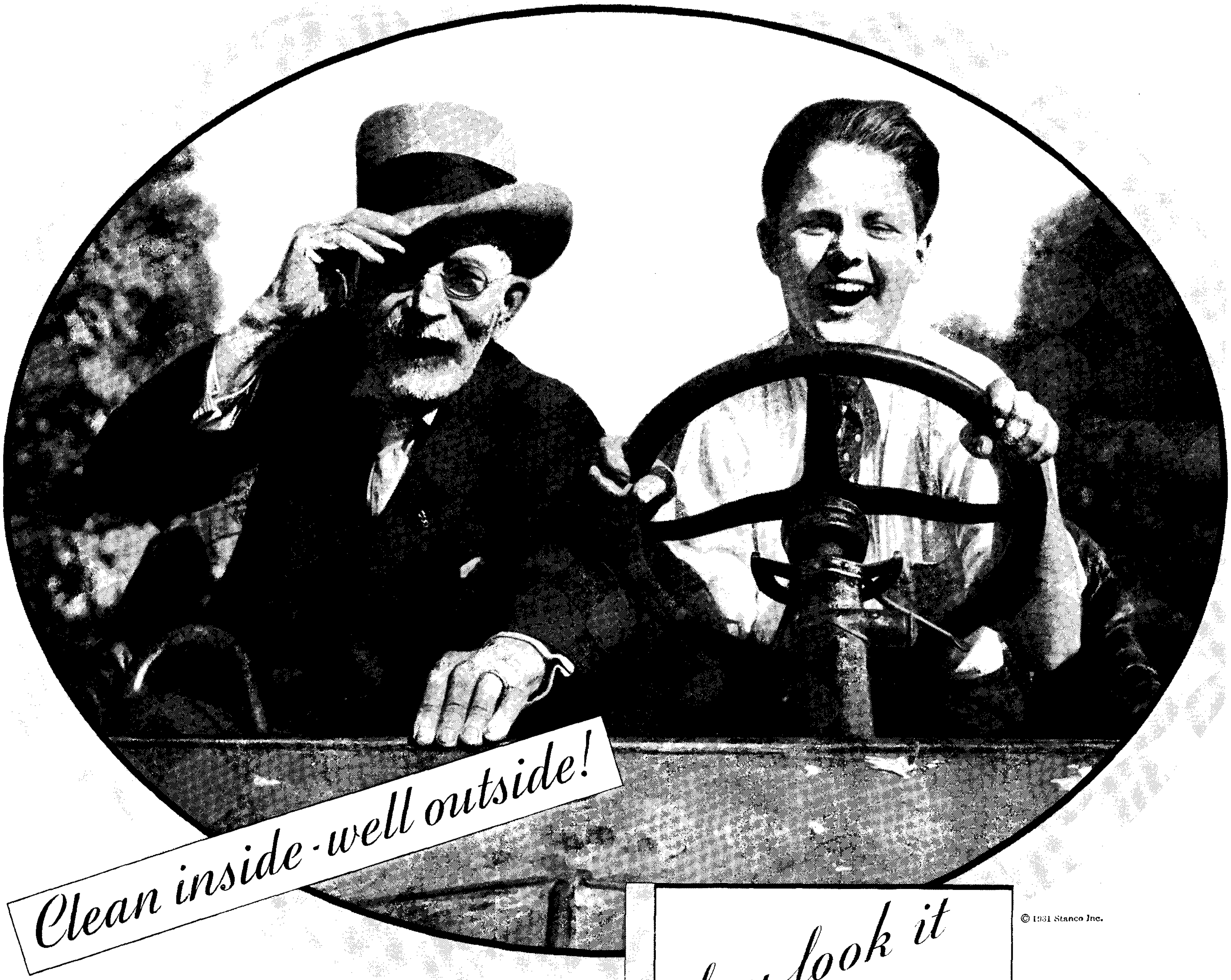
AUTOGRAPH K WOODS
Driver and Brassie $25, with Spoon $37.50. Each $12.50

RELATED IRONS
Set of nine $54 Set of six $36 Each $6

Let your Professional outfit you
Also at Spalding dealers and at any Spalding store

Spalding KRO-FLITE Golf Clubs

© 1931, A. G. S. & BROS.


Clean inside - well outside!

© 1931 Stanco Inc.

they look it AND SO CAN YOU!

"STEP on it, Son! You can't go too fast for your old Grand-Dad!"

Happy health! Why shouldn't we all be full of its joy, right through our lives?

This business of being *well*, which is the thing that makes life worth living, is not as difficult as most people make it. According to the doctors, the rules for most of us are few and simple: eat, exercise, and sleep right; keep yourself internally clean.

Doctors pretty well agree that (barring germ diseases) most illness and headache, most drowsiness, lack of pep and ambition, most cases of seeing the world through blue glasses generally, are due to failure to keep "clean inside." One famous British physician goes so far as to say "auto-intoxication (the self poisoning that comes when you are not internally clean) is perhaps the most important factor in the production of human disease."

Just as most doctors agree in blaming this condition for much of our sickness, so they also agree that the Nujol type of treatment is the safest way to relieve it. Crystal-clear Nujol can't possibly hurt you. It isn't a medicine at all. It has no drugs in it. It isn't absorbed—so it can't make you fat. It is colorless—tasteless—and children love it. It costs little and means much in health.

The tonic effect of Nujol on your whole body is due to the way it helps you without using weakening drugs. Since it is harmless as pure water, many doctors advise taking it as regularly as you brush your teeth or wash your face. It's common sense, isn't it, that if you keep as clean inside as you do outside, you increase your chances of being well—and therefore happy—all the time?

Remember two things if you want to enjoy "Nujol health."

One: Don't expect results over night. This is nature's own method, and nature is never violent. Your body will respond gratefully, and day by day you will feel better as this soothing treatment takes effect.

Two: Be on your guard. Don't accept any substitute. Your druggist has Nujol—always in a sealed package—always trademarked "Nujol" so you will be sure to get it.

If you want to feel so well that life looks like one continuous joy-ride, put yourself on the natural Nujol treatment—and start today!

Nujol

Nujol
Nujol

health

INSIST ON NUJOL . . . . REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

What's the Racket?

Continued from page 11

shops, poultry dealers, butchers, bakers, window-shade makers, paper-stock dealers.

Look over this list and you note a curious fact. It's this: Most of the trades, industries or businesses named are those which must make use of a city's streets for transportation purposes.

Goods in transport! Throughout all recorded history such goods have been the object of looters. Barbary pirates, in the Mediterranean, cutting off Italian merchants from the East, forced the discovery of America; Christopher Columbus and other explorers were, in reality, trying to find a racketeerless route to the rich Orient. On the river Scheldt, at Antwerp, a certain racketeer who became a baron took tribute from every ship that passed his riverside castle on the way into harbor. It is along the caravan routes that brigands collect tribute.

Bill Jones, Collector

Why is it that *now*, at this particular time, we read in the newspapers of rackets in other towns and wonder if, or when, the rackets will begin to operate in our own town?

I answer this question by giving the opinion, as he himself gave it to me, of a certain lawyer in a middle-sized city, who some years ago took on the job of assistant to a certain United States district attorney. At this writing he may still be in his job, but politicians, protecting rackets and racketeers, were on his trail because, they said, he was hurting "the party organization."

This man, who had worked for almost a year investigating rackets in various communities, told me: "Here's how 'rackets' grow and live:

"They seize some political organization and control it. It's the political organization, as everyone knows, that creates and later controls the government of any town, county or state."

So here we come to the question: who controls the political organization? The answer is simple enough. It is the men who make the heaviest campaign contributions to that organization. And within the past half-dozen years, these organizations have found an entirely *new* set of backers.

Let's tear an average political organization apart—one in your own town, for instance, for all political organizations work alike today—and see what this means.

Along about election time, in your town and mine, there's a lot of worrying going on that you and I don't see. At least two men are hustling around with extreme agility. One is a Republican; the other a Democrat. Or, in the South, they may be two opposing Democrats. Each man is the collector of money for his party organization. The two are in a race to see who can collect the most. It takes money to get votes, even when you don't actually buy them. Speakers and house-to-house workers must be paid. Then there's advertising, postage, telegraphing, telephoning, transportation and many other items.

Now let's fasten ourselves to grizzled old Bill Jones, treasurer (and that means collector) of one of these party organizations in the city of X-ville. There are hundreds, yes, thousands of Bill Joneses, scattered throughout America.

Whoever gives money to Bill, for party purposes, is Bill's friend. I had one of these Bills boast to me one time, "I've never put one cent of party funds into my own pocket. They know I'm honest." He didn't mention to me, however, that he had been caught red-handed putting prohibition-department money into his own pocket and had not only been fired from a prohibition job by Washington but had been forced to return the money. Being a politician, he didn't go to jail, as several of his subordinates did.

No; the Bills who do the collecting of party funds may not be honest with the government and loyal to it, but they do play square with the party organization.

Bill is not only friendly to the man or organization who gives him party money but he sees to it that his party organization is friendly as well. If his party gets into power it will return any reasonable favor the contributor requests; unreasonable favors too, perhaps.

Bill's collection route would take him to business men and to business institutions. The street-car company, with its expiring franchises, perhaps; the gas company, the telephone company, city contractors, railroad companies, various industries. Bill had to go where he knew the money was; and he also had to go to men, institutions or organizations who might reasonably be expected to be asking a favor now and then of city officials.

Did any set of citizens ever step forth, take a collection, hand it to Bill and say, "Here, Mr. Jones! We citizens have some favors to ask of the administration. Here's some money for your party to use to put some decent, honest citizens into power"? No! No! Not ever. Bill—yes, all the Bills in America—never heard of such a thing.

And until very recently Bill got the organization's campaign funds together as best he could, doled out the money to the best possible advantage, where it would do the most good and get the most votes, and probably won the election. In other words, at election time Bill's organization candidates for office ceased being mere candidates and became actual judges, aldermen, city attorneys, county attorneys, or what not.

And after these officials, hand-picked by Bill and his organization, were duly seated it would not be unusual to hear Bill telling someone in office—the mayor, a judge, an alderman, a building inspector, a governor—yes, maybe even a President:

"This fellow contributed to our campaign fund and the organization must get him what he wants."

Brewery Bluecoats

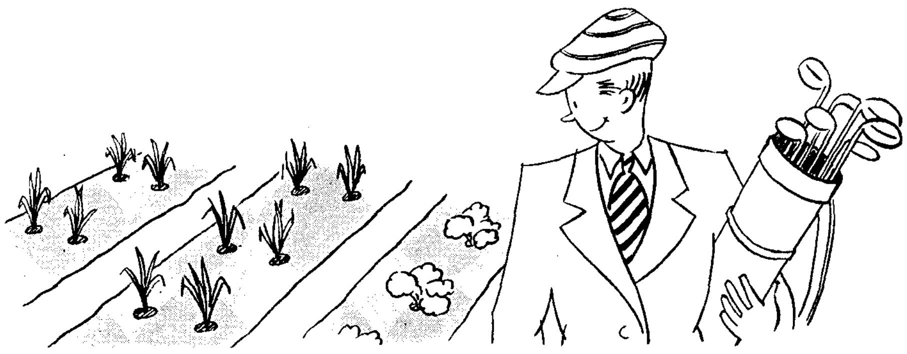
"The organization wants"—that's Bill's motto. "You'll hurt the organization"—that's the warning which every elected government official of any sort, from President of the United States down to town constable, must keep in mind; the organization that elected him keeps this idea always before him.

But "Bill," the organization's collector, has been noticing something new within the past dozen years. A new set of men with money, and plenty of it, have come onto the scene.

They're the thugs with the "grands"; the bootleggers; a new kind of favor-seeking business man. The Federal prohibition law had put them outside the pale of its protection; they wanted to get back inside again. These new contributors to the party organization wanted plenty of favors; especially they wanted not only immunity from police but actual protection by them, so they

(*Continued on page 60*)

Don't let your GARDEN keep you on your knees



Grubbing . . . hoeing . . . sweating • Don't let drudgery of weeding break your back. Do your summer's gardening . . . in one operation . . . this easy, modern way. Bring up your garden under *Gator-Hide Mulch Paper* . . . the miraculous paper that banishes weeds . . . holds the moisture in your soil . . . stimulates plant growth . . . brings in bigger, better fruits, flowers and vegetables, days and weeks ahead of their place on the calendar.

Truck farmers, florists, nurserymen are using Gator-Hide Mulch Paper literally by the mile. Government authorities, state agricultural stations and scientists use and recommend mulch paper.

Now Gator-Hide Mulch Paper comes to you . . . in a handy garden package for $1. And when you plant through Gator-Hide Mulch Paper you do the whole summer's job right at the start. You lay it . . . and it's easy to lay . . . punch holes through it . . . put in your seed or transplant your seedlings . . . wash your hands . . . and watch your garden grow . . . labor free.

That's modern gardening. Try it . . . this season . . . in your own backyard. Cut out the drudgery of weeding . . . get bigger, better, earlier fruits, flowers and vegetables. Send the coupon today. *Spring is here!*

Truck farmers, florists, nurserymen . . . Gator-Hide Mulch Paper gives you bigger, better, earlier crops that bring top-notch market prices . . . reduces labor costs. For your use, we suggest the standard rolls. Your dealer has them. Ask him about the new machines for laying Gator-Hide.

INTERNATIONAL PAPER COMPANY
Dept. T • 220 East 42nd Street, New York

Here's my dollar. Send me a garden package of Gator-Hide Mulch Paper, with instructions for using.

*Name*________________
*Street*________________
*City*________________
*County*________*State*________

Licensed for use East of Colorado and Saskatchewan under patents of Charles F. Eckart. In Canada, address: Canadian International Paper Co., 1155 Beaver Hall Square, Montreal.

JOIN THE
GATOR-HIDE
GARDEN CLUB
FOR $1.00

TOUGH BEARD?

Then you need the special

TOUGH BEARD CREAM

"There's no such thing as a real comfort shave for me. My beard is scratchy enough to light a match on . . ."

Are *you* another one of those tough beard sufferers?

There's *one* cream specifically made for tough beards: That cream is Mennen. Mennen contains specially processed *tristearin* $(C_{18}H_{35}O_2)_3C_3H_5$. And it's that ingredient which builds the special "tough beard" lather—lather that can wilt the wiriest bristle in no time . . . Start to shave: your blade cuts through the limp hairs as if it were your first downy high-school beard.

While you shave, Mennen lather soothes and relaxes the skin. Thus, even if your skin is tender, you get a *comfort* shave.

2 KINDS · *Original* · *Menthol-iced*

NEW TUBE
NEW PRICE
35c
GIANT TUBE
50c

MENNEN SHAVING CREAM

(*Continued from page 59*)

have been offering Bill, the party fund collector, plenty of money.

And Bill's been taking it, in almost every corner of our land.

Why shouldn't he take it? Before prohibition Bill used to collect from brewers and distillers and saloon keepers; why not from these new "boys"? This is how Bill and other members of his organization figured it out:

"This prohibition law is one that people don't like; they want their booze; lots of people won't vote for a party organization that won't help them get it. So this money is just as useful to the party organization as any other money and, besides, we won't have to grant these fellows any favors that the people won't like, such as raising street-car fares or electric light or gas rates or putting through some grab."

Bill and his party organization have demanded not only immunity from the operations of the prohibition law but also protection from its policemen; and they've received it.

Here's an actual story known at this moment to the Department of Justice in Washington:

A few weeks ago, in a certain city, where the city and county party organization had taken plenty of bootlegger money, a Federal attorney was securing evidence against a brewery. He learned that, at two o'clock every morning, a caravan of loaded beer trucks passed out through the brewery gates to distribute the brewery's products throughout the city.

This Federal official sent off to Washington and asked for the services of an extra smart Department of Justice man; he wanted one whose face would not be familiar to local bootleggers.

Just exactly at two o'clock, when the brewery gates would be thrown open, the Washington detective ambled along the street toward the brewery. At the corner stood a policeman. Along the block were two more policemen and at the further corner stood a fourth policeman. The Federal detective stopped and leaned up against a wall.

"What are you doing?" asked the first officer, approaching the Federal man.

"Oh, just looking around."

"What's your name?" asked the policeman.

"Jim Jones."

"Got any papers on you to show it?"

The detective fumbled in his pockets; "Not one, I guess," he answered. He had purposely cleared his garments of papers, gun and badges.

"I'll have to toss you in for loitering. Jump in that car," said the officer. He motioned to the small police car standing ready at the curb.

The Federal man then was whisked off to a police station, searched and locked in a cell. No charge was written against his name in the desk sergeant's book, but, like a good detective, getting evidence, he did not protest.

Now Bill is Sorry

Three hours later, at five in the morning, a jailer opened his cell and turned him loose.

"Get the hell out of here and shut up," he said. The detective did both.

He discovered later that all the beer trucks, after being emptied, usually returned to the brewery at four; he had been kept in the cell for safety's sake one hour beyond the homecoming hour of the beer wagons.

This is evidence that may some day be used against this brewery. It is even better evidence that, when the thugs with the "booze grands" contribute to a party organization, they get not only immunity but protection; even, sometimes, from the government at Washington itself. It is also evidence of how that experienced old-timer Bill, the collector, can and always does deliver *quid pro quo*.

But Bill has recently, say within the past two years, been nearing the end of his rope. Things are beginning to look bad, here and there, for politicians who have tried, at least, to keep up a semblance of decency and honesty.

There's many a Bill in this country today who wishes he hadn't taken those first "booze grands." The "boys" asked him to see that police eyes were kept closed against prohibition violations; now they're asking him to do more; they're actually asking him and expecting him so to control the government that they can safely commit other crimes than bootlegging.

Bill, the powerful politician who can control mayors, governors and sometimes even judges, finds himself in the same pickle with the policeman who first went crooked on booze and at last found himself forced to work hand in hand with dope peddlers and prostitutes.

Bill is chewing the stub end of his cigar today, scratching his head, and wondering how he can break away from his new "friends."

Racketeering cannot exist without protection.

And now, to understand fully Bill's new troubles, let us go back to the experienced Federal attorney, with whom I talked:

"Bribing officials," he explains, "was an early trick with bootleggers before bootleg rings got rich. But every Federal official who knows anything of local situations throughout the country knows that there have been many mergers of bootleggers. These mergers are now rich enough and powerful enough to control political organizations.

"By doing this they are able to treat police and other public officials, even judges in some cases, with open contempt; they know that the political organization that put these officials into office will see that the same officials 'treat the boys right.' Bootleg kings with whom I have talked do not feel that anyone is doing them a favor; they have paid for what they receive and they accept favors from organization-picked police, courts and prosecuting attorneys in that spirit, without even a sense of gratitude."

And then this man, who had seen the inside of rackets, told me this amazing thing:

"The nearer we come to the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, the more likely the boys are to shift as much as they can from booze into business rackets. Some of the little fellows have graduated from prohibition into other rackets. But the most sinister thing is that the big booze rings are now also going into business rackets.

"They've got the organizations, built up for violating prohibition. Why shouldn't they use these organizations for other purposes? They have crooked officials helping them, for instance. If they have corrupted an official in regard to prohibition, he lies in their power; they can force him to do anything else they wish.

When His Money Gives Out

"The public is responsible for the booze racket. Every one of us who has ever bought a quarter's worth of booze, since prohibition went into effect, has helped to build up the booze rings that are now going into racketeering. You and I and most of the rest of us were all tolerant of that racket. We thought of the bootleggers as only shooting at each other, perhaps. We didn't think of them as growing powerful enough to get a few fingers of each hand onto the rudder of the ship of government.

"But we won't be tolerant of what the bootlegger with his organizations and his cold-cash grands is getting himself into now.

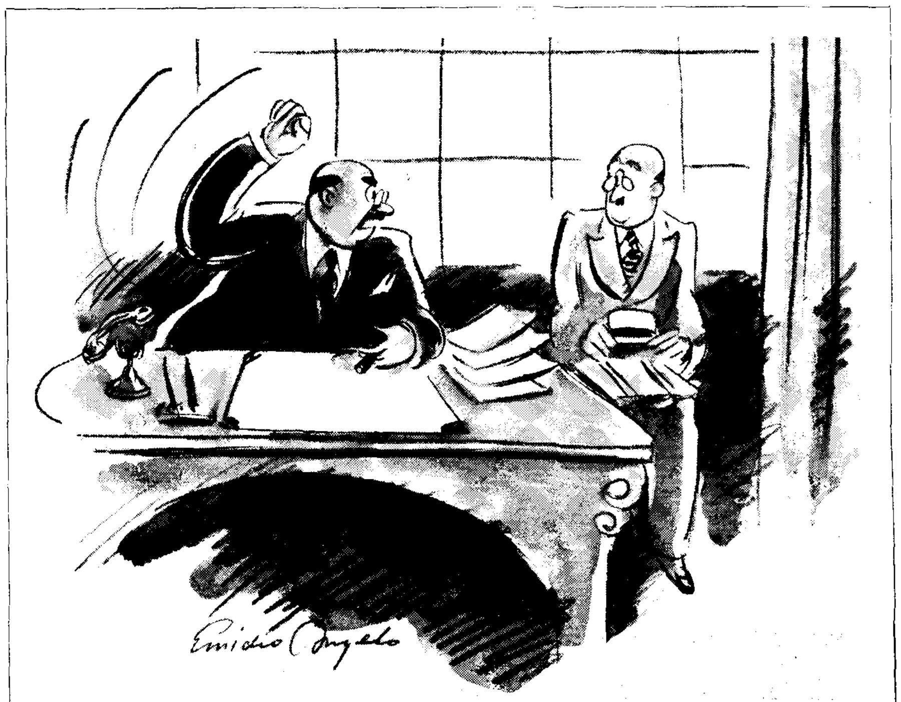
"He may think it will be as easy to get his grands by menacing and laying tribute on legitimate business along the highways as it was to break the law by supplying America with the booze that it thirsted for. He had the general public to aid him in breaking the prohibition law. He won't have the public to aid him in this stick-up business.

"And when the grands begin to come in more slowly, if and when the Eighteenth Amendment is repealed—he won't have money to give to political organizations. He'll really have to fight the government then for the first time in all his experience instead of corrupting it and getting it on his side.

"And in that game of fighting the government, with public opinion all against him, he'll lose. But," added this official, "we're in for a stormy time with him. There's no doubt about that.

"He'll go on until we all get mad enough to kick him out."

As for your own town, the racket begins there, if it has not already done so, just the minute the party organizations accept financial support from the bootleggers.

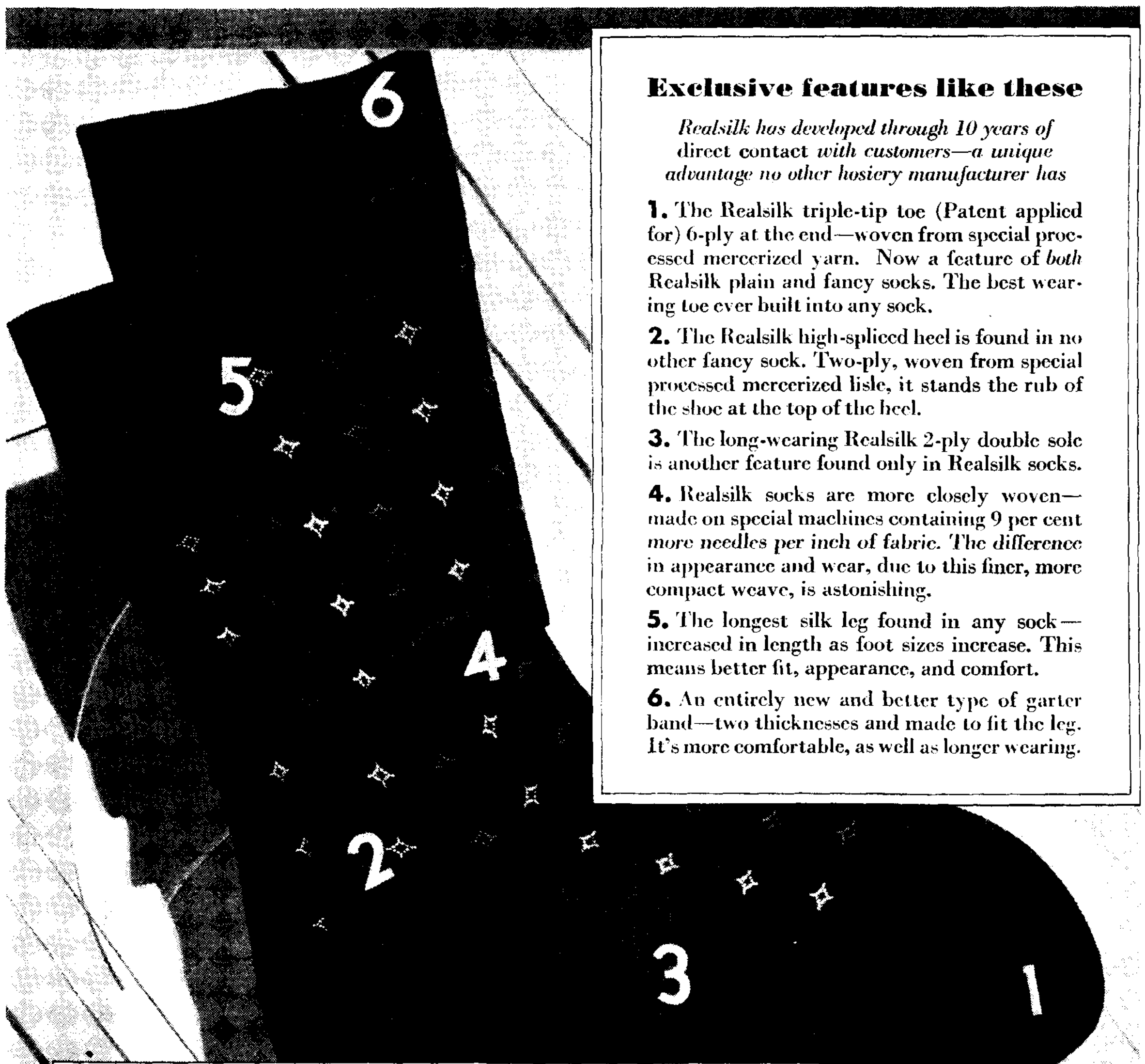


"There's *no* reason for it, I tell you—it's just our policy!"

Where else at *any* price

Can you get ALL *these features of wear, style and comfort in socks?*

except through Realsilk's famous direct-to-you system of selling



Exclusive features like these

Realsilk has developed through 10 years of direct contact with customers—a unique advantage no other hosiery manufacturer has

1. The Realsilk triple-tip toe (Patent applied for) 6-ply at the end—woven from special processed mercerized yarn. Now a feature of *both* Realsilk plain and fancy socks. The best wearing toe ever built into any sock.

2. The Realsilk high-spliced heel is found in no other fancy sock. Two-ply, woven from special processed mercerized lisle, it stands the rub of the shoe at the top of the heel.

3. The long-wearing Realsilk 2-ply double sole is another feature found only in Realsilk socks.

4. Realsilk socks are more closely woven—made on special machines containing 9 per cent *more needles per inch of fabric. The difference* in appearance and wear, due to this finer, more compact weave, is astonishing.

5. The longest silk leg found in any sock—increased in length as foot sizes increase. This means better fit, appearance, and comfort.

6. An entirely new and better type of garter band—two thicknesses and made to fit the leg. It's more comfortable, as well as longer wearing.

CHECK them over—point by point, feature by feature . . Where can you equal values like these?

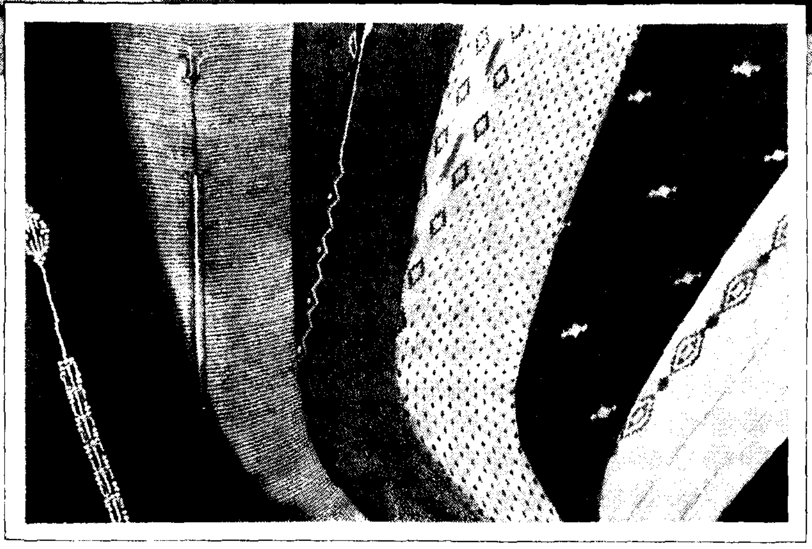
They're exclusive Realsilk advantages that no other hosiery manufacturer is in a position to give you. *Because Realsilk alone sells direct to you through Representatives.*

Through 10 years of *direct contact* with customers—a unique advantage enjoyed by no other manufacturer—we've learned exactly what features men most want in socks. And, because Realsilk is the largest maker of silk hosiery in the world today, we are in a position to *give them* those features . . . socks that satisfy 100 per cent.

Realsilk Socks for spring bring you the latest in style—direct from the style sources. They mark an outstanding advance in *fancy sock* construction. They give you features of wear (described at the left) hitherto found only in socks of solid color. Our Representatives are showing them now. If you are not being called on regularly, just telephone the Realsilk office in your town. Realsilk Super-Service Socks are never sold in stores.

• • •

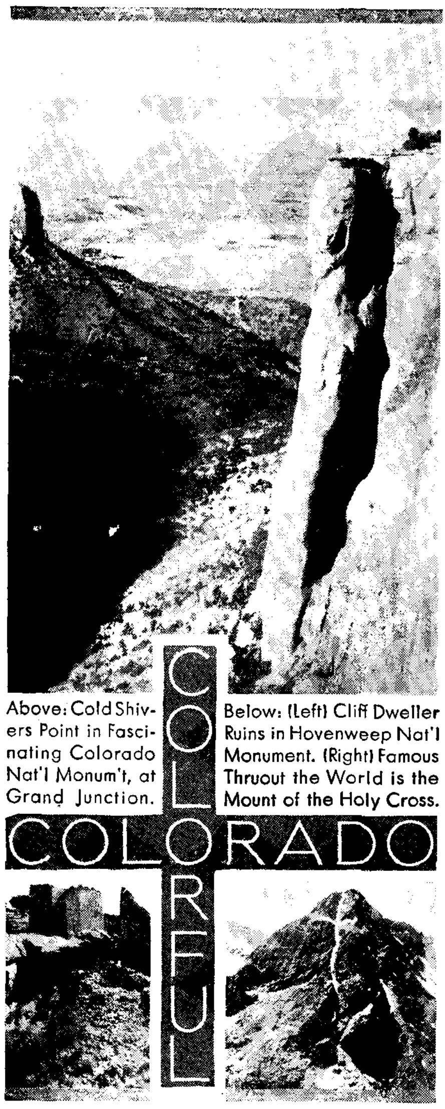
The Real Silk Hosiery Mills, Inc., Indianapolis, Indiana. World's largest manufacturers of silk hosiery. 250 branch offices in the United States. Consult local telephone directory.



Embroidered silk clocks at $1 a pair are an outstanding feature of the new Realsilk line for Spring. Colors are conservative, in keeping with the latest style trend. Vari-colored, all-over effects are prominent

REALSILK

HOSIERY MILLS, *Inc.*


Above: Cold Shivers Point in Fascinating Colorado Nat'l Monum't, at Grand Junction.

Below: (Left) Cliff Dweller Ruins in Hovenweep Nat'l Monument. (Right) Famous Thruout the World is the Mount of the Holy Cross.

Bizarre Rocks, Pre-Historic Apartment Hotels, and the Most Sublime Cross in the World

To combine the beauty and joys of the Rockies with sights of world wonders, make a tour of Colorado's five National Monuments. See cliff dwellings at the Hovenweep and the Yucca House; marvel at the curious "molten" rocks of the Wheeler; climb up the Trail of the Serpent and stand on Cold Shivers Point in the Colorado, and view the majestic, snow-capped symbol on the Mount of the Holy Cross.

There is more fun and less expense in a Colorado vacation—which also applies to living here. When you come to Colorado (soon!) study its opportunities and joyous home life. Send the coupon now and let us prove our claims!

Extra vitamins, better flavor, in Colorado fruits and vegetables. Tell your grocer.

THE KEY STATE OF THE NEW WEST

Stacking Alfalfa in Eastern Colorado

THE COLORADO ASSOCIATION
362 Kit Carson Building, Denver, Colo.

Send me, free, "Colorful Colorado: Opportunity's Playground," illustrated in natural colors.

Name

Address

Business is Business

Continued from page 9

"The terms are as follows: Mr. Branch agrees to sell to me and deliver the Radio Accessories Corporation for the sum of fifteen thousand dollars, or seven dollars and a half a share. I agree to pay cash on delivery, with five hundred dollars upon signing of the contract as earnest money. The delivery is to be made on or before the expiration of ten days from this date in the State Bank in Penfield."

The lawyer looked to Branch, who nodded his head. "Right," he said, and the lawyer commenced to dictate. In half an hour the contract was ready.

"And here," said Terry, "is five hundred dollars in cash, on account and as an earnest of intentions and ability."

Mr. Branch pocketed the cash, winked covertly at his lawyer, and affixed his name to the contracts. Terrance added his signatures and pocketed his copy.

"I'm very, very glad to have met you," he said glumly. "It has been a pleasure. I only regret I cannot permit you to associate yourself with me in the manufacture of my invention. But that is utterly impossible. I must go my way alone, untrammeled and without interference."

On the following day Terry did nothing except cross-word puzzles, for which he had a passion, and take a long walk into the country. The ensuing day he consumed much in the same way, and the next. On the fourth day Miss Jane North appeared in his door with an accusing face.

"What," she demanded, "are you doing?"

"What," he countered, "is a five-letter word ending in two s's and meaning a pale, yellowish clay?"

"I've no idea, and I don't care. But what about Mr. Jackman? You took on his troubles, and what do you do?" She paused for oratorical effect. "You sit all day doing puzzles."

"Mr. Jackman's affairs are a sort of puzzle," he said mildly. "One has to think."

"One has to act in this world."

"An unpleasant fact, but nevertheless true. I gather you demand activity. Would it aid Mr. Jackman if I were to run from one end of Main Street to the other?"

"It would aid him if you'd do something besides sit."

"Haste," said he, "is a defect of this modern machine age."

"A defect," she said coldly, "of which you are guiltless."

There seemed to be no apt rejoinder to this, so Terry remained silent.

"Mr. Branch," said Jane, "has made an offer for Mr. Jackman's stock. Mr. Jackman was very much astonished."

"Astonishment," said Terry, "is an emotion to which he will have to accustom himself. How much did Mr. Branch offer?"

"Seven hundred and fifty dollars."

"Well, that is something. And what did Mr. Jackman do?"

"He asked me to carry the information to you—if it is of any interest to you."

"Not so interesting as entertaining. Will you suggest to Mr. Jackman that he indicate to Mr. Branch that a conference on the subject might be gratifying to all parties? In short, tell Mr. J. to invite Mr. B. to come over."

"To what end?" Jane demanded impatiently.

"All business is based on the conference. We must have a conference. It is indispensable. Maybe if we got better acquainted we should like each other. I suggest the day after tomorrow."

"Tell me," she said impatiently, "have you any plan whatever?"

"I am an opportunist," said Mr. Lee. "And that five-letter word is loess. There's nothing like these puzzles for increasing one's vocabulary. Think of loess. A pale, yellowish clay. Tell Mr. Jackman the day after tomorrow. You don't like me much, do you?"

"I think," she said, "you are a button short."

"But charming, eh? And pretty smart. Don't you agree I have intellect?"

"I agree to only one thing about you," she said, "and that is that you have extraordinarily clumsy feet."

"There's a surprise in store for you," he said somberly.

"What surprise?"

"You're going to learn to admire me tremendously. I shouldn't be surprised if you grew fond of me. Can you imagine it?"

"I cannot," she said succinctly.

"In that case," he said, "leave me to my grief."

Miss North forgot her upbringing and her manners and slammed the door so that the little house shook to its foundations.

Then, for another day Terry Lee did cross-word puzzles and increased his stock of unusual terms. But on the next day he presented himself at Mr. Jackman's office.

"Mr. Branch is due at ten?" he asked.

"Yes, young man, but to what good?"

"That," said Terry, "remains to be seen. He made you an offer for your stock?"

"I can't understand the purpose of it," said Mr. Jackman.

"I fancy he will increase his offer."

"No offer he could make would extricate me from my difficulties. What I've got to have, Mr. Lee, is seventy-five thousand dollars. And there isn't that much in the world."

"You never can tell," said Terry, and then, "I hear footsteps upon the stairs. Can it be Mr. Branch? It can. It is Mr. Branch. Good morning, Mr. Branch."

Mr. Branch paused and frowned. "Mr. Lee! I did not expect to see you here."

"Just dropped in. You've met Mr. Jackman, haven't you?"

"We are acquainted," said Branch. "And, Mr. Lee, if you will excuse me I have a matter of private business to discuss."

"Do you know," Terry said, "I can hardly wait to move into your factory and start manufacturing. I'll step into the adjoining room and see you when you are through."

He disappeared and Branch stood before Jackman's desk.

"You got my offer for your stock?" he asked.

"Yes."

"I thought a little cash might help you out. The stock, of course, is worthless."

"So I have discovered," said Mr. Jackman.

"I have a certified check here for seven hundred and fifty dollars."

Mr. Jackman shrugged his shoulders. "It's not enough to bother about. It doesn't interest me. I'll take my loss and try not to shed tears."

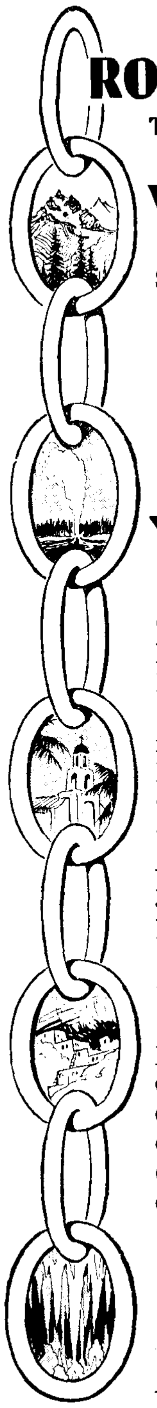
"You mean you won't accept the check?"

"Quite so."

"I'd rather like to clear this Radio Accessories thing off the slate. I'll go to a thousand dollars."

Rock Island

A CONTINUOUS CHAIN


ROCK ISLAND
THROUGH SERVICE
to ALL the
WEST
SCENIC · HISTORIC
ROMANTIC
Very Low
Round Trip Fares

SEE
COLORADO
YELLOWSTONE
CALIFORNIA

Go out through Denver-Rocky Mountain National (Estes) Park, Colorado Springs-Pikes Peak Region, Royal Gorge, Salt Lake City-Yellowstone, American River Canyon, San Francisco.

Down the Golden Strand of the Pacific to Los Angeles and San Diego.

Back through Agua Caliente, Carriso Gorge, Apache Trail Country, Land of the Cliff-dwellers and Carlsbad Caverns.

STOPOVER
ANYWHERE

Through Service Both Directions

Other Delightful Vacations

New Go-as-you-please plan, with as many possibilities as there are attractions in the West. An All-Expense outing for which you select your own itinerary. Suggestions to aid you. Pre-arranged—prepaid—carefree—delightful—surprisingly low.

Mail this coupon for details

ROCK ISLAND

THE ROAD OF UNUSUAL SERVICE

L. M. ALLEN
Vice-Pres. and Pass'r Traffic Mgr. 1012-1
Rock Island Lines
737 La Salle St. Station, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me literature on ☐ Colorado-Yellowstone, ☐ California, ☐ Go-as-you-please Vacations; also complete information regarding train service and low summer fares.

Name

Address

"And I," said Mr. Jackman, "don't care to be annoyed. I'll keep my stock. It will be all I have left when I settle things with the bank."

"I'll give you two thousand dollars to get rid of it."

"No."

"Then what do you want?"

"I'm sure I don't know. But I'll ask. I don't understand your offer at all, Mr. Branch. What is behind it?"

"Nothing but a wish to clean up an annoying matter. I'll go to twenty-five hundred."

Mr. Jackman lifted his voice. "Mr. Lee," he called, "will you step in a moment?"

Terry appeared with guileless face. "Yes, Mr. Jackman," he said.

"Mr. Branch is offering me twenty-five hundred dollars for my stock. What should I do?"

"You mean in the Accessories Company? Oh, it's not enough. No, no, I shouldn't accept it. In your position I should ask a great deal more."

Mr. Branch scowled. "You keep out of this, young man. It's none of your business."

"Oh, but really it is. You see I'm buying all the stock myself, and that makes it my business. Mr. Jackman, in the circumstances I think you would be justified in asking Mr. Branch quite a good price, say about a hundred and twenty-five or maybe fifty dollars a share."

Mr. Jackman stared. "Young man, you're insane."

"Not exactly. You see Mr. Branch has sold me all the stock in this company, a hundred per cent of it. I've paid money down and have an ironclad contract calling for delivery in a few days. He can't deliver it all without getting yours—and so it looks as if you could charge him quite a little and make him pay. Not that it concerns me vitally, of course, but I like to see my friends do well."

JACKMAN sat back and regarded Branch. "Is this true?" he asked grimly.

"You may depend upon it, Mr. Jackman," said Terry. "The contract is in my safety deposit box."

"And Branch has sold and agreed to deliver my stock?"

"Unquestionably."

Mr. Jackman smiled for the first time in weeks. "Branch," he said, "I'm pleased to see you."

"If," said Branch, "you think you're going to hold me up you are sadly mistaken."

"Not going to," said Terry. "It's all done. And here are Mr. Jackman's terms. Pay his note at the bank today in full and release his company as security—and he will arrange with me to surrender my contract. It is now a quarter past ten. The price of his stock goes up five dollars for each quarter of an hour of delay. If I have the facts correctly, you inveigled him into an investment you knew was noisome in order to take his electric lighting company away from him. It was pretty crooked. Now the shoe is on the other foot. Er—five minutes have gone."

"I'll see you—"

"Naughty, naughty," said Terry. "And time is fleeting."

THERE was a moment of silence while Branch considered his predicament.

"One minute to go," said Terry.

"You win," Branch said sourly.

"Suppose," said Terry, "we step down to the bank. I fancy Mr. Branch's check is good for that amount."

The remainder of the transaction was completed in the office of President Hooker. Sullenly Mr. Branch delivered his check for seventy-five thousand dollars and interest. Mr. Jackman received his note and collateral—and Mr. Branch departed for regions less unpleasant and expensive.

"Young man," said Jackman, "you've earned your fee—and I welcome you as a partner. Ten per cent of my holdings will be transferred to you immediately."

"Obliged," said Terry, and then, "excuse me, I see Miss North." And he made more than ordinary haste out of the bank to intercept the young lady.

"How do you do?" he asked.

"Annoyed," she said. "How about Mr. Jackman?"

"Funny about him," said Terry. "Mr. Branch just paid off his note for him and everything is all right."

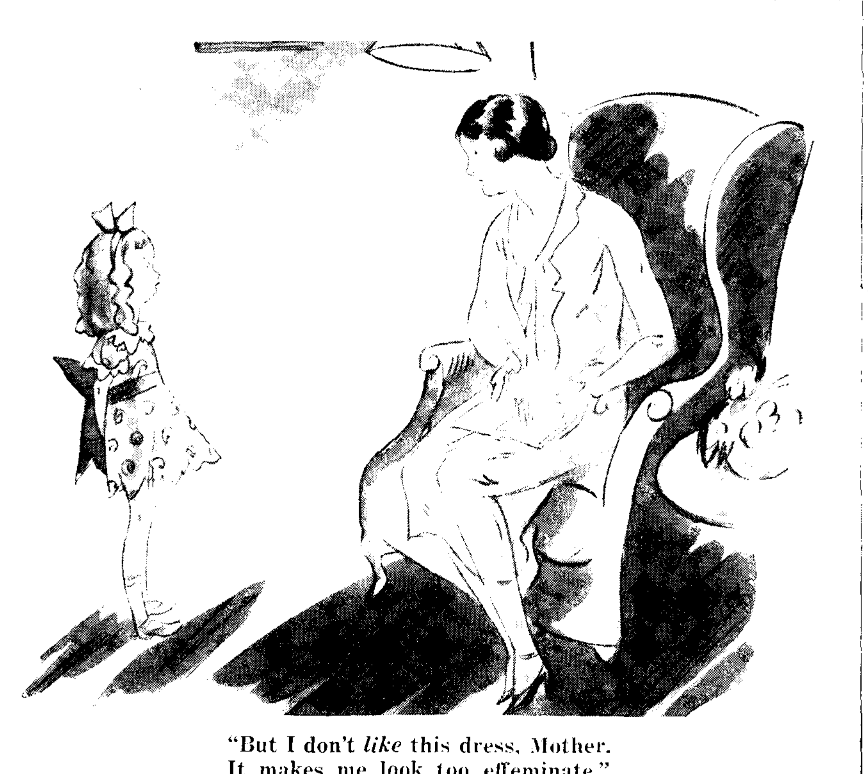
"All right. How all right?"

"Father," said Terry, "I cannot tell a lie. I did it with my little hatchet. And now about that admiration and esteem?"

"You wait right here," she said, and sped impetuously into the bank. In three minutes she returned and her eyes were shining.

"Mr. Lee," she said, "I shall be at home this evening at eight."

"But not alone," said Mr. Lee. "Not alone."



"But I don't *like* this dress, Mother. It makes me look too effeminate."

"No mortal can boast
So noble a toast
As a pipe of accepted tobacco."
—HENRY FIELDING

Here, old timer, is pipe tobacco!

1 Cut for Pipes Only
2 Made by Wellman's Method . . . an 1870 Tobacco Secret
3 Big Flakes that Burn Slow and Cool
4 Sweet to the End No Soggy Heel

For Granger *fits* the pipe like a schooner fits its keel. *Big* flakes, shaggy and slow-burning—*cut* for *pipes* and cut "rough" to smoke cool and clean and sweet.

And: finest mellow leaf—with all of Nature's flavor "sealed in" by our secret Wellman Process.

If it *is* a pipe you smoke, and *pipe* tobacco you want, try Granger—and "give your pipe its due!"

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

GRANGER
ROUGH CUT

GRANGER
GRANGER
TOBACCO
GRANGER

PIPE TOBACCO THAT *IS* PIPE TOBACCO

NEW *light on* FEMININE DAINTINESS

(This little book tells a story you cannot find anywhere else)

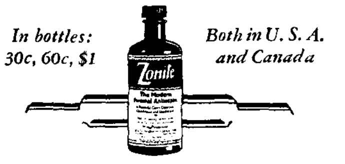
THERE are certain essentials of feminine daintiness which modern women take for granted. Luxurious baths, fine cosmetics, subtle perfumes, fresh and pretty clothes—all these they have. But these are not enough. For women now realize that there is a newer law, a more important law of physical daintiness. This is the practice known as "feminine hygiene."

The feminine world now demands an absolute cleanliness of person, a real surgical cleanliness. Only an antiseptic can provide *this* kind of daintiness. More than that. Modern knowledge of hygiene has proved the necessity for an antiseptic especially adapted to women's use. Such an antiseptic is *Zonite*—at once powerful and gentle. At once effective but *non-poisonous*.

Zonite is safe to use and safe to use regularly. It is safe even if accidentally swallowed. It is absolutely non-poisonous and *non-caustic*. And yet—in its power to kill harmful germs—Zonite is much more effective than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be allowed on the body.

Send coupon for free booklet

There is no longer a choice between a *poisonous* antiseptic and *no antiseptic at all*—for feminine hygiene. Send today for this informative and valuable book on the subject. Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.



In bottles: 30c, 60c, $1

Both in U. S. A. and Canada

Zonite has remarkable qualities as a deodorant

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION CR-14
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.
Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.
☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home
Name..
(*Please print name*)
Address..
City..................................State..........
(In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)

Yu'an Hee See Laughs

Continued from page 21

else to me. . . . How long should he remain there?"

"They are coming for the crate at sunset. You have until then. But the porters must not see you."

Old Mohammed shuffled away in his loose slippers, and Joseph, lighting a cigarette, stood for a moment by the door which opened out of the room of carpets, listening. Then, kneeling, he applied his ear to the uncovered boards immediately beyond this doorway, presently to rise, smiling with satisfaction.

The sound of Mohammed's shuffling footsteps had died away. . . .

Joseph walked through to the little shop, which was mere camouflage for the great emporium of stolen treasures beyond. He went out, locking the door behind him. It was of native workmanship but unusually heavy and strong.

This interview took place nearly half an hour after Dr. Oestler and Eileen had entered the establishment of Mohammed, and perhaps twenty minutes after Dawson Haig, following, had passed through that door beyond which lay a space of uncarpeted passage.

His experience had been truly terrible.

At the moment of passing the threshold, a swift suspicion of the truth had flashed through his mind—because he noted that old Mohammed, who, shuffling, mummy-like, hitherto had preceded him by only two paces, now had advanced along the dimly lighted corridor and was fully six feet away.

Haig hesitated, would have stepped back, but it was too late. . . .

THE floor glided away beneath him and he shot down into unknown depths. Only one warning he had of what lay beneath—it came out of the mists of memory: a sickly sweet smell which swept up to meet his falling body. . . .

He felt himself enveloped, embraced, by some tender feathery substance which broke the fall, except that he went down and down into suffocating darkness.

Confusedly to his brain came the sound of the spring trap closing above his head. And this sound completed his recognition of the character of the snare into which he had walked blindly.

This was the Bath of Feathers!

Instantly, Dawson Haig held his breath.

If this pit should prove to be identical with that which he had known in Singapore, there was still hope—provided he could hold his breath so long. One inhalation, he knew, would be fatal.

The fall, softened though it had been, nevertheless momentarily had confused him. But, standing upright in the fluffy mass which enveloped him, he visualized his position. As he stood, so he had been walking at the moment when the trap collapsed beneath his feet. And it had opened from the threshold outward into the corridor.

He stepped back a pace, touched the wall, groped along it to the left, and knew that he was under the trap, reached the angle, groped farther . . . and touched the rung of a wooden ladder!

Five rungs he mounted and seemed to be free of the damnable feathers. Higher yet, cautiously. His head touched the roof. Still holding his breath, he felt about with his left hand. His lungs were bursting.

There was space around him, and the feathers were too impalpable to be felt by his feet. He looked up—and saw a faint gleam of light through a chink in the woodwork above. . . .

Raising his face towards it, he began slowly to inhale. The scent of the drug impregnating the feathers was nauseating, but the air was just breathable. He half filled his lungs. He knew that death must come at last if forced to remain in that atmosphere. But, at least, he had survived.

Came soft footsteps on the floor immediately above his head. . . .

He listened.

JACK RATTRAY walked out of his cabin onto the boat deck. It was a perfect evening. The turquoise-blue waters of Lake Timsa mirrored an azure sky. Below, he could hear the footsteps of promenaders and laughing voices.

An operator came out to look for him. Rattray stared gravely at the message which he brought—and then, turning slowly, walked back to his cabin.

A big morose figure, he sat smoking his pipe and staring up towards an open porthole.

"What shall I do about it?" asked the Marconi man. "I know Mr. Kearney is a friend of yours. It's rather awful to think that he doesn't know what's happened."

"This had to come," said Rattray in his slow fashion, staring again at the message.

He bit hard on his pipe; then:

"Poor old Matt," he muttered. "I've been expecting this any moment." He looked up. "I suppose there's no news?"

"None whatever, Mr. Rattray, about either of them."

Jack Rattray, staring hard at the message, suddenly looked up. And his laughing eyes were not laughing.

"I may be wrong," he admitted, "but honestly, if I'd been in the old man's shoes, I'd have shoved Dr. Oestler ashore at Port Said, or else chucked him into the Canal!"

"No, you wouldn't," said the other. "You'd have got the sack and done no good. The consul wouldn't act—what could the skipper do?"

"I suppose," Jack Rattray admitted gloomily, "the consul *couldn't* act. They've been too damn' clever for him." He stood up and stared out of the porthole. "They were both old friends of mine. I hadn't any choice, but I feel as though I'd deserted them."

"I know how you feel, Mr. Rattray."

"But you don't know how I'm going to feel before we get to Brisbane! What the devil can we answer? After all, there's still a chance she may be discovered. Can't we sort of break the news gently?"

"Well," said the Marconi man, "I might reply 'Miss Kearney went ashore at Port Said. Advise. Communicate agents'—or something of that sort."

"That'll do," said Rattray; "just those words. He's sure to send a message to me when he gets it. In the meantime, I shall have to think how I'm going to reply. But don't be surprised, my lad, if you hear the sound of a loud splash in the Red Sea. It'll only be Dr. Oestler."

DAWSON HAIG had heard every word of the conversation between Mohammed and Joseph. It had been conducted directly above his head as he crouched below the trap. Since he knew no Eastern tongue, he was grateful to both for speaking English.

Later, he was to consider this matter of language again—more coolly; the curious circumstance that these two did not address each other in Arabic. It was destined to play a big part in his

France

Around the World...in Paris

International Overseas Exposition
May to October, 1931

You've never had time for a 'Round the World Cruise? This year, Paris is the-world-in-one! ▼ Climb the steps of a glittering Indo-Chinese Temple...see the Royal Cambodian ballet . . . hear the tiger roar in his native jungle . . . whisk yourself around the corner into the African desert . . . here's a Mehariste on his tall white camel, there's Beau Geste, yonder's a school in Mogador where solemn children drone the Koran all day long ▼ Dip to the equator and watch the blood curdling war dance of the Senegalese . . . see the march of the Gods, priests and priestesses of occult faiths, ceremonials old in magic a thousand years ago ▼ Attend the first Colonial Olympic Games . . . theatres that dazzle with every variation of the world's pageantry . . . watch the *haute couture* filling its nimble brain with a thousand bizarre suggestions for the fashions of '32 . . . *dine and dance at restaurants that* promise new sensations even for Parisian gourmets ▼ The great Paris itself, that was Lutetia, peopled by the *Parisii* in the time of Julius Caesar; the Paris of Pepin the Short, and of the Plantagenets, of the Louis, and the Philips, and the noble House of Valois; of the House of Bourbon, and of the great Napoleon, and the later Bonapartes . . . think of the untold centuries of human joy and strife, tragedy and jubilation, that have gone into its making, and there will come to you an echo of its warm and human soul ▼ No matter how many times you've crossed . . . this is a brand new thrill!

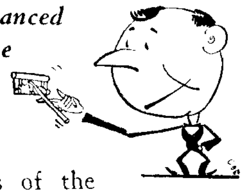
Information and literature on request

RAILWAYS OF FRANCE
General Representatives
INTERNATIONAL WAGONS-LITS, 701 FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y., *OR ANY TOURIST AGENCY*

ARE YOU A HOUND FOR STATISTICS?

DOES the bounding line on a sales graph set you off in full cry? Do you give tongue at the scent of the wild quota? Then read no further, for our statistical cupboard is bare of everything but a couple of facts. One is that during the past quarter-century, millions of men have bought the Enders Razor to shave with. The other is . . . they *like* it!

They like the balanced lightness of the razor itself.



They like the surgical keenness of the Enders blade. They like the effortless glide with which it slides across the cheek, leaving a smooth pink swathe of clean face behind it. Enders users are Enders fans, and their number is consistently growing. It is only fair to warn you that if you buy an Enders Razor and use it for a week, you will be a confirmed Enders addict for life.

If, in spite of this warning, you choose to divest yourself of a dollar and enslave yourself to an Enders, we for our part will increase our factory production and turn out more than ever of the finest razor blades in the world. Enders Razor Co., Inc., 105 W. 40th St., New York, N. Y.

Enders
RAZOR

THE HAIR TEST

ENDERS RAZOR with 6 blades, $1.00. Extra blades, 5 for 35c. If the store cannot supply you, use coupon below.

ENDERS RAZOR CO., INC.
105 W. 40th St., New York, N. Y.

Enclosed find $1.00. Send me, postage prepaid, an Enders Razor and 6 blades.

Name________________________

Address________________________

lone campaign against the powers of Yu'an Hee See.

He detected the presence of Joseph as he knelt above the trap, listening . . . he heard his retreating footsteps.

The ladder upon which he stood communicated with the edge of the trap as, mercifully, he had remembered. In common with its opposite number in Singapore, it was placed just clear of it. In other words, if the trap had opened whilst anyone stood upon the ladder, his head would have obstructed it.

Therefore he knew, and the light shining through the chink aided his calculations, that the hinged end of the trap was to his left, and that which opened, to his right. It was too much to expect that there would be anything in the nature of a ring on the underside; but, nevertheless, reaching out, he explored carefully.

He found nothing of the sort, but he was not defeated. He carried a pocket knife which was a kind of small armory, containing amongst its armaments an admirably strong corkscrew. This he extracted from his pocket. Embracing the ladder, he opened the corkscrew.

It was pitifully short, but since it represented the difference between life and death, he decided, grimly, that it must suffice.

He groped about above him, feeling the woodwork of the trap. The planks ran right and left, parallel with the ladder, and he could find two inset cross-battens. The planks were strong, but roughly joined. He selected a spot and set to work with the corkscrew.

IT WAS a difficult and a nervous task. He worked delicately, at the same time exerting considerable physical force. The tool survived the test, but his lungs were weakening badly, drenched as they were with fumes from the pit.

Inhaling slowly and cautiously, he held his breath and descended one step of the ladder.

He pulled gently upon the steel handle of the knife. The trap responded, requiring little effort!

He descended a step lower—and realized that his legs were plunged into the feathery, poisonous mass. But now he could grasp the edge of the trap. . . .

It proved to be carefully oiled, and its opening was almost soundless. Seeing above him the dimly lighted passage, his first natural instinct was to abandon the knife and to climb out into cleaner air.

BUT above all, Dawson Haig was a conscientious worker, and a scheme which was to have far-reaching consequences in this very moment of peril took form in his brain.

Holding the trap with his left hand, he detached the corkscrew, and, balancing perilously, slipped the knife into his pocket. Then, pulling the wooden frame fully down, and ducking to avoid it, he climbed up and reached the passage.

Gently, he allowed the trap—operated by spring hinges—to rise again into place.

He stood still, exhaling and inhaling, to free his lungs of those poisonous fumes. He looked, right, along the dimly lighted corridor. He saw a closed door. He looked left, into the room of the carpets. Some dim reflection of sunlight penetrated.

But there was no sound.

Quietly he stole out. A pile of rolled-up rugs lay on his right; left, the expanse of that low, rectangular room with an opening at the end beyond which was sunlight.

Pocketing the spectacles of "Mr. Smith," Dawson Haig set out cautiously to explore. And five minutes of exploration satisfied him.

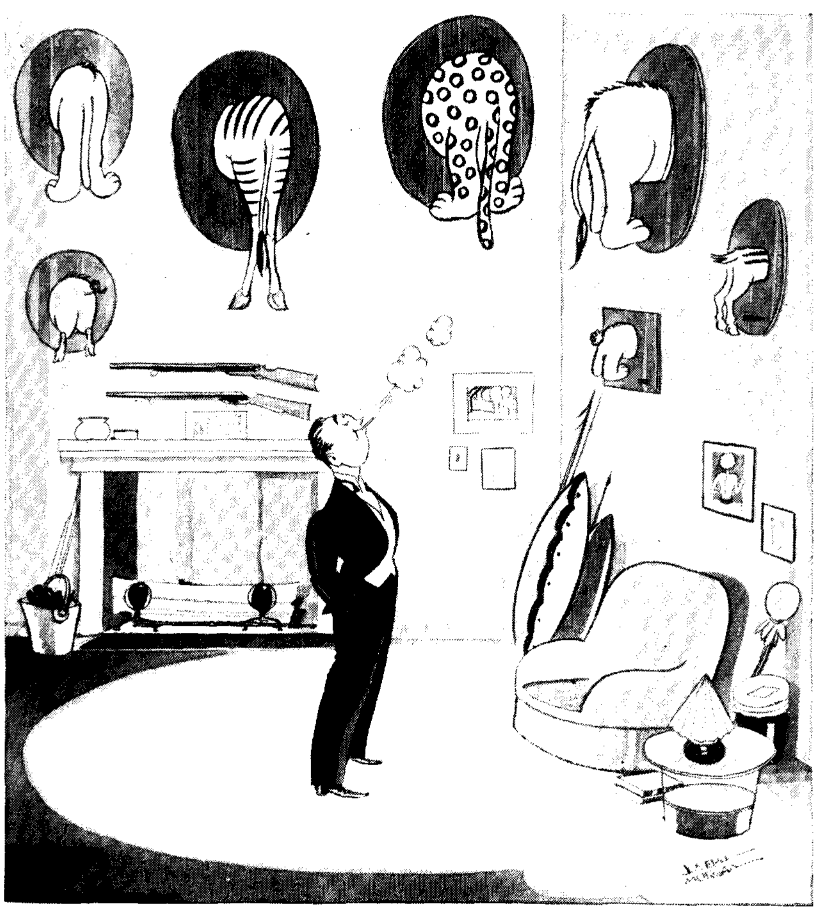
There was no one but himself in the shop of Mohammed—and it was quite impossible to get out!

Heavy, locked doors, iron-barred windows defied him.

He seated himself upon a square wooden chest, elaborately carved and inlaid with semiprecious stones, to consider the situation.

Of Eileen he was afraid to think. . . . In that direction madness lay. And at all costs he must keep cool; plan every move; and carry it out as ex-

(*Continued on page 66*)



Big game hunter's assistant mounts his share of the trophies

A little extravagance that will give you a new sensation . .

Fougère Royale After-Shaving Lotion is frankly a luxury. But its use quickly becomes an unbreakable habit.

Dabbed on the face after shaving, its action is instant. You feel the glow it causes, lines of fatigue disappear as the stimulated circulation finds its way to the skin. All traces of razor soreness instantly vanish as its styptic properties blandly heal.

Besides the After-Shaving Lotion, Houbigant offers two additional essentials to perfect grooming . . . Fougère Royale Shaving Cream and the specially tinted Talc.

After-Shaving Talcum 50c
After-Shaving Lotion 75c
Shaving Cream 50c

Fougère Royale
(PRONOUNCED FOO-ZHAIRE ROYAL)
After-Shaving Lotion
HOUBIGANT
PARIS

Now on the Air
Collier's NEW Radio Hour
4th Season

RADIO'S first and oldest magazine feature—yet always the newest because it is made from the current issue of Collier's.

Mystery, adventure, love and romance, spiced with music, humor and dramatic novelties—a "speaking edition" of Collier's—in your living room every Sunday evening.

Broadcast to all America over a coast-to-coast hook-up.

TUNING TABLE
Every Sunday Evening
East . . . 8:15 P.M.
WHAM Rochester
WJZ NewYork WLW Cincinnati
WBZ Springfield, Mass.
WBZA Boston WJR Detroit
KDKA Pittsburgh

West . . . 7:15 P.M. Central Time
6:15 P.M. Mountain Time
WREN Kansas City, Mo.
KYW Chicago KOA Denver
KWK St. Louis
KSL Salt Lake City

Pacific Coast . . . 5:15 P.M.
KHQ Spokane KFI Los Angeles
KOMO Seattle KGW Portland
KPO San Francisco

Stations associated with the National Broadcasting Co., Inc.

ALL STAR — ALL ACTION — ALL AMERICA

BECOME AN EXPERT
ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $3,000 to $15,000 a year. Thousands more are needed. We train you thoroughly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous bookkeeping knowledge or experience unnecessary. Training given by C. P. A.'s. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays," and learn about opportunities in this growing, profitable field.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 440-H, Chicago
The School That Has Trained Over 1,100 C. P. A.'s

The Little Ad with the BIG Bargain

$1.00 POSTPAID 200 note sheets and 100 envelopes, **each neatly printed with your name and address**, sent postpaid for $1. Correct in style and quality. Order a package. If you don't like it we will return your money. You can't lose. • Listen to the Hon. Frederick Landis as "The Hoosier Editor," every Friday evening at 8:30, E.S.T. over station WLW.

The AMERICAN STATIONERY Co. 100 Park Avenue PERU, Ind.

3 Big Pay Jobs

Quick Earning Opportunities

UP TO $600 a Month

Ray C. Hahn
Sales Manager

Recent improvement in business conditions makes it possible for us to create 3 new openings in our organization to employ about 100 more men. Successful applicants will be trained to demonstrate and service Fyr-Fyters in (1) Industrial Plants (2) Homes and Stores (3) Farms. Big, steady income opportunity right from the start. Many Fyr-Fyter men making $350 to $600 a month and more. No experience needed. No investment for stock. Good openings in every locality. Write for Profit Facts that are bringing success and big earnings to ambitious men everywhere. No cost or obligation. Send letter or post card today.

Fyr-Fyter Co., 4-40 Fyr-Fyter Bldg., Dayton, O.

BULBS
Grown from Selected Seed

2 Lilium Auratum (Gold Banded Lily of Japan), **2 Lilium Croceum** (The Orange Lily of Europe), **2 Tulips** (Darwin), **2 Hyacinthus Orientalis** (Large Dutch Flowering), **2 Iris Siberica** (White and Blue), **2 Dahlias** (Large Flowered), **1 Peony** (Chinese Double), **2 Narcissus or Daffodils** (Giant Trumpet). This complete collection as above postpaid for only 10c

3 Collections for 25c or 7 for 50c

Arcadia Lodge, Dpt. 23, Westport, Conn.

After every cigarette
SPEARMINT

Beech-Nut Gum
MAKES THE NEXT SMOKE TASTE BETTER

How good your smoke tastes after dinner! It's the same way after you chew Beech-Nut Gum. It stimulates your *taste sense*—makes the next smoke taste better, more enjoyable. Remember, always, there's no gum quite so *good* as Beech-Nut.

Also in Spearmint and Wintergreen flavors.

Made by the makers of Beech-Nut Fruit Drops and Mints In the United States and Canada.

(*Continued from page 65*)

actly in accordance with plan as circumstance allowed.

He heard the sound of an opening door.

He slipped back to the room of carpets, dived behind a bundle of rugs, and, automatic in hand, waited.

Smoking a cigarette, and seemingly quite at his ease, the fortune teller whom he had followed from the Wallaroo walked along the room. Joseph!

Haig crouched, ducking his head. The man came to the doorway beyond which lay the death trap.

As Haig knew, there was a narrow space to right and left of the trap, along one of which safety zones old Mohammed, with surprising agility, must have skipped when he had led him to what had been designed to be his finish. The Armenian dropped upon one knee, and by some means which Haig was unable to detect, pushed the trap fully open, and secured it.

Silence!

Haig craned cautiously forward.

Joseph was peering down into the Bath of Feathers. . . .

He turned and walked to the door beyond, tried it, and uttered an impatient exclamation. Haig ducked behind the pile of carpets.

The man circled the open trap and went back again by the way he had come, disappearing in the direction of the front shop. What did this mean? The obvious explanation was that, finding the door unexpectedly locked, he had gone to look for the key. Haig waited patiently. And in a few moments Joseph returned.

A sickly sweet odor from the poisoned pit was beginning to permeate the atmosphere. The Armenian walked past the raised trap and inserted a key in the lock of the closed door beyond. Whereupon:

"Hands up!"

The Armenian dropped to his knees in a flash, whisked around, drew a pistol from his pocket with miraculous agility and fired as he crouched!

Two shots cracked together.

Joseph dropped his automatic, half rose . . . and toppled forward into the Bath of Feathers!

A stifled cough came up from the drugged pit.

Haig stood still—listening. To the sickly sweet fumes had been added the tang of powder. He visualized the street outside, and realized that interference was unlikely. Clouds of feathery dust were rising from the open trap.

He circled around to the door. The key was still in the lock. He opened it. A flight of wooden steps led downwards. Descending, he found himself in a small, square cellar.

On his right was a stout, low wooden door—communicating with the base of the pit. Before him, he saw a narrow packing case—undoubtedly designed as his coffin!

EILEEN woke from a troubled dream, vaguely wondering what was obstructing the porthole of her cabin. Something to do with Dr. Oestler. Was it that Dr. Oestler was standing between herself and the porthole—or was he standing outside on the deck? Certainly he had some part in it, although she couldn't actually see him. . . .

An unfamiliar stewardess was holding her head, and very gently urging her to drink something.

"Haig, chief inspector Scotland Yard on board . . ."

That was a queer thing to think of! Was she ill? This couldn't be seasickness. Seasickness was an ailment from which Eileen never suffered, experienced little traveler that she was. . . .

Several years elapsed—or so she calculated—years of the most wretched suffering, mental and physical.

At some time during this unaccountable period she realized the meaning of that awful premonition which had claimed her on the London docks.

She saw a great ship—but was quite unable to imagine what ship it might be—sinking in a calm sea. There seemed to be a booming noise as the vessel dived into blackness. Someone, the captain, perhaps, was leaning over the rail of the bridge. He wore no cap; and in the red glow—for it was sunset—she saw his white hair . . . His clenched fists were raised. . . .

Terrified, she screamed, and seemed to hear the voice of Billy. (Who was "Billy"? She couldn't think who Billy was, only that she wanted him—wanted him desperately.) He said: "It is all right, darling. I'm here. . . ."

THEN came another long phase which, afterwards, she never clearly recalled. The kindly, unknown woman was there, soothing her, and she conceived a definite terror of Dr. Oestler. Words broke through her delirium:

"Don't worry so, *chérie*—don't worry. Have courage. While you are with me you are safe. . . ."

A Frenchwoman . . . there were no French stewardesses on the Wallaroo. . . .

But when true awakening came, Eileen was unable to recognize it. She could not accept her surroundings.

She saw a lofty room, one end of which was open. Beyond was a flower-laden balcony. It had four pillars—she counted them over and over again: one, two, three, four. They were stone or plaster, but partly concealed by flowers.

This room had a nearly white ceiling, but the walls seemed to pass through all the gradations of a delicate sunset to the hue, at their base, of a blush rose. There was a wonderful cabinet of rose-colored lacquer; of that kind of rose which hovers, indeterminate, between pink and red, with a golden gleam in its heart. It was fascinating—that cabinet.

The bed upon which she lay, wondering, was green. She realized, looking about her, that there was quite a lot of green in this extraordinary room. The carpet was green, but it harmonized with the rose-colored walls, because, as she suddenly realized, it was of that peculiar green which characterizes rose leaves.

In short, the whole room was a poem, balanced in every detail.

But was it real?

Eileen sat up with a start, afraid to accept the fact that it was real. It could not—it *must* not, be real!

She touched the silken coverlet, pinched herself—detected the fragrance of clustering roses. She saw that there was a tray beside her bed, set upon a table of this eternal lacquer, which contained a very comprehensible medicine bottle, a glass, and a jug of water. Beside it was a big bowl of cut roses.

Wildly she stared across the room towards the balcony; but beyond she could see nothing but a cloudless sky. There was no sound, until presently a faint twittering drew her glance to a corner of the room.

Swinging from a pink lacquer pole was a gilded cage containing two love birds.

She was aware of an unfamiliar lassitude. Her limbs, too, had a leaden feeling. But, as the truth of her surroundings crashed in upon her mind, she threw off the coverings and sprang to the floor.

DAWSON HAIG stared down at the long oblong box lying upon a mud-brick floor. Respect for the efficiency of the Hee See gang began to claim him.

Jo Lung, of Limehouse, was no more than a spoke in the wheel. Polodos was another; Dr. Oestler merely a third. There was a directing intelligence greater than any of these, by whom the smallest detail was never neglected.

He marveled at the man's knowledge of psychology—the man who had laid this trap for him.

How could he have anticipated that his, Haig's, professional curiosity would have led him to seek for that other entrance upon the pretext of leaving the shop by a shorter route? And what alternative snare had been planned in the event of his electing to leave by the door opening on the narrow street?

Something, beyond doubt. He had been covered from the moment he had left the ship. It had been decided that he should never return.

This oblong box was ready for him.

It was packed with straw; a loose lid rested upon the floor beside it. A tin of nails, he saw, and a stout hammer. What had they planned to do with his body when it had been nailed in the box? Obviously the duty of the insidious Joseph, having hauled him out of the trap in the pit, had been to secure him in this coffin, and then—what?

CERTAIN "porters" were coming for the crate "at sunset," he recalled. A heavy, locked door which he had already noticed was probably the means of entrance. These "porters" must not see him. But he had ample time.

Furthermore, necessity urged. Only that one key had been left in the lock above, by Joseph. His escape from the premises of Mohammed depended upon his finding the others!

Mohammed! . . . That name had occurred in the diary of Yu'an Hee See! . . . and under the date of the Wallaroo's arrival at Port Said!

Eileen's abduction had been planned in London!

"Calm, Billy!" he said aloud. "Pull yourself together. . . . Go easy."

He considered the trapdoor; and now he observed hanging upon a hook beside it a sort of grappling iron attached to a long rod. The door, heavily weighted with iron crossbars, possessed two rings by which obviously it was intended to be raised. He saw that there was a big bolt at the top by means of which it might then be kept in place. He hesitated no longer.

STEPPING forward, he grasped the rings, stooped and brought his weight to bear upon the trapdoor. Lifting it was no easy job, but he succeeded, and secured the bolt.

A suffocating stench from the feathers all but choked him. He stepped back as a cloud of them gushed out through the opening. They formed a mound before the raised trap. Their odor was sickening but in the wide space of the cellar not overpowering.

Haig took down the iron from its place on the wall, thrusting in through the mound and into the pit. He groped about, until, sickeningly, the hook established contact with what he knew to be a human body.

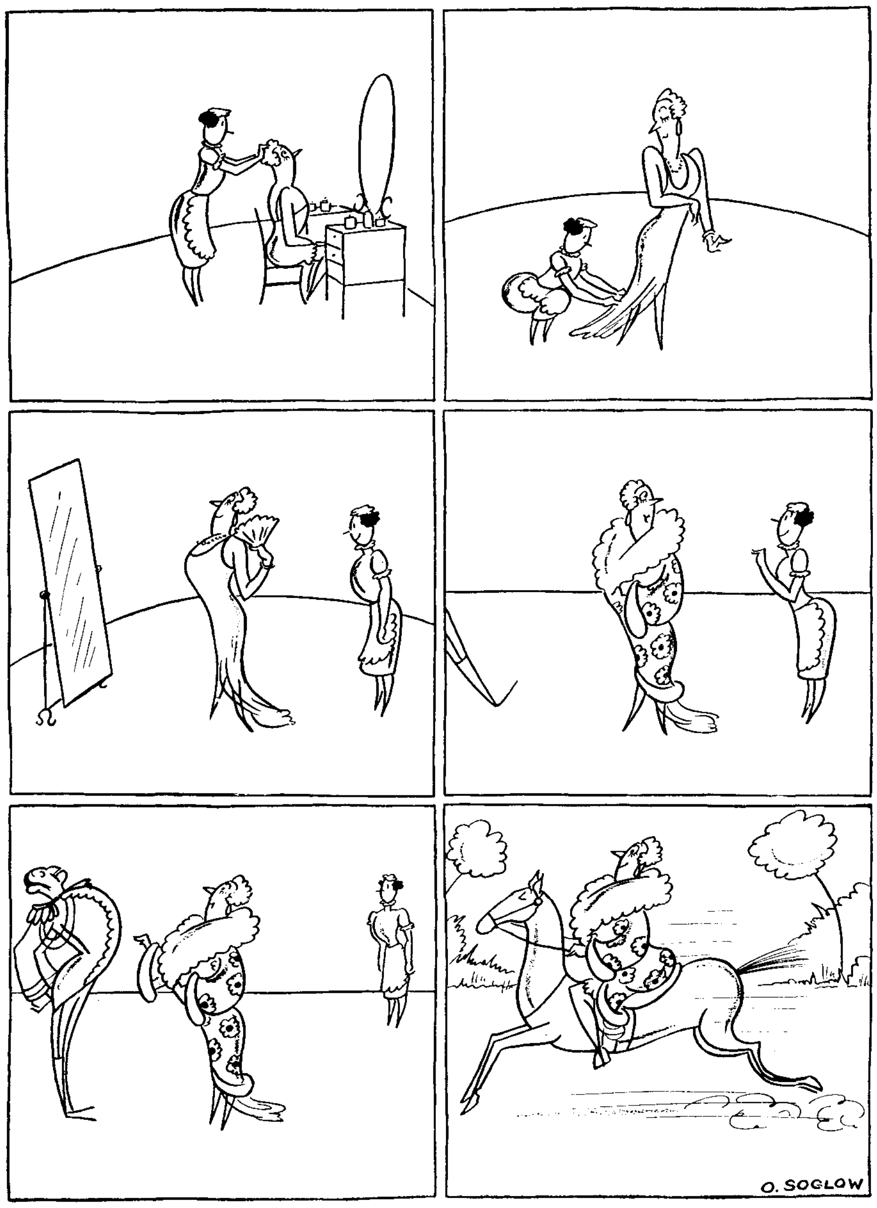
Leaning back, he dragged, dragged, until at the edge of the door there came a hitch. He readjusted the iron.

And so, presently, through that mound of feathers—covered with feathers—suffocated in feathers—out came the victim.

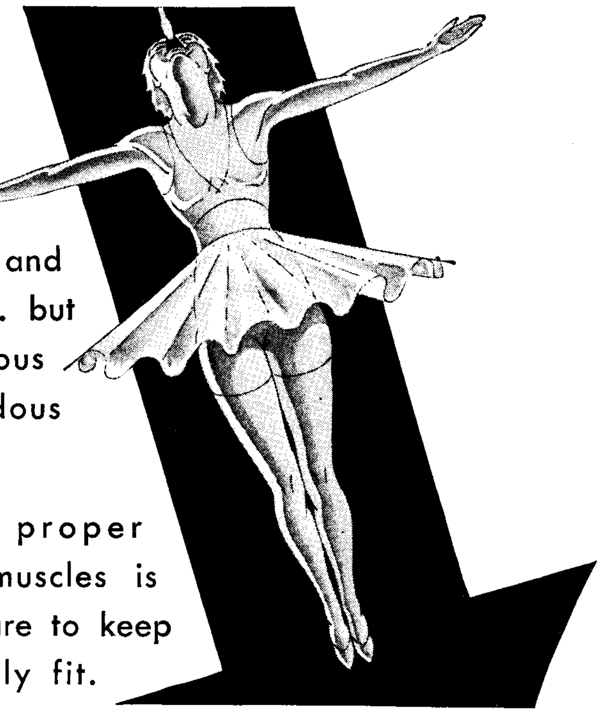
One glance sufficed to show that the man was dead—and how he had died. His contorted face was horrible to see. But Dawson Haig had little compassion to spare.

First—the keys!

(To be continued next week)



EXCELLENT EXERCISE



For the teeth, jaws and facial muscles . . . but just a trifle strenuous and a bit hazardous we'd say.

And yet the proper exercise of all muscles is necessary if you are to keep yourself physically fit.

Your daily tasks and favorite sports provide sufficient exercise for all body muscles, only the face is neglected.

WRIGLEY'S Chewing Gum will help to properly exercise teeth and jaws and prevent flabby face lines.

Keep Fit With

L13
WRIGLEY'S
THE FLAVOR LASTS
SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM
MINT LEAF FLAVOR

INVEST YOUR LEISURE HOURS

in good magazine reading. Our sales representatives are highly trained, bonded experts, courteous and trustworthy. They know all magazines thoroughly and can meet your needs exactly—at lowest possible prices. You eliminate all risk when you buy your magazines from our representative. When he calls, have him show you his bond credential.

PERIODICAL SALES Co., Chicago

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

You can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
270 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

STOP FOOT PAINS

for good

this new way

guaranteed

1 Trouble starts with overstrained, weakened muscles. Tiny bones are displaced. Pain follows.

2 A super-elastic band assists and strengthens muscles, replaces bones. Pain stops instantly.

Burning, aching, tired feeling in the feet and legs—cramps in toes, foot calluses, pains in toes, instep, ball or heel—dull ache in the ankle, calf or knee—shooting pains from back of toes, spreading of the feet, or that broken-down feeling—all can now be quickly ended.

SCIENCE says 94% of all foot pains result from displaced bones pressing against sensitive nerves and blood vessels. Weakened muscles permit these bone displacements. Now a way is discovered to hold the bones in position and strengthen the muscles. Amazing bands, known as Jung Arch Braces, are worn. Pains stop, muscles grow strong. Stand, walk, or dance for hours—you just don't get tired. Just slips on — results are immediate and lasting. They are highly elastic, amazingly light and thin, yet strong and durable. The secret is in their tension and stretch. Worn with any kind of footwear. Nothing stiff to further weaken muscles and cause discomfort. The styles with exceedingly soft sponge rubber lift are urgently advised for severe cases.

Pain stops like magic. Soon bands may be discarded and feet are well to stay. Nearly 2,000,000 now in use. Specialists, amazed at results, urge them widely.

Free 10-day trial

Wear a pair ten days; if not delighted your money returned. Go to druggist, shoe store or chiropodist. If they can't supply you use coupon below. Write for free booklet.

MONEY BACK IF IT FAILS

Jung Arch Brace Co., 384 Jung Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio
Send one pair of braces marked below :
(Persons over 145 lbs. require long braces)

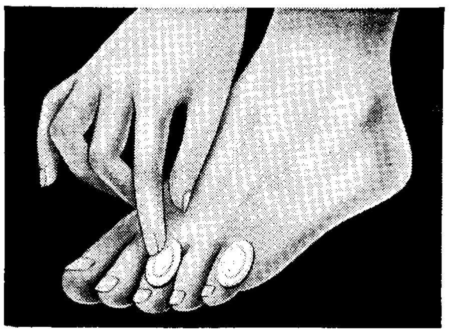
FOR *SEVERE* CASES —with cushion lift	FOR *MILD* CASES —without cushion lift
☐ BANNER (*medium*) $2	☐ WONDER (*medium*) $1
☐ VICTOR (*long*) $2.50	☐ MIRACLE (*long*) $1.50

☐ Money enclosed. ☐ Send C. O. D. plus postage.
Shoe Size................Shoe Width....................
Send Free Booklet
Name..
Address...
City.............................State.................

Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto. Add 25c to above prices

JUNG'S ARCH BRACES

CORNS



Relief in 1 Minute

No waiting! In *one minute* painful corns or tender toes are completely relieved when you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. Their healing, soothing medication gives you this magic relief. Their cushioning, protective feature *removes the cause*—shoe friction and pressure.

FOR CALLOUSES

100% SAFE!

Zino-pads are positively safe, sure. Using harsh liquids or plasters often causes acid burn. Cutting your corns or callouses invites blood-poisoning. Zino-pads are small, thin, dainty, easy to apply. Made in special sizes for Corns, Corns between toes, Callouses and Bunions. At all drug, shoe and dept. stores—only 35c box.

FOR CORNS BETWEEN TOES

FOR BUNIONS SWOLLEN JOINTS

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $50 weekly in spare or full time at home coloring photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with work. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.

The IRVING-VANCE COMPANY Ltd.
140 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

ACCOUNTING

New revised Course now ready. Booklet and first lesson sent *free.* No obligation.

International Accountants Society, Inc.
A DIVISION OF THE
Alexander Hamilton Institute
Dept. 186, 3411 So. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

SEND FOR THIS FREE BOOK

DOES YOUR HUSBAND MISBEHAVE

See opposite page

Position in Life

Continued from page 16

feminine gestures—gestures that no man ever makes.

It seemed a good idea to inquire further into this matter, so I talked to a number of women noted for their smartness; among others, to Lynn Fontanne, now playing Elizabeth, the Queen, with the Theater Guild.

"With every part an actress plays she must change her attitudes and gestures," said Miss Fontanne, "not only to interpret character but because of the different clothes she wears. Every dress and every body has certain attitudes in which it looks best, and these attitudes can't be acquired in five minutes. That's why I never like to wear a new dress out the first time I wear it. I like to become accustomed to it—discover with what manners it shows to best advantage. I frequently go to museums and study beautiful pieces of sculpture and try to reproduce their graceful postures at home, practicing before a long mirror.

"Nature Copies Art"

"When I must play a chic modern woman I go to the fashion magazines, the drawings of those keen-eyed observers of modern life who note every gesture of the smart woman as she teas at the Ritz in Paris, dances at L'Hermitage, bathes at Cap d'Antibes, sits in her loge at the opera—the drawings of such superlative artists as de Monvel, Eric (Carl Ericson), Lepape, Brissaud, Hart.

"With the long dresses that have come in most women have not altered their way of walking. No one can look smart in a 1931 gown with a 1929 walk. The flapper walk, rounded shoulders, arms hanging straight at the sides, legs flapping, feet flat on the ground, is laughable with these frocks. The arms must be up, the head back, the legs swinging from the shoulders, and one must walk on the balls of the feet. I remember that when I was studying with Ellen Terry she pinned a blanket to the front of my dress at the shoulders so that it trailed six inches on the ground, and told me to walk. The only possible way that it could be done was by never lifting the toe from the ground—which insured the blanket not getting under the foot. This walk I find very graceful with the modern long dresses.

"The famous and beautiful Dolores, Lucile's model and Ziegfeld's first glorified girl, once told me that she acquired the walk for which she was celebrated by practicing for two hours every day for two years walking with a book on her head. All Lucile's justly celebrated models were put through this strict régime which gave them an incomparable grace.

"As Oscar Wilde once said, making an epigram by standing a truism on its head, 'Nature copies Art.' How true that is! The smart women of today are actually self-made copies of modernist art. That is why I say, 'Study the fashion drawings, young lady.'"

Pick Your Actresses

Helen Menken was rehearsing a new play when I went to see her. Miss Menken is the typical chic young woman—1931 model. Slim, angular, crisp of gesture. There is no better way to acquire the attitudes of smartness than by studying those actresses of stage and screen who have already mastered them. But pick your actresses carefully. There are very few smart ones. Ina Claire is smart. So is Greta Garbo; and Gertrude Lawrence, Tallulah Bankhead and this same Helen Menken.

Watch Miss Menken as she moves about the dimly lit stage for this rehearsal. She enters in a smart traveling suit, severely tailored. Naturally, in this costume, her attitudes will be more masculine than if she wears an evening gown. ("It is adorable to be a woman in the evening," says Miss Menken.) As she leans against a table the inside of one foot, up to the ankle, trails on the ground, all the weight being on the other foot. She takes off her little felt hat, so much like a man's; she seizes the top of it in her fist and pulls it off with one motion, as a man might, holding it crushed against her hip. With the palm of the other hand she smooths back her hair, again like a man. She flings her hat, without looking, on a table and walks toward the man to whom she is talking, her fists thrust hard down into the pockets of her jacket.

Now she stands opposite him, smiling broadly—you could safely call it a grin. (There are no "prunes and prisms" mouths today—and no simpers.) Now she places both hands firmly on her hips, the wrists up, all the fingers close together, the thumbs thrusting forward; in a moment she changes their position, this time with the wrists turned back and the hands curved around the hips with the fingers pointing forward. In another moment the wrists are forward and the fingers point backward. But always the fingers are massed and there are no elegant quirks. The elbows are well out or even swung forward. When she walks, she clasps her hands behind her back, manlike. When she stuffs her hands into her pockets, they bulge stiffly forward as though she were telling you to "stick 'em up." As she turns the pages of a book, handles a cigarette lighter, picks up a flower, you will notice that her fingers are close together and the thumb widely separated—a squarish, massed formation, very modernistic. Sometimes she thrusts her thumbs in her belt, fingers stiffly downward. You've seen men do that.

She sits down—doesn't exactly sprawl, but thrusts her legs out, sitting on her spine. (Bad physical culture but excellent 1931 pose.) She crosses one leg over the other and places her hands flat on her knee, one on top of the other; her arms are stiff, her shoulders hunched—a masculine slouch. She sits at a table and rests her chin on a cradle of stiffly interlaced fingers. She shakes hands like a man, not close to the body, but well out in the open. She seizes a chair, twirls it around, tilts it back, puts one knee on the seat, and leans on it, her hands clasped around the top, wrists forward.

When next she sits down, she crosses her legs and bends forward, one hand grasping a silken ankle, rubbing it back and forth. As she rises to leave the room she grabs her hat in her fist, twirls it on one finger, flips it under her arm and goes out, her fists on her hips, pushing back the tails of her jacket.

It doesn't sound very pretty? A bit hoydenish? All of that, perhaps, by the standards of ten years ago. But not in 1931. You have only to see Helen Menken to realize how right it is.

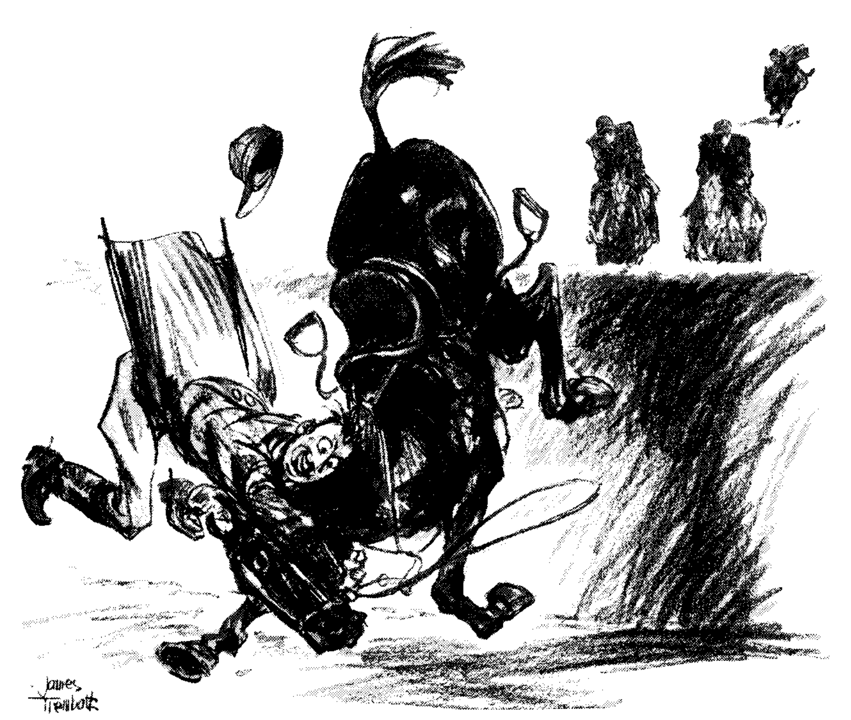
Forget It in Public

Several illuminating things were brought up in talking to Miss Menken. There was the matter of breathing, for example.

"I do breathing exercises every morning and I can't imagine how anyone can acquire good position without them. They put everything in the right place—stomach, chest, spine, shoulders, head. They force the proper posture, and with that comes a sense of poise, which is the basis of ease and grace. If one feels well-poised, graceful gestures come naturally.

"I believe that studying one's body and its attitudes before a mirror is absolutely necessary. All actresses do that, but how many women in private life do? One should practice constantly, studying the most becoming attitudes, the smartest gestures—and then, in public, forget the whole thing. Nothing is worse than the self-conscious attitudinizing of a woman who poses in public. Analyze yourself at home and forget yourself in public.

"One doesn't need to be a beauty today, nor rich, nor socially prominent, nor artistic in order to be smart. One need only learn the little trick of smart behavior."



"Well, well, so you want to wrestle!"

●

WATER . . . WHISPERING AT THE BOW . . . BUBBLING AT THE BLADE

AHEAD — the stream is glassy smooth. Astern — it ripples shoreward. You gently twist the blade, and drift into the shade of a tree. A bright-plumed bird takes wing — as silently as your Old Town. Nothing can ever equal the quiet of a canoe — the peace, and solid contentment!

Old Towns are patterned from the Indians' birch-barks. They're light, graceful, well-balanced, and easy to handle. Built sturdy and strong for years of use. Free catalog shows all canoe-types. Also rowboats; dinghies; big, fast, seaworthy, outboard family-boats; and speedy step-planes. Write today. Old Town Canoe Co., 244 Middle St., Old Town, Maine.

"Old Town Canoes"

Amazing Discovery Resoles Shoes–9¢

Spreads on Sole Like Butter on Bread

PAYS AGENTS UP TO $90 Weekly

This amazing new shoe resoling discovery — **SAVASOLE** — makes old shoes good as new for a few cents. A scientific substance made of ingredients imported from three continents. Fills in all cracks and breaks. Looks like leather—wears like iron. Re-builds worn heels. Spreads on in a minute with an old knife. Dries hard and smooth overnight. Parents wild over it for children's shoes. Agents earning up to $90 weekly. Fastest selling and most profitable specialty in America.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back!

SAMPLE FREE

Without experience and starting in spare time you too can enjoy profits like Lewis, Kansas, who made $30.10 his first morning. Berkley, Illinois, made $129.00 a week. Write now for details and FREE SAMPLE. WE'LL PAY YOU 50c CASH TO TEST SAVASOLE!

STRAIGHT-LINE

THE PERFECT MFG. CO.,
Dept. M-603 Cincinnati, O.

GENUINE BLUE SPRUCE

Picea Pungens Glauca

TEN Sparkling Colorado Blue Spruce Trees for only $3.95, no extra cost for delivery! Five-year-old specimens, 9 to 12 inches high—double transplanted.

The Blue Spruce is a marvelous investment. The bluest varieties are like a silvery cloud on the lawn. Because of their scarcity and the former high cost of production, we have never before been able to make such an offer on Blue Spruce.

DON'T DELAY Order now. Blue Spruces available at these prices only while this extra fine stock lasts. They will come to you glistening, fresh, vigorous. Simple to grow—instructions for planting sent with shipment—only a few square feet of ground needed.

Only $3.95 for ten

GUARANTEED ←

Any trees reported not flourishing within one year, will be promptly replaced without cost to you.

If you can use more than ten, we will send you 25 for $9.50 or 100 for $35. This price includes delivery.

THE LIVING TREE GUILD, Dept. 338
National Headquarters for Guaranteed Living Trees
468 Fourth Ave. New York

SAVE ON SYRUP

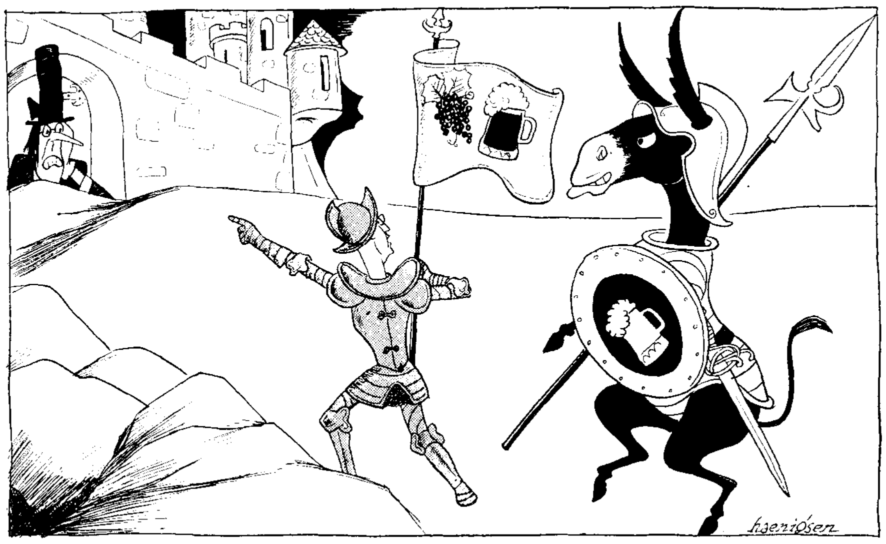
MAPLEINE syrup costs less than 20 cents a quart! Easily made. Just pour two cups of boiling water over four cups of sugar and add a teaspoon of Mapleine. For hot-cakes, waffles, etc. Recipe folder with every bottle. *Write for new* "MAPLEINE COOKERY"—*over 200 recipes.* Crescent Mfg. Co., Dept. 33, Seattle, U. S. A.

MAPLEINE

Syrup Maker • Flavoring • Meat Savor

DO YOU WANT a new business profession of your own, with all the trade you can attend to? Then **become a foot correctionist**, and in a few weeks earn big income in service fees—not medical nor chiropody—easy terms for home training, no further capital needed, no goods to buy, no agency. Established 1894. *Address*

Stephenson Laboratory, 4 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.



Shouse Rules

By The Gentleman at the Keyhole

IT WILL be a long time before anyone else will have such a good time managing a political party as Jouett Shouse has had in his two years as chairman of the executive committee of the Democratic National Committee. That is the observation which one makes in looking back at the March meeting of the Democratic National Committee, which was held for the purpose of letting the country know that it was going to be unequivocally wet in the 1932 campaign.

That was one of the boldest projects ever undertaken politically, for the rule of politics is, "Don't cross any bridge till you come to it, and don't cross it then if you can help it."

When the word spread that the Democrats were going to face, in 1931, the prohibition issue which they did not have to face until 1932, incredulity met it everywhere, for the principle of straddling every decisive question was so firmly established that almost no one would believe that the Democrats were going boldly to take sides on prohibition a year before they had to. In the end, of course, the question was postponed.

The idea of letting the country know at once that the Democratic party would favor revising the Eighteenth Amendment in 1932 was, I think, Chairman Raskob's. But the chairman would not have gone through with it if he had not had the enthusiastic support of his executive chairman, Mr. Shouse. But Mr. Shouse would have piped down on it if he had been the typical political manager, if he had not believed that the best politics consists in doing the bold and unconventional thing.

The Political Plunger

Mr. Shouse likes to take the long chance, to figure quickly where the big stake lies and, having made up his mind, to move unwaveringly toward winning it, paying no attention to the pious horror which his course arouses in the hearts of all the pussyfooters.

Mr. Shouse, long-faced and spectacled, looks like a Presbyterian minister, and he is in fact the son of a minister. But he comes from Kentucky and has some of the blue grass in his veins. I cannot conceive of his being so ill that he would not rise from a sick bed to go and see the Kentucky Derby.

He has a bold backer in the person of Mr. Raskob, and the two of them have rolled up the small stake the Democratic party had in 1928 after ten years of bitter defeats into what was essentially a victory in 1930 and the excellent prospect of a victory in 1932. They have plunged on the belief that this country will be overwhelmingly wet in 1932.

And Shouse has taken plenty of chances in the two years that he has been managing his party's affairs in Washington. I suppose it was he more than anyone else who committed the Democratic party to coöperating with the Progressive Republicans to frame a moderate tariff revision. The coalition was his work. A more cautious man would have taken the advice of some Democratic senators to assume no responsibility for the tariff bill, to sit back and let the two factions of the Republican party fight it out between them.

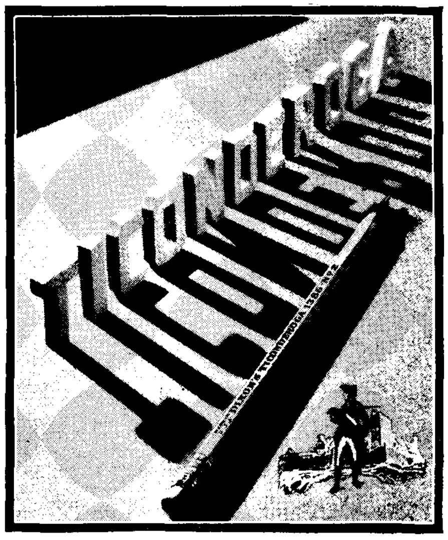
Not Very Helpful

There must have been moments when he was anxious lest the coalition be too successful and give Mr. Hoover a moderate tariff, thus leaving the Democrats without an issue on the tariff. But in the end his tactics proved wise. The coalition failed to save the Republican party and at the same time the Democratic activity in Congress served to sharpen the opposition to the tariff bill among the voters.

Another anxious moment in his management must have come during the Congressional campaign last fall, when the Republicans began a furious attack upon him and upon Mr. Raskob for "smearing Mr. Hoover." The tendency in this country to rally to the President is so great that it was impossible to predict whether the Republican counter-attack would succeed in rousing sympathy for Mr. Hoover or not. A less bold man than Mr. Shouse would probably have got rattled when accused of manufacturing slander against the President wholesale. But he laughed off the Republican counter-propaganda and continued to assert the right of the opposition to attack the party in power with all its force.

I don't wish to minimize the success of Charles Michelson's remarkable Democratic propaganda, but it is only fair to say that without Mr. Shouse standing behind him, Mr. Michelson would have been impotent. Mr. Shouse is the kind of man who can make up his mind instantly in favor of a bold attack. The new intrepidity which the Democratic party has gained under his and Mr. Raskob's management is the best sign that it has the vitality to profit by the weakness of the Republicans.

A more timid management might have fooled away the chance which the confusion among the Republicans and popular discontent with economic conditions have given to the Democrats.



Smooth lead, rounded Edges. Ti-con-der-oga is kind to busy fingers. America's favorite pencil costs 5 cents.

PENCIL SALES DEPT. 52-J
JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.
JERSEY CITY, N. J.

ZEMO
ALCOHOL 30%
IRRITATIONS
SKIN
SCALP
THE E.W. ROSE CO.

Itching torture ended!

Don't suffer night and day with itching, burning skin. Get cooling, soothing, antiseptic Zemo. Thousands find relief in first application. Safe, dependable, invisible. Zemo helps restore skin to healthy smoothness. Use any time for Itching, Dandruff, Pimples, Blemishes. 35¢, 60¢, $1.00. All Druggists.

zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

GRUNT AND GRUMBLE, RANT AND RAVE?

See following page →

How To Keep
Your DOG
WELL

GLOVER'S
Condition Pills
Liquid Iron Tonic
and Laxative Pills
to keep up a good condition.

GLOVER'S
Round Worm Vermifuge
or Round Worm Capsules
Use either of these regularly to raise thrifty puppies.

Sold at Pet Shops, Drug Stores, Department and Sporting Goods Stores.

FREE valuable, illustrated book on the treatment and feeding of dogs;—Write

GLOVER'S
Imperial
DOG MEDICINES
119 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

EUROPE
ALL EXPENSES $560
France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, England. Programs to Italy, Central Europe, Scandinavia, Spain. Price includes ocean passage, hotels, meals, sightseeing, admissions, tips, all transportation in Europe by motor. Send for 80-page free book describing over 200 interesting travel programs.

PACIFIC NORTHWEST-CANADIAN ROCKIES
Rainier, Portland, Seattle, British Columbia, Lake Louise, Banff, $250. Ask for Booklet "E208"

MEXICO TEXAS
Mexico City, Pyramids, Floating Gardens, $260

CALIFORNIA $265
See Indian Detour, Grand Canyon, Old Mexico, Los Angeles, Hollywood, San Diego

FLORIDA CUBA
New Orleans, Palm Beach, Miami, Havana $195

The Travel Guild, Inc. 180 N. Michigan Chicago, Illinois
521 Fifth Ave., New York
681 Market, San Francisco.
248 Washington, Boston
Hotel Pfister, Milwaukee

This Marvelous Lawn Sprinkler

Standard Rain King

Sprays more water, spreads it evener, throws it farther on same pressure. Can be set instantly for mist-like spray, gentle shower, or drenching downpour. Use it as stationary or revolving sprinkler—for large circles, small circles, long strips or narrow strips, etc. — all sprinkler actions are combined in it, quickly set for *your* needs.

At your dealer's or send us $1 and pay balance, $2.50, on arrival. Made and guaranteed by Chicago Flexible Shaft Company, 5601 Roosevelt Road, Chicago. 41 Years Making Quality Products.

Rain King
The BEST SPRINKLERS MADE

Keeps Hair Neat
Relieves Dandruff
No Undesirable Shine
GLO-CO
Unscented LIQUID HAIR-Dressing

SHOOT THE BRUTE SOME

Cont'd from preceding page

Beyond the Wire

Continued from page 15

gray, surveyed his bony, wet-streaked features. "Do not run too quickly if you hear only a small party of the enemy. There will be a medal and special leave for the one who gets a prisoner before midnight. It is the Kaiser's birthday. Do you hear?"

"Yes, Herr Lieutenant," said Otto.

"Then out you go." The officer stood expectantly. Gresser was already climbing over the greasy bags, slipping on his knees, and Otto, without a look at the sergeant, followed him.

HOW long they had been in the shell hole Otto did not know. It seemed hours. Gresser, his head above the rim, was acting as lookout.

Crack. A solitary rifle shot, from the enemy side. Gresser dropped down in the hole. Crack—crack. Two more, sentries shooting to make sure their rifles were usable. Crack—crack—crack. Three more of the random shots, then silence.

Otto looked at Gresser. He knew, before he saw the red that welled back of one ear, that the man was dead!

For a few heartbeats rage fired his veins, set him breathing faster. Such beastly unfairness. His nostrils distended and he clenched his hands. Poor Gresser—a good soldier if ever there was one—what had he done to deserve such a fate?

Otto avoided the dead man's eyes as he regained control of himself. He searched Gresser's pockets. They held nothing of value. There was a sheet of paper, with two words penciled at the top: "Dear Mother."

Had Gresser been interrupted as he began to write, or had words failed him? What could he have written, what was there to say? Otto stared at the inky lettering until it seemed to sprawl itself about, then shredded the paper into small pieces.

When he sat back he turned so that he could not see the white dead face and the eyes that stared so fixedly. He thought of what anyone might find in his pockets if he were killed. There was the photo of himself. It had been taken when he was home on leave, his first leave. There had been a little ceremony before he left the company and a major had come to him with a little blue package. As he undid it Otto had felt his heart thumping, for the officer had stuck a black and white ribbon into his second buttonhole and an Iron Cross had dangled from it. How brave he had felt then!

At that time all his dreams had been of what would happen when peace was made. There would be the return of the regiment! The flowers, the laurel leaves and the colors! The girls of his village all dressed in white! What a joyful day it would be for fathers and mothers!

He shook himself and coughed. The effort caused a small pain in his chest and he coughed again and again. He shook himself again and cursed his dreams, cursed aloud. If only he had a decent cigarette. He unbuttoned his pocket and flipped the photo of himself into his hand. An impulse for wild, senseless laughter seized him. How smug and complacent he had looked. His cheeks had been filled then and his eyes were fearless; his face and uniform had been clean. With a sudden oath he placed his heel on the picture and thrust it deep into the mud.

There was not a sound from the trenches and the fog seemed like cotton-wool draperies. He could not get comfortable. Each way he twisted he could see Gresser's eyes. Gresser . . . his old mate . . . two days more and he would have gone . . . two days.

How long he sat looking at the dead man he did not know but all at once something inside him seemed to snap, to give way. A maniacal urge had overpowered him. He would go to the enemy lines. Something would happen—and then his fate would be decided. He knew it was no sudden mental transition, rather the yielding of his struggle against the inevitable. The trench routine would go on the same until it broke him, therefore he must change things himself. He could not endure as he had been doing.

Once away from sight of Gresser he steadied somewhat, but kept on. A stubbornness settled on him. For a long time he had wanted to do this thing, and had feared to; now that he had started he would keep on. The waiting was what tortured him, the endless existence. Days and weeks had lost their meaning and time had ceased to hurry. It had become a deep and tideless sea from which he could not escape, a sea without a shore.

The fog engulfed him. Wraiths of mist spiraled from each crater that held water. Banks of mist clung to the ground.

The unearthly silence was disturbing. Beyond a dull, monotonous thudding of gunfire up Ypres way there were no sounds of war. He almost fell into a cellar.

He stepped carefully, peering at the ground. A rat scrambled out of his way. It was a bloated, loathsome thing, full-fed. How he hated the vermin. A series of cellars crossed his way, the site of a row of miners' cottages. He wondered where their owners were. A brick slid into a stagnant pool, but did not make a loud splash. He stood and listened, and the silence began to annoy him; it was unreal, out of accord with war.

Through a lane in the slow-writhing mist he saw legs. They were stark and stiff in the muck of soft soil and as he went to them he saw that it was one of his own kind, a German soldier. Both the dead man's hands were clenched and his teeth were bared as though he had struggled. Not ten feet from him lay another corpse, that of a British soldier, and he, too, had died in throes of physical effort.

OTTO gazed at them. They were lumps of blackened flesh, strangely akin, and it struck him forcibly that all dead were alike. He stared at them and realized, with an agonizing wrench, that he did not want to be like them. A cold breath seemed to blow on him. He crouched instinctively, peered about him, and slunk to the cover of a brick corner.

A sudden, nervous sweat made his skin clammy. The nearest ground seemed too open to cross safely; he would circle to his trench. He wanted to reach it, to cower in its refuge. The brooding silence, the mystery of the rolling, changing vapors, had cowed him, broken his will. He dove to a wall that held part of a window sill, and looked around. There was another ruin, another and another. He reached them in turn, then looked back. It was all the same, cellars everywhere and blanketing fog curling over them. Fear clutched at his insides, set his lips trembling. He was lost!

He slumped down on the window sill. Better to wait until the mist began to clear than to stumble into the enemy wire. He almost whimpered. A monstrous, pitiless, insatiable power seemed to be shaping his end, thrusting him into an inescapable maw; an implacable force seemed to be governing every move he made.

In a panic of rebellion he sprang up, and the sudden move produced a fit of coughing that he could not strangle. His body shook with the paroxysm and tears ran down his face. When he could control himself again he hunched low and ran in a stooping position, plunging wildly until he was gasping for breath.

When he halted, fresh alarm fevered him. Before him was the corner of a wire barrier; and by the iron screw stakes he knew that it belonged to the enemy!

For a moment he set himself, like a sprinter, but where would he go? The enemy lines zigzagged crazily, he knew, and if he were not careful he would be headed by an outpost. He withdrew, carefully, to a shell-wrecked cellar.

A gun fired, crashing the stillness, and the shell screamed overhead. When it burst he heard, faintly, the clatter of falling tiles. Bang—bang! Two more reports. The shell explosions startled him, but he did not move. To get up meant painful effort, and the danger of being killed.

When he stood he was dizzy and he steadied himself with his rifle. The fog seemed thinner but he could see only cellars. He found one that was deeper, and settled in it. Not until he was established behind its rim did he remember that he had not hurried or ducked. The thought flicked him.

HE WONDERED what time it was, and looked at his watch. Five o'clock. Was it possible! Yes, the watch was ticking. Shortly it would begin to get dark. He forced himself to his feet, got out of his refuge, and halted. The next cellar had a path leading to it. He ducked low and his brain seemed to reel. The dizziness lasted until he had settled heavily to the ground, then his insides seemed to contract. They pained him as if he were cramped, a gnawing distress, and he realized that he was very hungry.

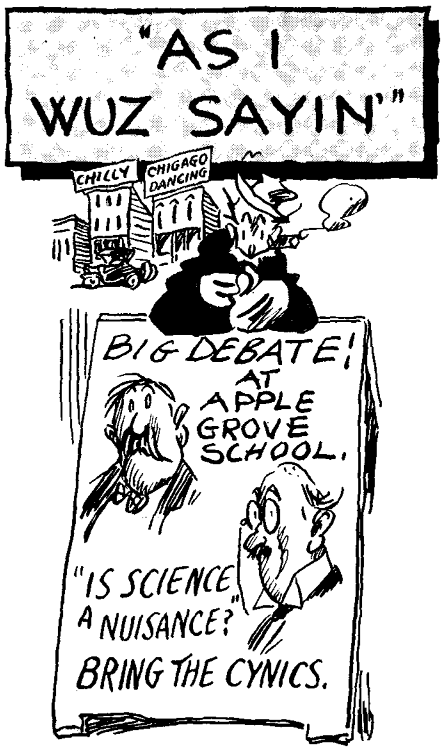
He got up slowly, remembering that he had left his bread wallet in the crater. If no rat had found it he would eat as soon as he reached it. Ummphff! He made a sound like a soft groan, and stood, wavering . . . sniffing . . . sniffing . . . sniffing.

The aroma that reached his nostrils came from the cellar with the path leading to it, and it was the most delicious scent that he had ever smelled. Sniff . . . sniff. He inhaled deeply, and had to stifle a cough. The silent convulsion staggered him, but he did not sink back to his covert. He uncovered his nose and it dilated, drank in the rich fumes. He half closed his eyes in ecstatic longing. Someone in the cellar was smoking the finest tobacco he had ever smelled.

Otto lost mastery of himself. He knew that at any second the sentry in the outpost might look toward him—only a spur of wall prevented a flank view—and yet he stood like a drunken man, mesmerized by the delectable odors, sniffing . . . sniffing . . . sniffing.

If only he had one good English cigarette! His head hurt. He reached up unsteadily and removed his pot-shaped head covering and placed it on the ground. His head felt better, but he had found, in the simple act, that his fingers were almost useless. They were so cold that they had swollen into discolored hooks.

(*Continued on page 72*)


"AS I WUZ SAYIN'"
CHILLY
CHICAGO DANCING
BIG DEBATE! AT APPLE GROVE SCHOOL.
"IS SCIENCE A NUISANCE?"
BRING THE CYNICS.

"The Schoolhouse wuz filled to overflowin' the other night when Al Moots debated with Professor Peek on the question of 'Is Science a Nuisance?'

•

"Al claimed it wuz. Take the automobile, he said. It looked like a great invention twenty years ago. Today there ain't nowhere to park. He pulled a lot o' mean ones like that.

•

"Then the Professor pointed out how much we owe to science . . . from the can-opener to the electric light. Think what you kin buy fer a nickel, he said.

•

"A rocky ford, yells Jeff Winters. If it wasn't fer electric machines they'd cost three times as much.

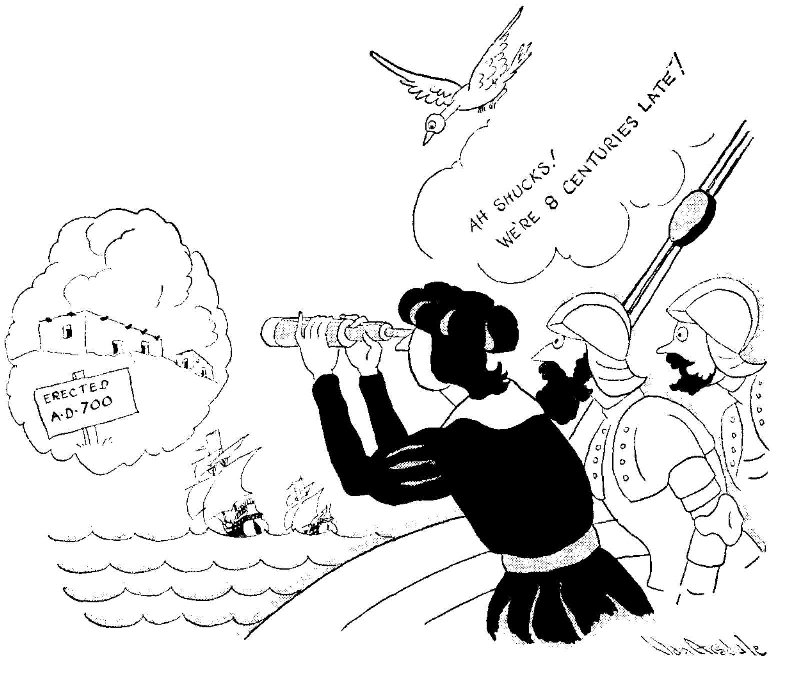
•

"Al never really had a chance after that."

NO SCRAPS . . . NO DUST
NO SWEEPINGS
"CLEAN" MACHINE-MADE

Finest
Long
Filler

5¢
Rocky
Ford
WHEN IT'S GOT THE STUFF
© P. Lorillard Co., Inc. . . . . A NICKEL'S ENOUGH


AH SHUCKS! WE'RE 8 CENTURIES LATE!
ERECTED A.D. 700

Keep Up with the World!

By Freling Foster

Of the 35 series of commemorative and memorial stamps which have been issued by the U. S. Post Office Department to celebrate the memory of historical events and great personages, the largest issue, exclusive of the Columbian World's Fair issue in 1893, was brought forth in 1923 as a tribute to the memory of Warren G. Harding.

When Uncle Sam engraves his currency, he uses 98 pounds of ink on every 100 pounds of paper, and he has each sheet counted 18 times—15 by hand and 3 by machine—before it is turned into money and out into the worshipping world.

During 1931 about 2,200,000 nice live babies will be born in the United States, among which there will be approximately 23,000 sets of twins, 300 sets of triplets and 5 or 6 sets of quadruplets.

The Zoroastrians, an ancient religious order of fire-worshippers still existent in Persia, never bury or burn their dead but place the bodies within the walls of a "Tower of Silence," where they are left to be devoured by the vultures which swarm in near-by trees.

"Blue Bird," Capt. Malcolm Campbell's 1,400-horsepower English racing car which made a world's record at Daytona Beach by traveling the test mile in 14.7 seconds, is geared so that it cannot start or move at less than 50 miles an hour, requires ice in its radiator and wears out a set of tires every time that it goes for an airing.

America is not as young as generally supposed, for the scientific study of tree-rings in old timbers found in New Mexico proves definitely that dwellings were erected there as early as 700 A. D., which was nearly 8 centuries before the heyday of Columbus.

The New York Stock Exchange has 70,000 miles of telephone and telegraph wire.

OH! THERE YOU ARE!

One of nature's curiosities is the great difference in the size of the kangaroo and its young—a mother being normally about 4 feet high and 200 pounds in weight while her 1 to 3 babies when born are only 1 inch in length and weigh less than a mouse.

The breeding, training and racing of fast thoroughbred horses is one of America's rapidly growing sports, for in 1920 there were only 4,032 race horses on the tracks of this country while in 1930 the number had grown to 8,791, a 118% increase in ten years, according to The National Turf Digest.

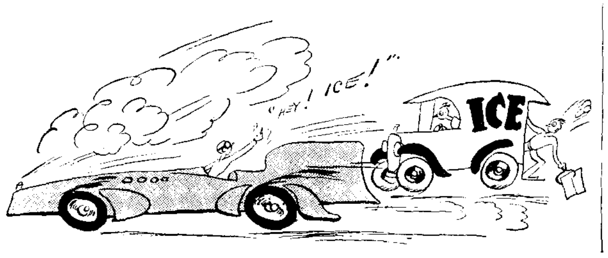
Jacob J. Soles, the only surviving one of the six men who carried Abraham Lincoln from Ford's Theater to the Peterson House across the street after the assassination on the night of April 14, 1865, is living in North Versailles Township, Allegheny County, Pennsylvania.

Through the use of electricity and machinery, the working man-power of the United States today is 14 times larger than the actual number of workers.

The per-mile investment in each of the 249,500 miles of American railroads today is exactly the same amount as the total average investment in each of our 1,113 airports—$104,000.

One of the world's strangest wars—man and his enemy the insect against a vegetable plague—is being waged successfully today in Australia, where scientists have millions of cactoblastis caterpillars eating and annihilating a prolific cactus plant, known as the "Prickly Pear," which has in the past 30 years made an impassable jungle of 50,000,000 acres of fertile land, more than half again the size of England.

Collier's will pay $1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give precise source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

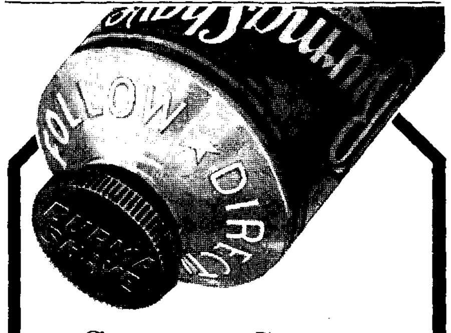


MAKE MONEY
AS A
BRIDGE TEACHER

All of the two thousand Bridge Teachers in this country are enjoying large incomes from teaching Auction and Contract Bridge. There are not enough qualified Bridge teachers throughout this country. Bridge teachers earn from $200.00 to $1500.00 per month. Now you too can become an Expert Bridge Teacher in a very short time and at a remarkably low cost. THE CULBERTSON INSTITUTE OF BRIDGE, personally conducted by Ely Culbertson, world's greatest Auction and Contract Bridge Authority and Editor-in-Chief of "The Bridge World Magazine," will teach YOU through his marvelously simple and easily understood Mail Course how to play and how to teach Auction and Contract Bridge. You will get a Certificate which is accepted for Official Teachers' Registration in The National Bridge Association. This will at once open to you the doors of this highly profitable and pleasurable occupation. Just ask for "Circular G" and you will get full information by return mail. Write immediately.

THE CULBERTSON
INSTITUTE OF BRIDGE
45 WEST 45th STREET
NEW YORK N. Y.

AUTOSHYNE
KOLORTONE
"RESTORES THAT SHOWROOM COMPLEXION"
10 Colors—Matches all cars—At Dealers 50c, Pacific Coast 60c or sent on receipt of price. Mention color. THE AMERICAN POLISH COMPANY, Dept. 35, 220 N. Desplaines St., Chicago, U. S. A.
"Makers of Eagle Brand Polishes for over a generation."



Stubborn Stubble
and *Drag*

Does your razor blade slide over your whiskers without cutting them off? Does your blade scrape and pull, and still leave some whiskers that do not come off? That's because there isn't any *drag*, or correctly adjusted resistance, given to your razor.

Burma-Shave, with just the right amount of *drag* holds the blade close to the face—the blade doesn't slide over the whiskers—it cuts them off clean, even the toughest ones, and without painful pull.

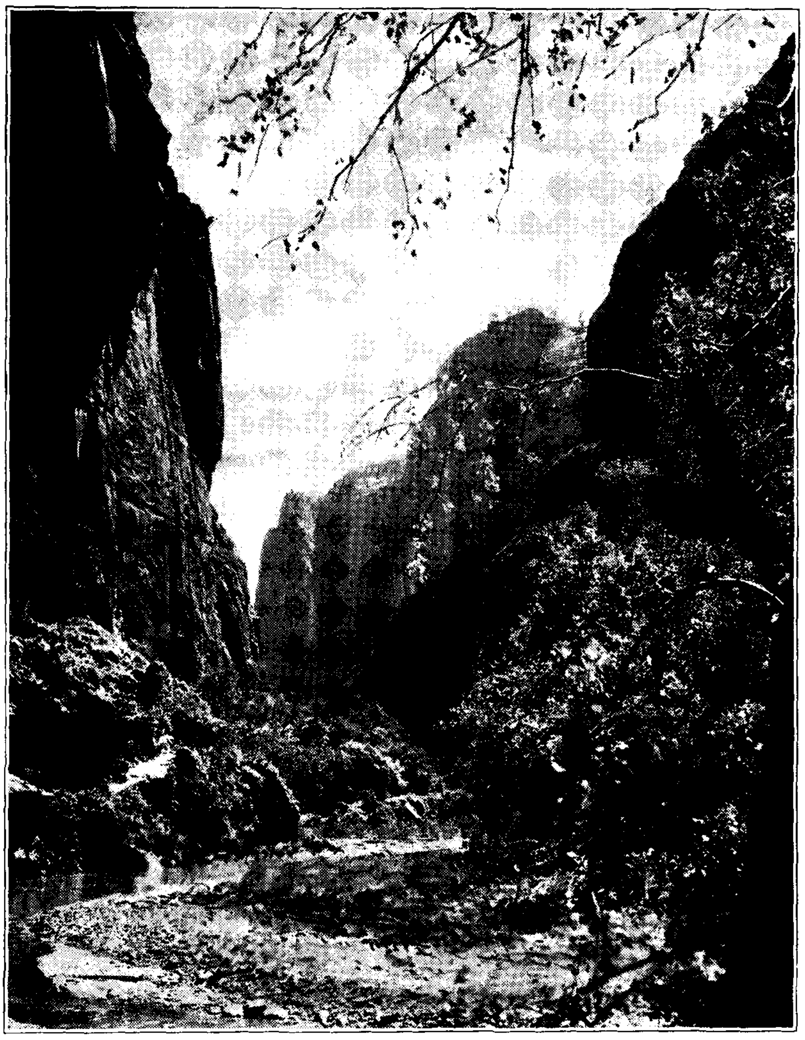
You've got to try Burma-Shave to find out just what *drag* does. It'll be a new shaving experience and boy—you'll like it.

Clint Odell
PRESIDENT

P.S. At the drug store in tubes and jars. Try the 35c tube first. It's a whopper, half a foot long by 1¼ inches in diameter.

Burma-Shave

NO BRUSH NO RUB-IN
NO LATHER



The Narrows, Zion National Park

Three Scenic "Firsts"—Zion, Bryce, Grand Canyon National Parks. Each region unique, each supreme in its own way. See all three, also Cedar Breaks, Kaibab National Forest in one 5-day motor bus tour.

Make This a Union Pacific Vacation

UNION PACIFIC SYSTEM THE OVERLAND ROUTE

No other road is so well equipped to serve your vacation needs. Ride in perfect comfort over the smoothest roadbed on earth. Enjoy luxurious travel at low cost. Union Pacific offers you a choice of 15 National Parks and serves more of the scenic West than any other railroad, including

Zion-Bryce-Grand Canyon
Yellowstone-Grand Teton
Rocky Mountain National Parks
Colorado
California and Hawaii
Pacific Northwest and Alaska

Take advantage of low summer fares with liberal stop-over privileges. At little more than half the usual rail fares via Union Pacific you can visit any of the above regions.

Let us also tell you about our escorted all-expense tours. The ideal way to travel. You know the cost before you start.

Write today for free illustrated booklets about any of our vacation wonderlands.

J. P. Cummins, General Passenger Agent, Room 28
Union Pacific System, Omaha, Nebr.
Please send me complete information and booklets about ____________
____
Name ____________ Street ____________
City ____________ State ____________

THE OVERLAND ROUTE
UNION PACIFIC

Beyond the Wire

Continued from page 70

He lifted his rifle awkwardly, looked at it. Mud had clogged its bolt; it was doubtful if it could be discharged. A moment longer he stood, continuing to sniff, but not conscious that he was doing so; then he stepped nearer the cellar. The smell of the tobacco was a magnet he could not resist.

His brain tried to form some plan of attack, a cunning that would enable him to get possession of the cigarettes, but he could think only of direct action. And each moment counted; he knew he was on the verge of collapse from exposure and lack of food.

One step . . . two steps . . . three steps. He drew a long breath. It was his undoing. He thrust his puffed, stiffened fingers into his mouth but he could not stop the cough that wrenched his frame until it made buzzing noises in his ears. A basinlike steel helmet shot up from the cellar and a black-muzzled rifle was aimed at him. It was but ten paces away and he had lost grip of his own weapon so that it had slithered down between his knees.

"Up with them, Heinie!" Otto did not understand the words, but there was no mistaking the whiplike command.

He blinked a moment, for the coughing had filled his eyes with water, then slowly raised his hands.

Another head popped up beside the first one and its owner came swiftly over the wall and snatched away Otto's rifle. Then the Englander spoke, and jerked his thumb toward the cellar. Otto understood. He walked ahead of the soldier.

The cellar seemed to move, to float around. The man with the rifle seemed doubled, shifting. Light faded. He sighed and dropped into space.

When he regained consciousness the neck of a metal water bottle was pressed to his lips. He swallowed, and the fiery liquor gave him strength to sit up. He gazed around stupidly, saw that he was on a seat of sandbags and old blankets. He had another drink and the potent rum made him strangle. Then he coughed. One of the soldiers immediately handed him a cigarette. They were watching him in a mildly curious way and talking in an undertone that sounded sympathetic. His wonder increased as he saw the badge on their collars. It was the maple leaf. His captors were those famed storm troops, the Canadians.

Otto managed to get the cigarette between his lips but his fingers were so stiffened that he could not extract a match from his pocket. The watching men suddenly understood. One blew on his cigarette and then held it to Otto's as he inhaled. Puff—the first expelling. Puff! The smoke eased the tickling in his throat, warmed him, changed the taste in his mouth. He exhaled luxuriously. No matter, now, what happened to him.

OTTO could scarcely realize that he was not dreaming, that he was not delirious. It all seemed a fantasy. If he could not taste this second cigarette he was smoking, if he could not feel within him his stomach burdened with more warm food, sliced bacon and white bread and cups of fragrant coffee than he had eaten at any time in many years he would know it was not true. He had been brought to this deep dugout and warmed at the cook's fire, he had had all the food he wanted, had been treated decently by every soldier he had seen. It seemed incredible.

Most astounding of all was the conduct of the officer who sat on the other side of a makeshift table. He looked as hard and rough-skinned as his men, seemed one of them. Actually he talked and chatted with them, acted as one of them.

Something was wrong. How could these men seem so content? Where did they get such food, such cigarettes? Had it not been in the German papers that London was in ruins, bombed to smoking embers by the mighty Zeppelins? Had not the German submarines cut off every food supply from France? Something was wrong.

It could all wait. Otto blew clouds of rich smoke. He was in a miniature paradise. How long could it last? An officer in different uniform came into the dugout, spoke to him in German. It was an interpreter.

Otto stiffened to attention. The man was kind. He asked questions that could be answered easily. Then Otto took advantage of the kindness; he asked questions. Was this all real? Was there no trickery in it? Were the Englanders not starving? How would he be used as a prisoner?

The answers he got were amazing. He heard that there would be plenty of food for him, three meals a day, that he would have a dry bunk at night, and blankets, and regular baths, that he would not be hard worked or ill-used.

IT SEEMED preposterous, but any man must believe his senses. New life seemed to trickle into him, to reach the sodden soles of his shoes. He looked around at the watching, amused faces. The interpreter was explaining his questions.

The officer who had fed him suddenly put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a packet of cigarettes. He extended them to Otto, made him accept all of them. It was too much. Otto became emotional. A sob seemed to well up within him. If only he had some gift, some . . .

He thrust feverishly into his pocket and produced his Iron Cross, its black and white ribbon. The officer smiled, looked interested. Otto grew excited. The hot food and drink and all these happenings were too much. He saluted precisely, clicked his heels, and presented the medal to the lieutenant. "In the name of His Majesty the Kaiser," he intoned sonorously, as had the major from whom he had received it, "the general commanding officer has invested you with the Iron Cross, second class. You have richly deserved it."

He stepped back a trifle unsteadily, awed by what he had done, but the soldiers ringed around the chamber shouted their laughter. The nearest clapped him on the shoulder. Otto's heart seemed to bound. Burdens ebbed from his soul; he was glad he was alive.

Then the officer spoke to the interpreter, asked some question.

"Private Kettner," said the interpreter, "why did you come to our outpost?"

Otto started. His emotions seethed within him. Bitterness rankled him.

"I came," he said soberly, "to capture a prisoner—in honor of the Kaiser's birthday."

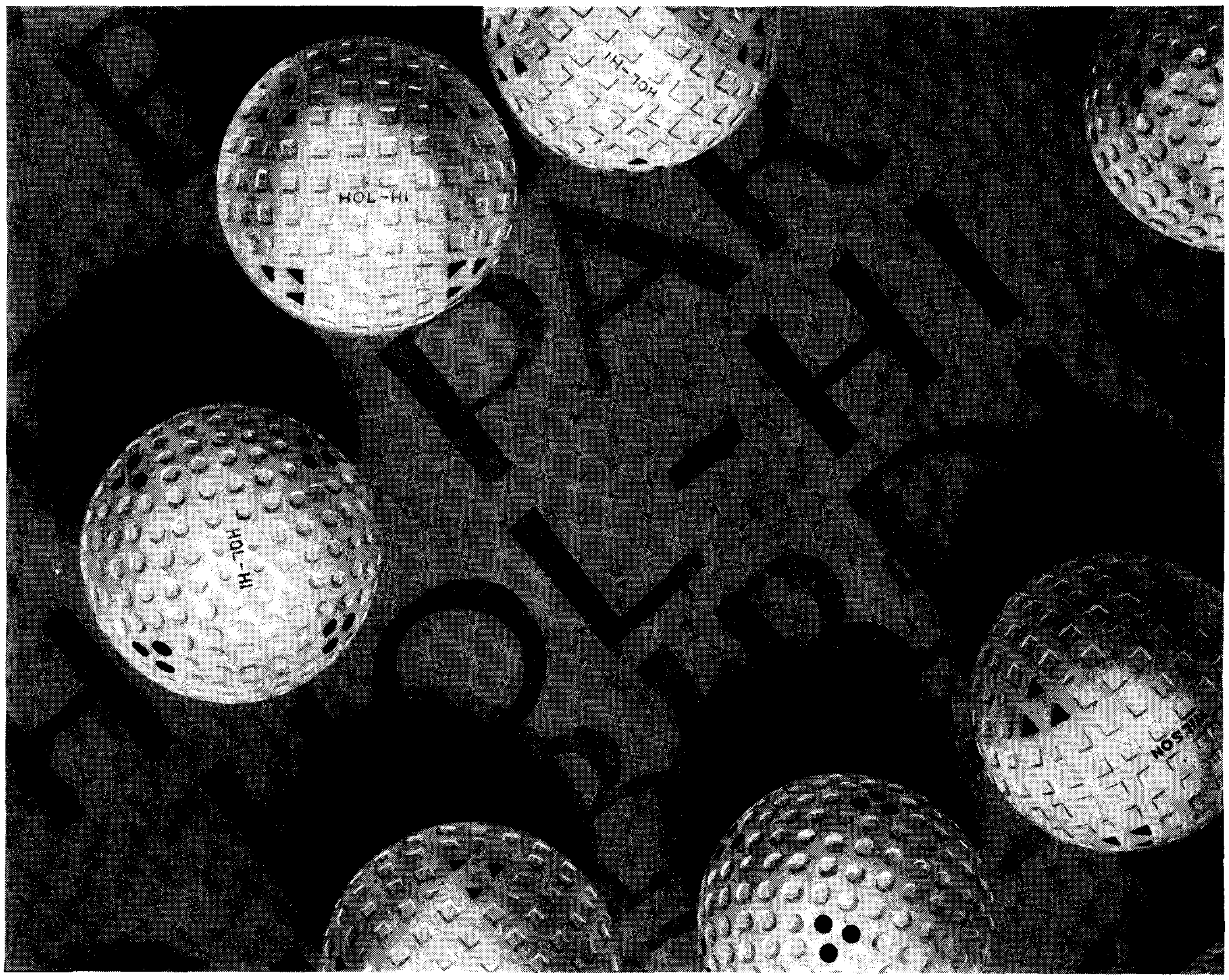
The interpreter started, looked at him closely, then translated the answer.

A grin went around the dugout. The officer waved Otto's escort to take him away but he, too, grinned.

"That chap looks as if he were pretty near all in before he got here," he said to the interpreter, "but he's stuffy enough to be witty."

WHILE OTHERS MARKED TIME ▼▼▼

WILSON took the lead with HOL-HI



HOL-HI is the finest of all the golf balls made in the new official size. ▼▼▼ From the very beginning, Wilson took the lead in perfecting the larger ball. All last season, while others were toying with the hope that the old weight and size would be retained in legal standing, thousands of golfers were playing the 1.68 HOL-HI. Its performance won the golfing public's cordial and practical approval of the new standard size. ▼▼▼ Now Wilson is a year ahead of the field. This year's HOL-HI proves it. With a radical improvement in the method of winding the center, Wilson has built into the new HOL-HI higher power and uniformly lower compression than in any ball you have ever played. ▼▼▼ It is a ball of marvelous performance—unbeatable length of flight—controllability, especially on and around the greens—and gratifying durability. Just try it. ▼▼▼

Wilson

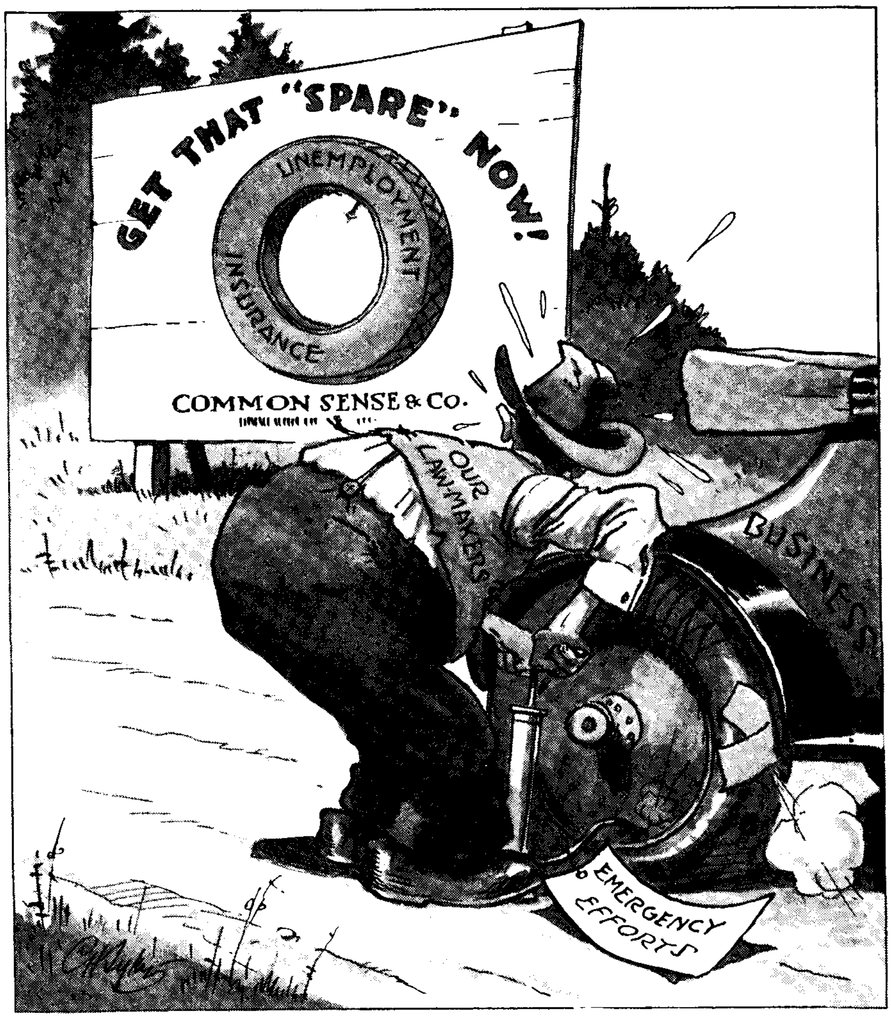
GOLF EQUIPMENT

WILSON-WESTERN SPORTING GOODS COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

NEW YORK BOSTON ▼ LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director
WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor

Congress Buys Insurance



THE billion-dollar veterans' loan passed in a mood of political frenzy by the last discredited Congress was a dole for the unemployed.

It was not a good dole. The riotous fear which drove congressmen and senators to rush the measure onto the statute books showed, however, what can be expected of our legislators once they are thoroughly frightened.

Men and women who knew better voted a billion-dollar dole because they thought the merchants back home as well as the veterans and their dependents had enough votes to make their action politically wise.

From any standpoint, Congress behaved in this affair like an excited mob. Those who were capable of thinking about the matter at all knew that the loan law was a clumsy and wasteful way of aiding veterans. They knew that it was a preposterously ineffectual way of dealing with unemployment. Yet they voted away a billion dollars which taxpayers must provide.

It is futile, however, to blame Congress. After all, senators and congressmen are human. They want to stay in office. They believed, no doubt correctly, that majorities of their constituents wanted the loan law passed regardless of its cost. And so Congress bought a billion dollars' worth of unemployment insurance for itself.

The real trouble lay not in the veterans' loan and all its panicky politics but in our lack of any sufficient provision against unemployment.

We are cursed with short memories so far as business changes are concerned. In good times we like to believe that times are always good.

Of course we know that this fairy story with which we reassure ourselves isn't true. We know that good times and bad times follow in ever-recurring cycles.

If we won't plan sensibly to mitigate the force of recurring unemployment, our representatives in Washington and in the state legislatures will spend extravagantly when the emergency is upon us.

What we need and have long needed in this country is a sane American system of unemployment insurance.

We have the habit, in the United States, of providing with insurance against measurable emergencies.

We insure ourselves against death so that our dependents may not want. We insure motor cars against theft and ourselves against damage suits which may result from accidents. We do all this as a matter of course. Fire insurance on a house is as common as paint and quite as necessary.

One of our most fruitful kinds of insurance is that known as workmen's compensation for industrial accidents. Last year 17,000,000 workers were protected by insurance against shop injury and actually $150,000,000 was paid to those who were hurt.

The bills for unemployment insurance put before state legislators are based on the plan worked out by the American Association for Labor Legislation. This provides for insurance funds accumulated by separate industries. The charge fixed would be one and a half per cent of the total wages paid. Employees may also contribute but the state pays nothing except the cost of supervision. The business argument for such planning was well stated by Owen D. Young, of the General Electric Company, in these words:

"Recovery should be aided by an unemployment insurance plan because in effect the plan means that reserves accumulated during good times will be available for expenditure by workers during bad times."

Unemployment insurance would tend to keep business on a steady keel by distributing expenditures through good years and bad.

If unemployment insurance had been well developed in this country, there would have been no effective demand upon the last Congress for the billion-dollar loan to veterans. Each industry under public supervision would have accumulated reserves to take care of its own unemployed.

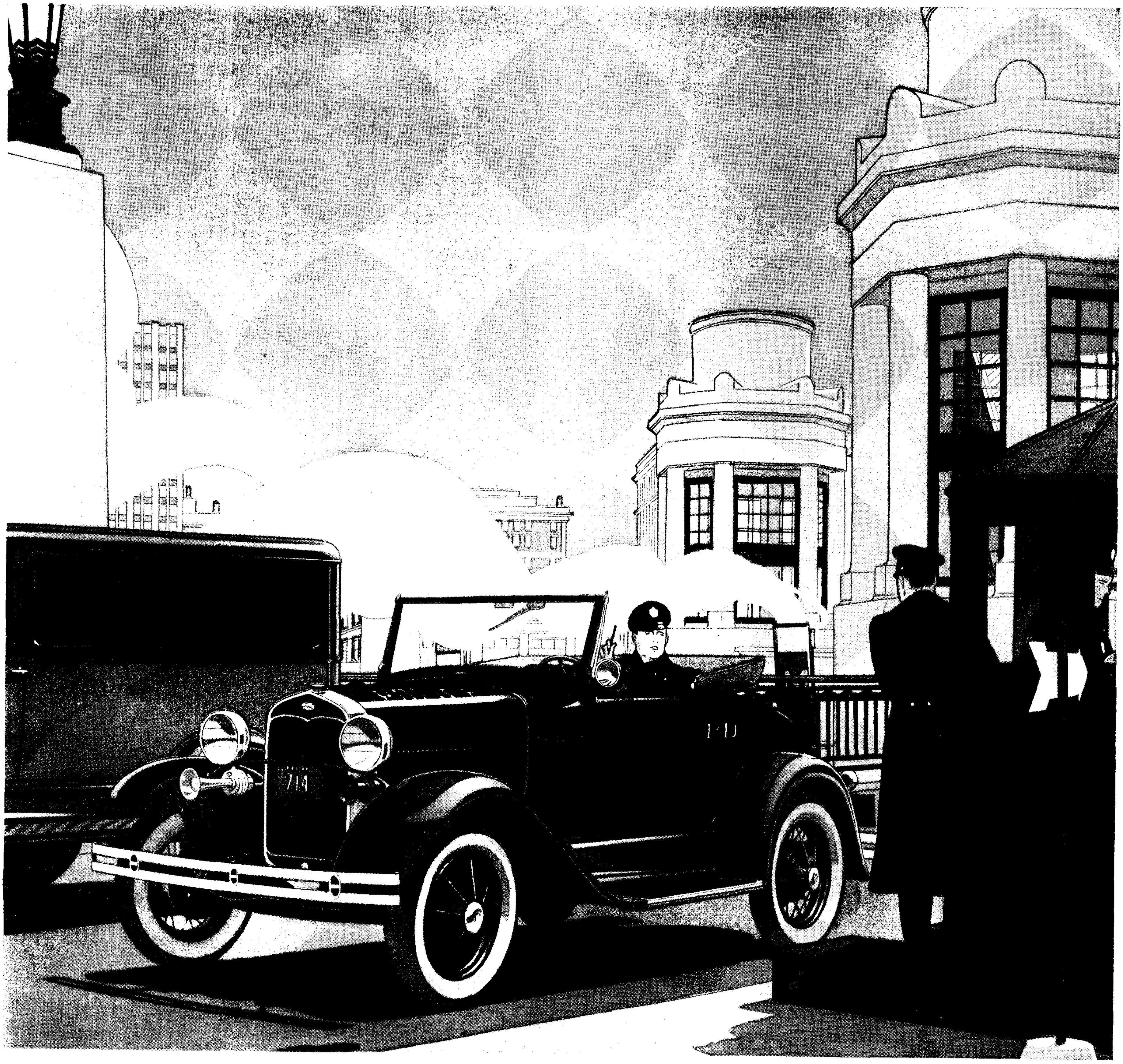
We shall do well to seize the present opportunity to prepare a more stable future. Business is recovering and before we realize it prosperity will be upon us. The temptation to believe that all years are fat and that lean times never come will be very great.

The time to insure against fire is before the house burns. The time to accumulate reserves against unemployment is when business is thriving.

Today unemployment insurance is the next necessary step in making business stable. The Federal Reserve System was the device used to end money and credit panics. Workmen's compensation was the weapon suited to an attack on the rising tide of industrial accidents.

Insurance again is the way to stimulate industrial leaders to steer steady courses and provide for the decent support of the victims of unavoidable economic storms.

It is better business and better national policy to insure against unemployment than to hand out doles to the unemployed. Soup kitchens and street-corner apple-vending are not American ways of dealing with business emergencies.



Lengthening the Arm of the Law

Ford

The substantial worth of the new Ford is reflected in its alert, capable performance and economy of operation and up-keep. Men and women everywhere have found it ideally suited to their business and social needs. Its many uses make it truly The Universal Car.

An interesting use of the Ford is by police departments for the detection and apprehension of criminals. In their ceaseless vigil, these cars are driven in all kinds of weather, virtually twenty-four hours a day.

A fleet of 42 Model A Fords in Louisville covered a total of 2,620,800 miles in twelve months, or the equivalent of 105 times around the world. Five new Fords on police duty in Niagara Falls have been driven more than 100,000 miles each. In Miami a police Ford has gone 120,000 miles.

The average for the eighteen Fords in Omaha is 35,000 miles per car for two years of police service. The superintendent of automotive equipment says the cost of repairs has been "very low."

The police departments of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Detroit, San Francisco and other large cities use hundreds of Ford cars and trucks. In New York, the total exceeds 450.

Large industrial companies operating large fleets of Ford cars and trucks report the same reliability and good service. Long, hard service emphasizes the value of simplicity of design, high quality of materials and unusual care in manufacturing and assembling.

The first cost of the new Ford is low, and you can purchase it on convenient, economical terms through the Authorized Ford Finance Plans of the Universal Credit Company.

ADVANCED REFRIGERATION

To a Husband

who has finally promised to part with good money for an electric refrigerator

Now that it's all over but the choosing, you will naturally want Her to have a refrigerator that will make the Woman Next Door take notice.

The kind of a refrigerator She can boast about and take pleasure in for years and years to come . . . for, after all, there's nothing like settling a thing of this sort so that it will *stay* settled.

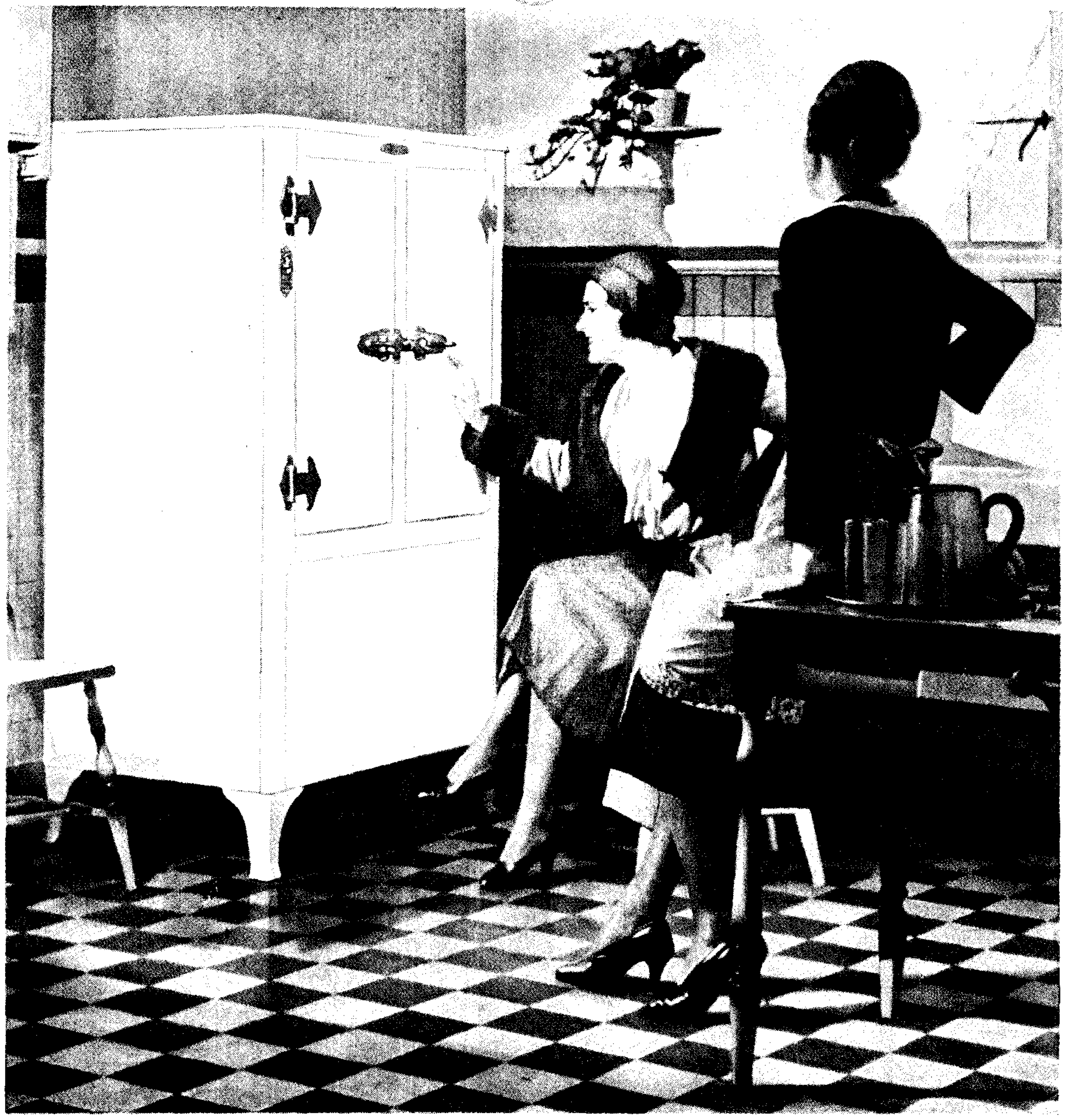
To achieve this happy result you will need a refrigerator that looks like a thoroughbred and *keeps on* looking that way . . . one that will do a scientifically proper job of keeping cool season in and season out without fail . . . and one that will keep you pleasantly surprised each month when you pay your electric bill . . .

Did you know that Frigidaire, always in the forefront of its field, is responsible for developments in the past fifteen years that have made household refrigeration so healthful, convenient and economical?

The Frigidaire shown in the adjoining photograph, for instance, offers advantages you would possibly not expect to find in any refrigerator.

That is why we call it Frigidaire Advanced Refrigeration and that is why you really ought to investigate Frigidaire pretty thoroughly before you finally decide which of the many good electric refrigerators to buy.

Every Frigidaire Dealer has the facts and the figures. Any one of them will gladly tell you and show you whenever you have the time to visit his showroom.



Strikingly beautiful in sparkling white Porcelain —*Frigidaire offers a new standard of Advanced Refrigeration*

With new and striking beauty in a cabinet of snow-white Porcelain-on-steel—and with dozens of improvements and refinements that set it apart from all other refrigerators—Frigidaire presents a new idea in modern refrigeration.

Dishes slide smoothly in and out on bar-type, elevated shelves. Cleaning is made easy by the smooth porcelain exterior and by the seamless, acid-resisting porcelain within. Water turns to ice with incredible speed when you set the convenient exterior "Cold Control." Ice cubes tumble out easily and quickly with finger-tip pressure on the Quickube Ice Tray. Vegetables come from the famous Hydrator as fresh as when you put them there.

And how quietly Frigidaire operates! You are scarcely aware that there is an extra-powerful unit concealed in the bottom of the cabinet—a unit that uses current only a few minutes each hour at a cost of but a few cents a day.

All these modern features combine to make Frigidaire the truly *advanced* refrigerator—and to effect savings that make it the truly economical refrigerator to own. Frigidaire Corporation, Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation, Dayton, Ohio.

FRIGIDAIRE

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE—*Electric Refrigerators for Homes, Stores and Institutions . . . Electric Water Coolers for Homes, Stores, Offices and Factories . . . Ice Cream Cabinets . . . Milk Cooling Equipment . . . Room Coolers*